

# BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXI

Contents for January, 1911

No. 3

## CANADIAN SPECIAL ARTICLES

|                                 |                               |    |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|----|
| Shipbuilding and Our Industries | Lewis Nixon                   | 21 |
| A Bridge Building in Alaska     | Charles Shirley               | 24 |
| Exiles of The Outlands          | E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S. | 40 |
| "Why — Protection?"             | James Merrill                 | 61 |
| A Modern Baron's Stronghold     | Blynn Greyson                 | 81 |
| The Diary of a Back Bencher     | Paul E. Bitkey                | 89 |
| The Human Side of a Bank        | "Nervous Depositor"           | 99 |

## FICTION

|                                 |                   |    |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|----|
| Laurie of the "Plainsman"       | Hubert Footner    | 33 |
| The Story Lornesborough Told    | James Herbertson  | 52 |
| The Trail of '98 (Serial Story) | Robert W. Service | 65 |
| Babes In The Jungle             | O. Henry          | 85 |
| In the Waiting Room             | Helen E. Williams | 95 |

## MISCELLANEOUS

|                      |  |     |
|----------------------|--|-----|
| To the Old Year      |  | 30  |
| The Ugly Man         |  | 51  |
| Victory (Poetry)     |  | 60  |
| Smoking Room Stories |  | 147 |

## REVIEWS

### POLITICS AND THE WORLD

|                        |                     |     |
|------------------------|---------------------|-----|
| Bankrupt Turkey        | The Forum           | 103 |
| Why Tolstoi Fled       | Current Literature  | 107 |
| A New Pygmy Race       | Current Literature  | 109 |
| The Last Sultan        | Fortnightly Review  | 111 |
| Is Punishment a Crime? | The Hibbert Journal | 114 |

### AROUND THE LIBRARY TABLE

|   |                         |     |
|---|-------------------------|-----|
| Farming and -- War                                  | The Outlook             | 117 |
| A Defense of Feathers                               | The National Review     | 119 |
| The Multimillionaires of the Great Northern Railway | McClure's               | 120 |
| What Is to be The Next Religion                     | Current Literature      | 121 |
| Cheap Meat: The German Frieback                     | The Contemporary Review | 124 |
| Why Murderers are Pleasant People                   | Current Literature      | 128 |
| Is the Atlantic Swallowing America?                 | "Science"               | 129 |

### SCIENCE AND HEALTH

|                             |           |     |
|-----------------------------|-----------|-----|
| The Defective Pupil         | Education | 131 |
| Insomnia and Insomniacs     | Munsey's  | 133 |
| Is Aviation a Failure?      |           | 137 |
| Diseases of the Imagination | Argosy    | 138 |
| Pasteurization: A Fraud?    | Pearson's | 139 |

## MOTORING

|                                       |  |     |
|---------------------------------------|--|-----|
| The Growth of the Automobile Business |  | 140 |
|---------------------------------------|--|-----|

## AFTER OFFICE HOURS

|                                   |                |     |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|-----|
| The Psychology of Wages           | System         | 141 |
| Raising Capital                   |                | 142 |
| The Buyer                         | The Bookkeeper | 143 |
| Populating a State by Advertising |                | 143 |



GO TO MEET HIM I LOOKED. THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW  
 BERNARD. Drawing by J. W. GIBSON

# The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XXI

Toronto January 1911

No 3

## "Shipbuilding in Canada"

An Interview with Lewis Nixon

*We were looking for a man who was neither Tory nor Grit, Nationalist nor Colonel Denison. And we wanted an authority. We canvassed the list of them and arrived at the one conclusion—Mr. Lewis Nixon, the American Naval authority.*

*He was, we knew, neither Liberal nor Conservative—though there has been some talk of his being a Democratic nominee for the Presidency of the United States. He was the man consulted by Russia as to how to repair the Russian fleet when it came limping home from defeat at the hands of the Japanese Yago. We knew of him as the man who—after spending 27 years in studying naval affairs, after being permitted to pass through England's Naval Academy, side by side with His Majesty, our present King, with whom he became a close personal friend; after designing and building the United States Battleship Oregon, which made a world record—because a consulting specialist to Empires and a friend of Kings. In New York he succeeded Mr. Croker as head of Tammany Hall, but his field has hitherto been ship-building rather than politics. We felt that in obtaining an interview with him we were securing the views of an independent man, NOT as to the efficiency of the Canadian navy as a fighting force nor as an addition of strength to the Empire—BUT as a great influence on the industrial development of the country.*

"WELL, it is difficult," he said, "for a citizen of the United States to see the same view-point as a British subject. You have embarked upon a policy of naval upbuilding. You may have in mind three things in doing so: the defence of the lines of commercial steamers which you are operating; the domesticating of the shipbuilding industry; and the contri-

bute of naval strength to the British Empire, by furnishing ships for fighting, and for training men to supply the crews for the great battleships across the Atlantic.

"As for the first point—defence, I have only this to say, that naval fleets to-day are on a scale so vast that small gunboats and cruisers would be of no avail. As to the third point, dealing with the

value of a small navy for training-ships to the British navy, there is only this to be said, so far as I am so, and it is that the training you could give in small boats could only be effective for battleship service by having a battleship on this side, through which the crews of the smaller boats could be passed. For serving on a small gun is a very different thing from serving in a cramped turret, filled with guns and machinery, on a modern battleship.

"But there is the third point of view. That is, the question of the effect of building a navy, upon your native industries. I do not mean in shipbuilding alone. I do not mean upon the mere employment of men in that trade. But I refer to it as a factor in the development of practically every industry in the country.

"As a fighting unit, as I have said, I would not think a navy the size of the one which I have heard Canada proposes, would be efficient. As a training ground for British crews, it lacks the large ships, through which, again, as I have said, to pass the men.

"What are you building your navy for? sentiment, or business?" asked Mr. Nixon.

We replied that the matter started as one of sentiment, but appeared likely to end as a matter of business.

"But as a means of carrying further the industrial development of Canada, your navy, however small it may be in its beginnings, would undoubtedly prove an inestimable benefit, provided that the ships are built in your own country.

"If Canada is establishing her navy simply as an altruistic enterprise, buying all her boats abroad, sending her money out of the country to fill the coffers and rivet still stronger the bonds of industrial dependence by adding to the efficiency and number of alien mechanics, then we can only ascribe your aspirations to sentiment and not to statesmanship. But, if it is the deliberate entrance upon a policy of industrial up-building, you are giving yourself something with which to trade.

"Canada cannot become strong through weakening herself. You need trained me-

chanics and you cannot get them by strengthening the hold and efficiency of such workmen in another land. Of course, if you are content to buy your men-of-war in England your negotiation to a state of commercial independence will be received with equanimity by the builders and merchants of Great Britain. So long as you can be held in the position of simple producers and consumers and turn over the cream of commerce to Europe—such as transportation, insurance, inspection, and the middleman's profits generally, you will find no forces operating on public opinion to dampen your ardor.

"But if you built them in Canada, what would be the result? The building of battleships in Italy and Germany invigorated the whole industrial framework of those two nations. The purchase of vessels from England by powers that are unable to build their own ships, has placed those nations in a position of dependence, and, on the other hand, has done much to strengthen Great Britain's industries. When the new naval policy of the United States was inaugurated in 1883 we had no forges capable of producing armor, or gun, or machinery forgings, in modern steel; no rolling mills that could make plates or shapes suitable for modern ships or their boilers; no foundries capable of turning out the castings and qualities in steel, iron or bronze, necessary to fulfill the specifications of a modern man-of-war, or the guns of a modern fort. Yet, after the inauguration of our new naval policy, we were absolutely self-contained in all these arts, and to-day we lead the world in them. At the same time we have developed contributory industries so that we lead in almost every line of human endeavor.

"There is not an industry worthy of the name that is not employed in the building and equipment of ships. Shipbuilding calls for almost every line of workmanship, from workers in steel and wood, to painters, decorators and upholsterers; from the manufacture of boilers and engines, to the making of fine instruments. The shipbuilding nation is in the way of becoming a carrier nation—getting the cream of

commerce; the fees, as I have already said, for transportation, insurance, inspection, and middleman's profits generally.

"England to-day imports most of the ore to make the mild steel from which her modern battleships and guns are built. But on this continent—these two nations need import no raw material. The vast resources of Canada could be made up in all manner of products for the construction and equipment of ships.

"I assume that the closing of your Canadian ports to certain classes of your vessels in the coasting trade, was another phase of your policy of up-building the industrial strength of Canada. In touching this point I would say that to my mind, the greatest two factors contributing to our mutual commercial prosperity have been: the interchange of commodities over a vast area peopled with men of different needs and different productivities; and the fact that we carry a ton of freight per mile far cheaper than any other country. So it seems to me that the abrogation of our former treaty of reciprocity was a great mistake for both countries. I should like to see the United States, Canada and Mexico with no tariff walls of any sort between, as I believe that this would contribute vastly to our common prosperity.

"In all the discussion of Reciprocity this year, there has been remarkably little mention of the coasting trade between the two countries. It has been impressed upon me for years that our coasting trade should be mutually free to vessels of

domestic build and ownership. But this could not be justified to the Canadian people unless a foundation for the building of Canadian Merchant vessels were laid.

"The ordering of vessels in your own ship-yards for your own navy would be a warrant to your builders to install the necessary plants and organizations which, assured of a certain measure of Government encouragement, would soon be able to reach out for commercial contracts, and so, commerce in Canada, the business of Canadian ship-building.

"As one part of our continent grows, all will grow, so I think the people of the United States, knowing that your navy would never be a menace to us, and knowing, too, that you would never want it to be, have been somewhat indifferent to the question.

"But when we see what a mighty oak has grown from so small an acorn, and realize that the upbuilding of our navy is one of the grandest and most salutary and farthest-reaching of all the patriotic enterprises undertaken since the beginning of our Government, we, without envy, and with genuine good-will, hope that your policy may be equally beneficial.

"Your love for and loyalty to Great Britain is admirable, and those of us who know something of Canadian feeling see a growing sentiment of admiration and respect, more to be desired than lip service, for the Sailor King who now rules the British Empire."

A minister was calling on a parishioner who had just lost his wife, and, laying his hand on the bereaved man's shoulders, he endeavored to comfort him. "My brother," he said, "this is a great grief which has befallen you in the loss of your life partner and companion; but I have come to comfort you and to console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love."

"What's her name?" asked the bereaved husband.—*Vanity Fair*

# A Bridge-Building in Alaska

By  
Charles Shirley

I HAD nothing to do with the building of the bridge so I am free to speak of it. I had business in Alaska, but not in bridge-building. I happened to see it when I was there and it was worth the whole journey. The "Prince George" carried me up from Vancouver and set me down at Skagway. Thereafter I took other steamers and other modes of transportation on land and river and mountain trail, until civilization faded away behind me on the horizon of the Pacific and the mountains of Alaska stood out—and ignored mere humanity.

It was there that I came upon the bridge. It was there that I came upon Hawkins, the Chief Engineer, and his men. They had been recruited down in the States. Down there, they were ordinary steel workers. They kicked when they had a piece of work to do that was not in the schedule. They did what they liked about working overtime. They had their union and the union "had" whatever engineer employed the men. But here I found it different. I found Hawkins and his army working like one family. Like a family of Cyclops, to build the bridge—this particular bridge I am talking about. It was not a question of pay and tobacco and enough sleep. It was not a question of getting a day's work done and quitting, but it was — The Bridge! and the waters under the bridge.

It is finished now and it is quite commonplace to contemplate. It is not the longest bridge in the world, far from it.

I've built longer myself. It is not the heaviest in the world, nor the widest, nor the highest, but as Jimmy Bain, the Cockney engineer, who ran the little donkey engine at the far end of it used to say, it was the "cussedest" bridge that ever was dreamed of. But Bain did not say cussed; it was another word. The bridges over Niagara are high. The new Quebec Bridge will have the longest single span in the world. The bridges at Brooklyn have their features and there are one or two in South America that have certain points of interest which are very noteworthy but of no significance, except to engineers. This particular case of the bridge in Alaska, was a case of human interest. It was a case of—The Bridge! and the waters under the bridge, as I said before.

The Copper River cuts off one part of Alaska from the rest. You may land on the shores of this Arctic territory from the Behring Sea, but you have not then arrived where you can cross into the hinterland of the Copper River. At least, I should say, you might cross with a guide, on a raft or in a canoe at certain of the few placid stretches between the rapids in the Copper River. But you could not, for instance, take a train across—until this bridge was built. And it was most essential that one should be able to take a train across, for then, and only then, could the copper deposits in the interior of the country be brought to the markets of the rest of the world.



"IN THE SPATTERING ELECTRIC LIGHT 'BLUE BOTTLE BULB,'  
THE WHITE-HOT RIVET FROM THE FORGE."

LIFTED

Published by S. W. FROST

Glaciers feed the river with icebergs in summer. In the winter it freezes seven feet deep. The wealthy corporation that wished to gain access with its railroad to the mines—the richest copper mines in the world—had built the road up one shore of the river until it came to the one spot where a bridge might be thrown across. The "steel" came that far and stopped. The banks of the river anywhere but at this point, were embarrassed with glaciers and a cub knows you can't build foundations in moving ice. So the bridge had to cross the river at this particular point, and the great corporation sent for some of the more famous engineers and told them to go up to Alaska and build the bridge. It's an off-hand way some general managers have. They say, "Two million: June 29th," and by that they expect the engineering firm to understand the amount it is to spend for the work, and the time it is to be completed.

But the engineers came back from this Alaska matter and said they could not undertake the work. They turned it down, one after another. The general manager wanted to know why and they told him. They told him in cold language that nobody could get his work done if an iceberg weighing seven thousand tons was going to drop off the Glacier—Miles Glacier, just above the bridge, and summer down at twelve miles an hour to wipe out piling and false-work and screws and engines and everything else. They told this to the general manager and the board of directors and passed on—all but one.

Hawkins' firm undertook it and told Hawkins to do it. So Hawkins picked up the men he had known on other jobs of his, and took them up north. Some were from New York and some from Frisco. Some were from Montreal, and two from Vancouver and Victoria. So they went up there and started.

I HAD talked to Hawkins when he was figuring out the strain sheets in his New York office. We were all shaking our heads at him then. So when I arrived at the end of the rails in this Alaska fastness of his, I knew I would

have to take some things back, because he had already progressed far enough to make fools of those of us who had laughed at him. So I recruited. He listened and laughed and said he guessed that'd be all right—I didn't need to think of that—anybody might have thought the same, and so on; and we went out to look her over. Of course, she wasn't finished, but I liked her appearance. She had that look you can always tell about a bridge when she's building—she looked—well, you could see her lines beginning and you could see where the rest was going to fit in. If you were an engineer you could understand. Otherwise you won't.

It was snowing and we had furs. We walked out on the gangway and we looked down at the false-work built on the frozen-over top of the river.

"How'd you get the piers in?" I asked.

"Last summer."

"What's the strain of the river on 'em?"

"An average of three 'bergs a day in summer. Each 'berg up to ten thousand tons. Current brings 'em down at twelve miles per, and in the spring the seven-foot freeze-over breaks up."

"Mind telling me what depth you've got to those piers?"

"Sixty feet from the bottom of the water to the bed-rock."

"What else?"

"Eighty-six feet around the base. Armoured with ninety-pound rails set on end, foot apart all the way round."

In the dusk I counted the piers crossing the frozen river like concrete monuments to somebody's strides. In the distance the glaciers were gleaming softly. Behind us there were more glaciers.

\* \* \*

THE scaffolding, or what we would call the false-work, were begun as soon as the river froze over last winter. They were to support the steel work until the spans were completed and the piers could take the load. The piles, the foundations for the false-work, were driven through the seven feet of ice to the bottom of the river.

But the steel had not arrived. Hawkins had counted on having about three and a half months for the work, but two months



"WE WERE ALL SHAKING OUR HEADS AT HAWKINS."

Photog. by J. W. BROWN

were spent waiting for the steel. He received it, piece after piece, and then more pieces. He piled them up on the bank and waited for the complete parts. The crews blew on their mittens to keep warm and waited for steel. When the last of it came about the last day of March, the whole camp woke up and howled like the wolves that used to hang around Skagway, and Jimmy Bain, the little Cockney, pulled the whistle on his engine so suddenly and so hard that he broke the valve.

But the delay left Hawkins only six weeks to finish the work. He had to get it done before the river woke up. The waking-up time was due in those forty-two days. In that time he had to have 1,150 feet of steel strung across the piers. Otherwise the out-going ice and the down-coming icebergs would wipe out all his false-work and drop two million dollars' worth of steel and labor into the river.

\* \* \*

BY hit, rivet by rivet, angle by angle and strain by strain, we pushing the steel nearer the middle. The first span was four hundred feet long and we had her finished in ten days and a half. The second was three hundred, and we finished her in six days. The third was four hundred and fifty, and she was done in ten days.

But they were somewhat wearing ten days. For instance, one day, little Scott, who was a general helper around the office, came panting up looking for Hawkins.

"Ice rising, sir," he said.

"Rising?" says Hawkins, "Hm!"

We went down and looked, and Scotty was right. She was rising. She was lifting us and the piles which supported the false-work and the half-complete steel-work with her. In fractions of inches, such as you would find on a German slide rule, she was lifting, and every fraction of a lift threatened to smash the whole two million dollars' worth of work to nothing.

"Get everybody!" says Hawkins, lighting his pipe in the most exorcising coolness. "Get all the feed piping you can.

Get all the steam from every engine we have, and run a pipe of steam to the foot of each pile."

We did it.

"Now," Hawkins went on, "Get your pipe elbows bent down to the ice and turn the steam on—like H—." He scarcely raised his voice on the last two words.

We did. Every man was on deck. Even the cooks turned out to help. The engineers threw the coal on and ripped open the drafts till the whole valley hummed with the noise. And it was night, too. At the foot of each pile the nozzles of steam emitted roaring clouds of vapor.

The steam melted the ice as though it had been mere snow. But there was seven feet of it to go through. We had to make the space around each pile large enough to allow the ice to rise around it without lifting the superstructure. The ice still had its grip on the piling—it continued to lift—when suddenly it let go. The piles that a few moments before were being lifted out of their places, settled down. The steel-work rested on the scaffoldings. The crews, panting with relief, stood by, still keeping the steam around the foot of each pile, and watched the river rise twenty-one feet. For hours the river rose. We measured the position of the ice by marks on the sides of the pilings. Hours after the rise ceased Hawkins ordered off the steam and we uncoupled the piping.

\* \* \*

BUT the river was not yet through with Hawkins. Its great white floor had risen and fallen twenty-one feet, and Hawkins had coped with that manoeuvre. But now it began its other strategy. The ice commenced to move out. It did not go with a rush. It did not come suddenly. It began so slowly that it might have done irrevocable damage before anyone noticed it. One inch a day was its rate. One inch per day was it carrying the false-work off its foundations and threatening to precipitate the whole span. Inch by inch the alignment of the bridge was being warped.

A foreman on the centre span came in to the office one morning and demanded to see Hawkins.

"We can't work," he announced, "Can't match the ends. She's out of line, sir."

"What's the matter?"

"False-work's movin', sir."

Hawkins went out with him.

We found the span inches out of alignment. Every moment the ice was forcing it farther out of place. Hawkins summoned the foreman again. The steam was turned on through the feed pipes to the foot of the piles a second time, and between the steam and the use of axes the piles were kept free of the ice pressure from up-stream. Meanwhile, overhead, Hawkins lifted the weight of the centre span from the false-work to the cantilever supports. He made the finished part of the bridge support the unfinished portion temporarily, and that took the strain off the false-work. Then he set about to bring the timbers into proper place again.

Upstream we forced new piles through the ice to the river bottom. Scores of them there were. It looked for a time as though we could not get them through soon enough. But we did. We hitched all the spare tackle to them and with the engines winding the tackle against them, we pulled the four hundred and fifty feet of scaffolding back into position. Hawkins, himself, stood on the bridge and watched. He blew the pea-whistle to signal the donkey engineers. As the great mass was hauled back into place the riveters and fitters, astiride the girders, let the steel-work into place again, and finished the work.

It was midnight when it was all finished. We had been having coffee on account of the cold.

"I'm going out to see her finished," announced Hawkins, setting down his empty mug. "Coming?"

We walked out over the slippery steel cautiously. It was dark. In the centre, standing out of the way of the men, we counted the empty rivet holes which wait-

ed for the rivet and for which the whole bridge, and the patient wooden supports on the ice beneath, were waiting—to say nothing of wives and families back in civilization.

There were ten rivets to be made when we arrived. As we stood watching there were only nine, and eight! and seven! and six! and five— In the spluttering electric light "Blue Bottle Bill," from San Francisco, lifted the white hot rivet from his fogs. Peterkin—comes from Montreal—caught it in his can and tossed it on the Laroche, the Frenchman, who was working on the Quebec Bridge when she collapsed. Laroche caught it in his pails and held it for Thompson, another San Francisco man. Thompson heaved the air hose a little higher under his right arm—held the air-riveters a bit tighter in his hand and then—let her have it.

The rivet was home. It was the last. The red glow had died out of it before Hawkins said anything.

"Sound, Thompson?" he asked, quietly.

"Sure!" retorted Thompson, who wanted to be enthusiastic, but couldn't when the Chief wasn't.

\* \* \*

An hour later the silent river made a noise, the first it had made the whole winter. It stirred, like a heavy sleeper beginning to feel the light coming in his window. The growling was terrible. It was the ice working at the false-work, gnawing at it, crushing it. In fact, it was a horrible noise, and it grew louder! We had hauled the engines off the ice in the afternoon. We had hoped to save the other stuff in the morning, but now it was too late. The blocks had been knocked out from under the steel. It rested no longer on the false-work, but on the piers, its true foundations, so the false-work did not matter. We let it go.

The timbers protested as the ice caught them in its maw. There was a set of a shriek, and then the whole substructure, on which the bridge had been reared, vanished.

## To the Old Year

THIS is not an ode on the passing of the Old Year, nor a promise to the New Year to do better. This is merely to wish Nineteen Hundred and Ten Good-day, decently and respectfully. One cannot help respecting him for the unburied dignity with which he persists to the end of his allotment of time. He is like a brave man walking out on a scaffold. He goes without haste. Though he knows that you and I are waiting for him to go, to make a place for To-morrow.

\* \* \* \*

HE was not a bad year. He was patient with us. He brought us new things. He took some things out of our hands, toys that had been given us possibly in mistake. But on the whole he enriched our experience and our memory, and refined our souls in the pale flame of Patience, in our waiting for the things that never come, but may, some day. So we say, Good-day, to him and wish him luck, wherever he is going, and half envy him that he knows just when his time is finished, whereas we have to wait for a level crossing, a falling brick, or measles, or a motor accident—we would prefer the motor accident, to translate us.

\* \* \* \*

SOME place there is, we think, where the souls of the Old Years must be sitting in a part-completed circle—a rare company of old rakes and pedants—waiting for the end of Time when the last Old Year shall join the company, and, taking his place among them, shall complete the ring of One Eternal Moment. Some place there is where these old fellows sit—soddy clothed, mostly in black, I imagine, with old worn silk hats and faded silk handkerchiefs leaking out of their coat-tail pockets. What an excellent company of wits! How large the sum of their experience! How splendid a perspective each must have!

FOR each must have measured the Universe and lived with the sun all year round. To each of them the Universe must be just like a small residential lot on a back street of Creation, the Sun a florid fellow, and the stars everlasting chorus girls going through a rather monotonous dance from age to age, without a rest. Each has seen the Night shilling, sneaking around out of sight of the Sun, as the worlds keep turning around to warm their backs at his glow.

\* \* \* \*

THE secret of things must be no secret to them. They must surely have seen where the Universe ends and where God has lifted the blue walls, of this, one of His gardens—one of His experimental laboratories. They must have suited, indulgently to look upon the elation of a morbid nidget who discovered a Star that did not need to be discovered and that felt no honor, but a mere glow of charitable pity, at being recorded in a book, with a date, and the name of the mortal astronomer who saw him first. They have seen mortals born and grown up, defeated and victorious, happy over an increase in salary, depressed over the birth of twins. And they must have admired those braver souls who kept on merely chadging in this prosaic world, without a light. All sufferings, all joys, all plans, ambitions, intrigues, and emotions, has each of the Old Years seen.

\* \* \* \*

SO the incompleated circle of them wait—probably up in the shadow of some other world, regaling one another with stories of their experiences. One of them, see! is telling for the thousandth time, the story of Creation, what it looked like, and what the Creator said when, having dried his hands of the clay, he set the worlds spinning, and shoved forth the first of the Years to keep his vigil. See! that one next is telling about Adam and the Woman, and in between whiles, somebody recalls, laughing how frightened the first star was when, because she lost her faith, she fell, until the hand of the Great Designer caught her, and set her safely on a special shelf provided for the fallen

stars, till they can be mended for the next creation. They tell of the men they knew; about Adam and Caesar, and one of the Old Years, who has been sitting in the circle for nineteen hundred and ten years, speaks of One he saw, born in Galilee.

\* \* \* \*

BUT 1909, who has been there only a little while and whose nerves were affected by watching the people of the Earth, is impatient, and if you could only see, you would observe that he fidgets and whispers to 1908: "How long have we to wait? How many more of us do you think must come before—before He comes, and the game is up?" But 1908 shall be unable to say and they shall keep on waiting, patiently.

\* \* \* \*

WHEN some day—the Last year shall come. He shall enter with a little pomp and ceremony, for shall it not be his right, seeing that He ends the Game? So, he shall walk into the circle, very probably mopping his face. The worlds shall cease warming themselves. The Sun shall stand and stare. The diligent Dawns shall come no more and there shall be no more drewey evenings in the worlds. All the Old Years shall bow before him. He shall take his seat in the last vacant place in the circle, right next to that Old Year who saw the Creator wash his hands of Adam. As he settles his coat-tails behind him, and adjusts his necktie, he shall address the Ring of the Eternal Moment—would I were there to see!—saying: "The Game is all but finished, gentlemen, I am the last of us. God is finished with the lamp. Let us wait now and see the End!"

\* \* \* \*

HEREUPON the Ring of the Eternal Moment shall become a court, and a great throne shall be set in the middle and the Recording Secretary of the meeting, History, shall fish the first soul, wriggling, out of the cellars and dungeons of Space, on the end of a quill, to be looked at, felt, measured, and passed upon.

THE EDITOR.

## Laurie of the "Plainsman"

A Story of Western Canada

By Hubert Footner

THE *Plainsman* occupies the last store of the Carver Block, a one-story row of plate-glass fronts on A Street, east, ending at the railway tracks. The Carver Block, all of five years old, begins to wear an air of haggard antiquity in the brand new streets of Blackfoot; most of the paint has peeled off the towering cornice, and more than one jagged rent lets daylight through that apparently solid front. The curious thing about the buildings of Blackfoot, as of other Western towns, is that they seem to pass direct from the freshness of the trowel to the snuffiness of second-hand building materials. As to this particular store, it needs no sign to identify it as the home of a newspaper—the excessive grime does that. A flannelette curtain, once a rich green, but more recently a bilious yellow, hangs across the back of the show window, which contains nothing but the accumulations of five years' dust and a framed card of job printing samples dating from the same era. Upon opening the door, the characteristic warm, pungent smell of printers' ink and fresh pulp paper greets the nostrils, but individuality in this case by a rich undertone of ripening bananas—for part of the back premises is sublet to a wholesale fruiterer, who conducts his business via the rear alley. There is a little sanctum in one corner of the shop, and a counter crosses from that to the wall. Damaged and uncolored copies of the *Plainsman* for a year back are heaped everywhere.

Frank Ardry, editor and proprietor, was doubled over the counter, with his

chin in his palms. It was Saturday afternoon, and the staff had distributed itself in quest of amusement, except that the chunking of the monotype in the basement gave notice that Leonard Colpes, the typesetter, was still at work. Frank was a good-looking youth, with a round head, broad over the ears and smoothly thatched with black; and bright, sophisticated gray eyes. His air of high and humorous assurance, brooking no opposition, was the *Plainsman's* chief asset. But just now his colors were hauled down.

It was not that the *Plainsman* was in any worse case than ordinary: the sword of bankruptcy had always hung suspended by a hair over that devil-say-care publication. Frank had secured it from the last proprietor in exchange for a polo pony, and was considered to have received the worst of the bargain. No, he had succeeded in paying his employees for the week: it was simply the "elevation" that ailed him. I should explain that the altitude of Blackfoot is held accountable for most that goes amiss there. Frank was blue—richly and luxuriously blue.

So intent was he on his gloomy thoughts that he did not see a small figure come in through the open doorway and approach the counter.

"Good afternoon," she said.

Frank jerked his head up. His astonished and delighted eyes took in a small, slim girl who looked seventeen and was undoubtedly older. The most remarkable thing about her was the brave, friendly expression of her blue eyes. She plainly wished to ingratiate herself, but without

shating any point of personal pride. The next remarkable thing was her hair, the quantity of it and its color—most like raw mahogany, but exactly like nothing else under the sun. This enframed a face cut with delicate certainty of outline, with a healthy, pale skin and lips fresher and sweeter than opening crimson petals. The vision was clad in close-fitting green, which became her rarely, and a crafty little hat of the same color.

To Frank the sight of her was like an unhopd-for granting of a secret prayer. He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"My name is Laurie Gray," she said with an engaging candor—she had the cheerful, incisive voice of a schoolboy. "I'm looking for something to do. Can you give me any work on the paper?"

"Why, yes!" said Frank instantly, the possibility of refusing anything to one so pretty never occurring to him. Some time afterwards he added, "What can you do?"

"I never worked before," she said, "but now I have to. My mother and I have come West to make our fortunes."

Her cool, cheerful frankness turned the point of sentimentality. Young Frank was compelled to be businesslike. It was soon decided that Laurie was to cover "locals," meetings, sermons, and society. The glint of a fanatic enthusiasm shone in her eyes as this fascinating program was unfolded in her hearing.

"I have dreamed of being a reporter," she murmured.

It may be remarked that there was more danger in a conversation like this than in whole bucketfuls of sentiment. Quite so! The red head and the black unobscuredly drew closer across the counter, and in smiles flying back and forth and in the kind, shining eyes, already there promised something a good deal tenderer than the customary relation between employer and employee.

They were interrupted by an ominous "Hem!" from behind Frank's back. He looked over his shoulder apprehensively. At the head of the basement steps stood Miss Colpe, the typesetter, in her lace coat and picture hat, the plumes of the latter seeming to bristle with indignation. Lenora was a veteran pioneer of the West; without undertaking to state just

how old she was, I may say, well-seasoned. She was likewise western free of speech and uncommonly well able to take care of herself. Ordinarily she was amiable, and ruled the males of the *Plainsmen*, including the proprietor, with a rough, hanting coquettishness; but just at present she was very much on her dignity, pale under her rouge, and with black eyes glittering dangerously.

"Pardon me if I intrude," she drawled. "Not at all," said Frank uncomfotably. "This is Miss Gray, the new reporter," he explained.

"Indeed, I was not aware!" said Miss Colpe grandly.

She took a good fifteen seconds to look Laurie up and down. "Charmed!" she murmured as insulting as she could, and made her way languidly to the street door. With her hand on the latch she turned. "I think you call for me at eight," she said indifferently to Frank, and went her ways. The door must have slipped out of her hand, or something; the impact was terrific.

Laurie had been watching her with cool wonder. "Look here," she said with her inimitable directness, "if I'm going to be here, I ought to know where I stand. What's the matter with her?"

Laurie's frankness demanded a return in kind. "You see," Frank explained, "she and her brother are the only ones in town who can run the monotype, and she knows it. Besides—"

"Well?" prompted Laurie.

"She has money," said Frank. "Made it speculating in real estate during the boom. She holds a chattel mortgage on the plant downstairs."

"H'm!" said Laurie.

"So I—er—take her about to the subscription dances to keep her in a good humor about the interest," he blurted out.

Laurie took note of his rueful grin, and suddenly her face broke up like a sunny pool under a gust from the west. She cocked up her pretty chin and laughed a peal like a boy. Such delicious, heart-disquieting merriment had surely never been heard within these grimy precincts.

On her very first day Laurie made herself an important factor of the *Plainsman*. As she crossed the Estevan bridge on her way to work she witnessed an accident,

brought about, it might have seemed, for the especial benefit of the fledgling reporter. The only automobile in town, property of one Mackinnon, a real-estate agent and unpopular, was to blame for the ruin of an immigrant farmer's household goods. Laurie, warm with generous indignation, got half a column out of it. Womanlike, she discovered the owner's vulnerable point, and turned her pen in the wound. The reason the automobile made so much noise, said Laurie, was because it was such a cheap machine.

Frank ran the story as it stood, and next morning all Blackfoot chuckled over it, with the possible exception of Mackinnon. The real-estate agent was a gross creature; little Laurie, posing his shop later in the day, was publicly insulted. On her return to the office, she casually mentioned what had occurred, and Frank, with a brightening eye, took his hat from his peg, and commending Laurie to keep the shop, called forth Laurie promptly disoheved him. Following at a discreet distance, note-book in hand, she missed not a detail of the brief and pointed discussion which ended in the fat real-estate agent rolling in the gutter. Laurie got a whole column out of that, and Blackfoot agreed that it was the best account of a scrap which had appeared in the local press. The paper was sold out in an hour, and the regular circulation jumped four hundred.

Among other things, Laurie was assigned to cover the meetings of the town council. Her first arrival in the dingy little chamber (which is in the loft of the police station) created something of a sensation. His Worship Mayor Pink (one of Blackfoot's lending grocers) himself descended from his throne to take her hand, and all the aldermen pulled down their waistcoats and strove to look aldermanic.

Laurie soberly disposed herself at the "press table" in the corner (it has only three legs and you must watch which end you sit at) and the usual mad torrent of squeaks was forthwith unleashed. Once a fortnight the aldermen are seized with the lust to orate, and nothing will stop them. Only Sam Puffer, the ex-councilman, rarely spoke—but he spat most eloquently. There was one spectator,

Henney Haddie, Blackfoot's eminent rag and bone merchant, who has run for alderman every year in the memory of man, without ever receiving a hundred votes, and who writes to the papers nearly every day. As a taxpayer, Henney delivered a diatribe on the puddles in the main street, which was cut short only by Sam Puffer threatening to take him out and scold him therein.

Although she affected to be diligently taking notes, the proceedings were naturally quite incomprehensible to Laurie; but the reporter on the other paper, a pale youth of an evangelical turn, offered to write her story as well as his own. Laurie smiled her thanks and found herself free to saute at the aldermen one by one. The smile of a clever woman is a curious thing; the degree of promise gathered from it by the recipient is usually in inverse ratio with his intelligence. The aldermen hastened to write out their speeches for Laurie, and the city clerk made her a copy of the minutes; but Laurie thought most of Sam Puffer, who, abashed by her presence, only scowled at her sideways from beneath his shaggy brows.

As time went on the slender, green-clad figure, intent upon business, became one of the familiar sights of Rowland Avenue. The six tall policemen were her sworn friends, and one or another invariably accompanied her when she was called out at night. Policemen are only human; there was not one of them but sometimes drew her aside to mention some little deed of heroism he had performed—hoping it would appear in next day's paper. Laurie enjoyed alike the freedom of the banking offices and the jail. Every one wished her well, from the president of the Board of Trade down to the undertakers, who telephoned her when they had interesting corpses on view.

Her work was supposed to be done when the last of the local news was turned in at eleven o'clock each night, but her cousin Frank dissuaged her if she volunteered to stay another hour to help him read proof. There would sit side by side at the table in the rear of the little store, dark but for the single shaded globe hanging

low over their heads. Laurie always had so much to say about the day's experience, her tongue fairly tumbled over itself in her impetuosity to get it all out. Consider the feelings of the youthful editor as he watched the changing face of his very dear aide, and hung on the delicious tones of her merry, boyish voice. Need I say that the Plainsmen was scandalously proof-read? There is more than one pointed story in circulation concerning quaint misprints which escaped that precious pair of readers.

But as a result of this inspiring hour Frank would set to work each day with renewed courage to keep his craft bark afloat. The whilom careless youth had now a definite and absorbing aim. Week by week the Plainsmen was doing steadily better, but, unfortunately, the increased business only made the pinch of insufficient capital more keen. Leonora was the most troublesome feature of the problem. The mere sight of little Laurie was sufficient to rouse that weather-beaten virgin to a pitch of blind unreasonableness. Frank used his best powers of cajolery, but the tension was stretched little by little towards the breaking-point. There was six months' interest on the mortgage overdue.

At Laurie's third council meeting old Sam Puffer produced from his capacious pocket a box of candy, the Eastern kind, very expensive and very stale in Black-foot, and silently laid it on the reporters' table. Laurie was immensely gratified. From the other aldermen there were and-ide marmosins of "graft," for Sam was a candidate for mayor, and this was looked upon as an attempt to suborn the press. But there was nothing in that; for at the next meeting, when Sam Puffer turned up in a somewhat "elevated" condition as a result of too long a dalliance at the mahogany of the Royal Hotel, Laurie regretfully but relentlessly entered the fact in her account of the proceedings. Next day Sam came around to the office and shook hands with her. It did him good, he said, to meet a person with sand enough to call his friends down when they needed it.

The other candidate for mayor was the smug Alderman Telfair, Sam's ancient enemy. He too sought to ingratiate him-

self with Laurie, but with this difference—that while old Sam was a real man, who admired Laurie for a pretty girl and respected her for a plucky one, Telfair was no more than a puff-bell, who saw in Laurie the means of getting his name before the public. Laurie perceived the difference very clearly.

The Plainsmen supported Sam Puffer, of course, but in local politics a man is very often at a disadvantage with a puff-bell. Alderman Telfair was known to be a fool and strongly suspected of grafting; nevertheless he threatened to carry the election by the sheer weight of his protestations of morality. It is so difficult to oppose these platform socialists, without the implication of championing the immoral! The only weapon the Plainsmen had against Telfair was ridicule—which inflicts painful but seldom mortal injuries. The town chuckled, and Alderman Telfair writhed under its thrusts. Furious reprisals were threatened; the Plainsmen merely laughed editorially and continued its course. Then one night there was a late conference in Alderman Telfair's office—men with a common grudge may be infallibly depended on to smell each other out. Mackinnon was there; also a heavily veiled lady wearing a lace coat and a picture hat.

A week later the blow fell. Frank was in Prince George, the provincial capital, lobbying for some of the government printing. Laurie had undertaken the responsibilities of editor-in-chief, with a heart swelling with pride, destined, also, to be immediately dashed. Resolving the office after the morning session of the police court, she found Henry Haddie in the editor's own chair, with his feet on another, and the sanctum odorous of one of the cigars manufactured, according to popular belief, from his stock-in-trade; i.e., rage. Laurie's face reddened at the spectacle.

"Outside is the place to wait," she said sharply.

Henry arose and puffed out his cheeks. He was a short, square man with a portentously serious eye, the carriage of the alderman he yearned to be, and the clothes of the rag and bone merchant he was. Henry thought and spoke in purest journalese.

"It is my regretful duty to inform you, miss," he said, "that I have been denoted to take charge here—"

Laurie's face was a study in scorn. "Take charge!" she repeated.

"Owing, no doubt, to my well-known association with the press and public affairs," explained Henry with a smirk.

"What do you mean?" demanded Laurie.

"Bailliff appointed by the court at the suit of Alderman Telfair, Esquire!"—

Laurie took her breath sharply.

"—Holder of a mortgage of eleven hundred dollars on the chattels of this here establishment, assigned by Leonora Colpas, Esquire—I mean, spinster."

Laurie knew all about the mortgage. Her heart seemed to shiver in her breast, and for an instant she felt herself a small, small person alone in a vast and cruel world.

"My instructions being," continued Henry, "to allow the business to proceed in all ways as usual, only everything printed in the paper must be satisfactory to my principal."

Laurie heard him but dully.

At this moment Miss Colpas ascended from the basement, ostensibly to ask about a word in her copy, but really to see how Laurie was taking the blow. She got small satisfaction from the acting editor: the mere sight of the other woman provided Laurie with a tonic. She lifted her head, took a long breath, and issued her instructions with perfect coolness. When Henry went to lunch she looked herself in the sanctum and, dropping her head on the desk, cried it out like a girl. Then she sat up and, bending her pretty brows, thought it out like a man. By and by she snared paper and began to write, tearing off page after page, entirely oblivious to her surroundings and to the flight of time. Anon the towns came into her eyes, anon she frowned and then laughed outright. Laurie was putting "soul" into it. She concluded with a great sigh of relief, and, without stopping to read what she had written, folded the bulky package once across and, thrusting it into the bosom of her dress, reappeared in public.

All the afternoon she put things in train for the next day's paper as if no-

thing had happened. She exerted herself to be agreeable to Henry Haddie, who, worthy man, was not sufficiently astute to smell danger. Inflated by the importance of his duties, he felt an ever-recurring need of a fresh supply of bar-room hydrogen, and by evening there was a noticeable access of dignity in the bailliff, joined to an increased tendency to puff out his cheeks. Miss Colpas swept home as usual at five o'clock, and was succeeded at the mantelpiece after supper by her brother. Henry brought back some editorials from his "principal," which Laurie, with a casual glance, sent down-stairs. Laurie herself took no time for supper.

At nine o'clock the proof—for the first side came up-stairs. By this time the bailliff and the acting editor, sitting side by side at the table under the shaded electric light, were apparently on terms of perfect amity. With an innocent air Laurie volunteered to read the proofs aloud, and lifted a voice of munimny calculated to hail Argus himself. Henry tipped his chair back, his eyes closed, and his head drooped lower and lower. Before Laurie reached the bottom of the first galley he emitted a sound and convincing snore. By the very look of Henry you would know him for a heavy sleeper, not to speak of his potatoes during the afternoon.

Instantly Laurie, all excitement, scampered down the basement stairs. Besides Colpas, a weak youth, completely under the domination of his sister, Higden, the printer, and Penke, who made up the forms, were at work. Into the ears of these two she whispered, and a wide, delighted smile slowly overspread each grimy face; they violently nodded their heads and followed her up-stairs. Laurie unlocked the door into the quarters of the fruit company. Penke grasped the back of Henry's chair, Higden took the front legs, and the unconscious bailliff was tenderly lifted and carried up the four steps into the dark loft. Inside, there were several great bins reaching to the roof, such as are used for the storage of vegetables. These were made of stout palings, with narrow interstices to allow the passage of air. One of these cages was empty and the door stood open.

Henery woke up as they set him down, and struggled to his feet. But the cage door was already closed and the hasp secured with a stout wooden pin. Henery's fat hand would not pass between the bars. He seized the door of his cage and shook it exactly like that animal from which we are said to derive our descent; his cries were piteous, but quite in vain. Laurie sent him a cigar to soothe his outraged feelings, and after a while he ceased his lamentations.

Meanwhile the packet of copy was produced from Laurie's bosom and sent down-stairs. As she expected, young Colpas presently came up two steps at a time and, without looking at her, darted out through the street door. Laurie spent an anxious five minutes — if he had stayed away she would have been utterly defeated, but she was counting on the motive power of curiosity, and the end justified her: the Colpases, brother and sister, entered the office, the lady plumed, rouged, and grim. She had some sheets of Laurie's copy in her hand. Laurie stood up, and they faced each other, the little one and the old-lamer.

"What is this?" demanded Leonora, stridently.

"The leading article for to-morrow," said Laurie mildly.

"Not if I know it," said the older woman viciously.

Laurie was patient. "Have you read it?" she asked.

"The first page is enough!" said Leonora, violently rattling the sheets. "Alderman Telfair is my friend!"

"Please read it," said Laurie.

Miss Colpas held the copy under the light. Laurie watched her narrowly. As she turned over the pages, first her lip uncurled, then her black eye softened a very little; she paused and hid her lip and frowned. Finally she threw the papers pettishly on the table, her arms dropped indecisively, she avoided Laurie's eye.

"I know very well it all rests with you," said Laurie. "If you and your brother won't set it up, of course there'll be no *Plainsmen* to-morrow—not ever again!" She paused for a moment to let this sink in. "No one blames you for selling your mortgage," she continued

with a reasonable air. "That was simply business. But selling it doesn't bind you to help old Telfair with his dirty work, does it? You are never the one to knife an old friend when his back is turned!"

Frankness was little Laurie's disconcerting weapon. Certainly the devil was in it if man or woman could resist her when she looked like that!

Leonora was in a wretched state of indecision. "Where's the bailiff?" she muttered.

"We put him in a potato bin," said Laurie calmly.

Leonora snorted briefly: Henery was no favorite of hers.

"I wrote this for to-morrow's paper, too," said Laurie taking up another page or two of copy from the table and handing it over. "And I borrowed your new photograph from Peake this afternoon, and had a cut made to run with it."

Miss Colpas read an eloquent half-column appreciation of herself and her services to the *Plainsmen*; "great personal popularity" and "unswerving loyalty" figured largely. The cut lay on the table; Leonora distinguished the lines of the beloved picture hat and lace coat, and in her mind's eye she could not help but see it at the head of a column.

"Would you really run that?" she said incredulously.

"Just as it stands," said Laurie—"unless you want to add something."

Leonora looked at her oddly. "You're just twisting me round your finger?" she grumbled.

"No," said Laurie, honestly enough. "It's not me, really. You see, I knew you had a good heart."

The old girl's wrinkles worked curiously. She suddenly caught Laurie by her two arms above the elbows and gave her a sharp little squeeze. "Laurie Gray, I've been an overhauling fool!" she said. Then turning furiously to her brother, she shouted, "You Colpas! What are you graping at? Get back to work, boy!" She commenced tearing off her gloves. "Here, I'll take the machine myself, and you set by hand!"

On his way back from Prince George next morning, Frank Ardry bought a copy of the *Plainsmen* when it was

brought aboard the train at White Deer station. He opened it with an amused and tender smile at the recollection of the seriousness with which little Laurie had undertaken the role of editor—and then he gasped. Clear across the top of the paper spread this amazing announcement in the largest type they owned:

#### DASTARDLY PLOT TO MUZZLE THE PLAINSMAN LAID BARE

AND, underneath, in type a little smaller, this:

ARE THE CITIZENS OF BLACKPOOT GOING TO SEE FAIR PLAY DONE?

He skimmed through the story with anxious eyes and a beating heart; then he read it carefully and considered; then he read it a third time—and laughed. "Oh, marvelous Laurie!" was his thought. Her strength as always lay in her frankness: here was the whole story, Telfair, Macinnon, and the unfortunate Henery Haddie, rendered in faithful, if somewhat heightened, colors. The automobile incident was rehearsed, the midnight meeting painted in strongly, the cowardly writing of the conspirators until they had only a woman to deal with pointed out. She was compelled to boggle the truth a little as to Leonora's part, but what she could not say honestly she left unsaid—a privilege for special plunders. Written straight from her generous young heart, the story could not help but be convincing — irresistible. It concluded with an eloquent and dignified appeal for funds in the cause of free speech. Mayor Pink was named in the repository.

Four times in two blocks between the station and the *Plainsmen* office Frank was clapped on the back and congratulated. The office itself was crowded, not with mere idlers, but solid men, members

of the board of trade, a bank manager. Laurie was in the centre, perfectly self-possessed—only her lip trembled as Frank came in the door. In the sanctum Mayor Pink was entering checks in a note-book. By noon they had the *Plainsmen* reorganized. Frank was elected president, and Laurie was put on the board of directors. Sufficient cash was subscribed to pay off all indebtedness and start the regenerated paper with a safe working capital.

Late that night, when the last friend and well-wisher had gone home to bed, Frank and Laurie adjourned to Mat Runyon's for a bite, as they often did before he took her home. Laurie, perched on a round stool, with her ridiculously small feet swinging free, was munching a cheese sandwich with perfect composure. Frank for his part could only look at her and murmur:

"Laurie! Laurie! How wonderful you are!"

She turned a frowning brow in his direction. "Oh, stuff!" she said indignantly. "Be sensible! Pots don't carry on that way."

"Hang the pot game!" said Frank energetically. "You've got to marry me now, that's what!"

The sandwich was on its way to Laurie's mouth as he spoke.

It completed its journey, and the white teeth met through it without a tremor. Laurie chewed and swallowed the bite before she spoke.

"Would I keep my job?" she inquired casually.

"For life!" said Frank.

"Oh, very well, then," she said coolly. "I don't mind!"

But for all her cool airs, in the swift, veiled glance she caught him Frank saw that which made his breast rise with wonder and delight.





Tales of the Men who can't come back.

by E. Alexander Powell FRGS.

*"We took no tearful leaving,  
We bade no long good-byes;  
Men talked of crime and thieving,  
Men wrote of fraud and lies.  
To save our injured feelings  
"Twas thee and time to go—  
Behind was dock and Dartmoor,  
Ahead lay Cellanor!"*  
—Kipling's *The Broken Men*.

ONCE, on the bench at Tangier, I saw a man immaculate in sun-helmet and white linen approach a tourist straggling in a motor car and say to him:

"Are you an American?" he asked, bluntly.

"Yes," said the other curiously, "I am."  
"Then talk to me," pleaded the immaculate one, clutching the newcomer by the arm as though he was afraid he would run away. "For God's sake let me hear an American voice again."

Now that was homesickness—nostalgia the army surgeons call it—and there is no pain like it in all the world. And of those who know its pangs, none suffer as

do the Men That Can't Come Back. All along the Edge of Things you will find them (Port Said, Djibuti, Laurence Marques, Canton, Yokohama, Pago-Pago, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Callao, know them well) and though they are all very great blackguards and have caused much harm and sorrow and suffering, and though their photographs have been taken out of the red-plush albums and from the mantel-pieces in the sitting-rooms, their pictures still linger in the hearts they have broken, and that is why I am going to tell their stories, but not their names.

Most of them were gentlemen in the beginning—bank presidents, cashiers, contractors, treasurers of corporations, you

know the swag-faced, frock-coated breed—but the Opportunity and the Temptation met and in the end they left their country for their country's good, usually between two days, and nearly always they took with them other people's money and sometimes other people's wives. Shaven heads and assumed names and tramp steamers whose skippers ask no inconvenient questions of passengers who are able to pay handsomely for poor accommodation, help them in their flight and eventually they begin a new life under a new flag and a new name at Lima or Mogador or Maseo. Some of them, and they are the most fortunate, have the courage to blow out their beards and so end the shame and the torture of it all; some go into business so that they may not have time to think; others drag out dreary existences in hotel bars and on hotel verandahs, betraying themselves by their pitiful over-anxiety to dine and wine every fellow-countryman who comes along, in their eagerness to hear the latest scraps of news from that Home to which they can never go back.

A few of them wear the blue tunics and baggy trousers of France's Foreign Legion; some are helping various dusky rulers to hold down their unstable thrones; one is drill-master to an Oriental army, and another is spy-in-chief at an Oriental court. But no matter in what far corner of the earth they have sought to hide themselves, they are fugitives from justice still, and if you should call them by their own names they would not answer, and if you should approach them from behind and clap them on the shoulder suddenly you would find a pistol-barrel shoved against your ribs, for above them hovers always the shadow of the Law. So, while you will not forget that the men who sink or swag are across the next few pages here caused much unhappiness for their families and their friends, it will do no harm to remember that homesickness and optimism and exile are punishing them just as surely as the bars and the prison-stripes.

Between the two oceans how many men holding positions of financial responsibility are there, I wonder, who, reading in the evening paper of the capture of a

criminal in some far land, have not thought, "Ah, but I am cleverer than that. If I, with my intelligence, should ever take to crime and flight, they would never lay hands on me." How many bank cashiers, I wonder, who, harassed by the attempt to make income and expenditure meet, have not whispered to themselves, "How easy it would be for me to fill a valise with these banknotes which pass every day through my hands—fifty, a hundred, five hundred thousand dollars, even—and slip away from cares and worries to the shelter of some easier-going land. A low-roofed, broad-verandah bungalow beside an azure sea; a cane chair under the palm-trees and beside it a stand with cheroots and tinkling glasses; a happy, lazy land, sans telegraph, sans telephone, sans subway in the rush hour and the clatter of the stock ticker and the raw March winds"—come now, be frank, how many of you have not dreamt such a dream as this?

But it is not worth while, my friends. Men as leucine and as brilliant as you have tried it, and a neglected grave south of the line or a convict's number in a northern prison marks their ends.

Given the opportunity, a man of coolness and resource and daring may succeed in getting out of the country with almost any sum. But it is only then that the real pursuit begins. From that day until he is in a casket or a cell the hunt never halts nor flags. The submarine eskies and the wireless dash-dot his crime and his description to the uttermost ends of the earth; the *Meteoritis* may not dock at Liverpool or an ocean tramp may not unload cargo at Port Limon that some quiet, keen-eyed man is not beside the gang-plank as the passengers come ashore, scrutinizing each in turn; his picture and his description hang on the walls of every consulate and shipping-office from Penamabue around to Shanghai.

So closely is our mesh of extradition treaties and diplomatic understandings drawn, that to-day there is no single civilized country in which he can find a home. Let us suppose that he succeeds in making his way to some one of those few semi-

civilized countries with which we have no definite arrangements for the surrender of fugitives—Morocco, perhaps, or Abyssinia, Afghanistan or Persia, one of the Central Asian khanates, or the Central American republics. It will be only a matter of weeks, at most, before his presence becomes known and news of it is flashed to the detective bureaux of the world. The United States may have no treaty with the ruler in whose dominions he has taken refuge, but the Department of State makes a polite request through its Minister Resident or Consul-General for the fugitive's surrender, promising, perhaps, to reciprocate should opportunity offer, and the shah, or sultan, or president, as the case may be, preferring the goodwill of the great republic to the gratitude of an escaped criminal, promptly lays rude hands upon him and sends him in, under escort, to the consul at the nearest port. He is sent home by the next steamer in the custody of a broad-shouldered, businesslike person and when he goes ashore the passengers crowd the rail to stare at him and at the thin steel chain which links his wrists.

Sometimes, however, the landing companies and the police authorities decide that he is not worth the trouble and expense of extraditing and helping back, and that, to my way of thinking, must be the worst of all, for then there is lacking the excitement of the chase and he is abandoned to his self-made exile, shunned by foreigners, sneered at by natives, a man without a country and without a home. The cool hangulow becomes a dump and silent prison, the cane chair and the ice drinks lose their first delight, the painted sea and the lacy palms he grows to hate; he longs for the sound of the familiar, friendly voices, for the roar of the street traffic and a whiff of crisp northern air, and one day he walks into an American consulate and gives himself up, or, perhaps, there is a muffled report one night in the dim interior of the hangulow, and the native servant, stealing in at dawn, finds a lamp still burning and a pocket of stamped and addressed letters and a huddled Something on the bed.

IF you will lean over the bar of the Grande Bretagne in Athens, and if the shoulders of your coat are sufficiently broad and the toes of your shoes sufficiently round to stamp you unmistakably as an American, you are almost certain to be joined by a little, timid, side-whiskered man, who will ask the privilege of buying the cocktails because he, too, is "from God's own country, sir." Within five minutes you will be sitting with him at one of the mosaic-topped tables in the corner and he will be plying you with eager questions about the new plays and the latest song-hits and if they still have the same leather easy-chairs in the lobby of the Hoffman House, and is the air in the subway really good, and how is the dining-car service between New York and Chicago. And so congenial does he make himself that almost before you know it you have accepted his invitation to drive down to Phaleron for tea and to dine at his house afterward. While you are chatting, in drops the consul-general, whom you already know—everyone does drop in at the Grande Bretagne at cocktail time—but instead of responding to your beckoned invitation he shrugs his shoulders at sight of your companion and turns away. "Queer how touchy these consuls are," you say to yourself, and go on describing to your eager auditor Broadway's latest impersonation of prime-donnas.

At four o'clock to the minute he comes for you with a victoria and pair that would do credit to Fifth Avenue. The drive is interesting and you could not wish a better informed conductor. He does not seem to be on howling terms with many of the people you pass, it is true, but you are too busy seeing the points of interest to notice that. At Phaleron you have tea on the terrace of the Aktion and eat a great many more *petits fours* than are good for you, and lean back in your chair and listen to the strains of a Roumanian orchestra, while you gaze out across the lazy blue Aegean and stand up with the others when the King, a timid, unhappy-looking man in a naval uniform, drives by, and finally your carriage takes its place in the long procession of vehicles

which winds its way back to the capital at sunset.

After passing street on street of Athenian villas, white, pale pink, pale green, pale yellow, the carriage suddenly pulls up at a house so obviously American as to be almost startling. It has red brick walls and brown stone pilasters and green blinds and a blue slate roof, and taken altogether is a fine example of that type so common during the architectural reign of terror in the early eighties. An elaborate iron fence surrounds a stretch of well-kept turf. Iron hitching-posts in the form of expectant pickaninnies stand on either side of the stepping-stone, and there are iron dogs and iron deer on the lawn. The hummock and the rustic chairs on the piazza are unmissably of American importation, and so are the screen doors and the over-eared and over-gilded furniture within.

The hostess you find to be altogether charming, despite her off-hand manner and her peroxidized hair; your host fairly radiates hospitality and the dinner is above reproach. The talk is all about home, of course, and you mention the latest musical comedy success, which you saw the night before sailing.

"When we left home," says your hostess—and, oh, the caress in that word home—"they were singing 'Annie Rooney' and 'Two Little Girls in Blue'—and going over to the piano she begins to play one of these melodies which was the hit of a yesterday long passed. But it is a song, commonplace and vulgar as it is, which brings the laugh which brings the groan, and in another minute she has whirled around on the piano-stool with her face buried in her handkerchief.

"Let's go home, Jack," she says, raising a tear-stained face, "I'm so homesick. Please take me home," and your host answers, "Yes, dear, we really must run over to God's country next spring and make a visit." And hastily making your thanks for an altogether delightful evening, you go out into the fragrant night, wondering why on earth any American lets business keep him away from his own land so long.

The next morning you meet the consul-general on the street. "I see old A—

lost no time in getting hold of you," he remarks. "Drive, dinner, music, good cigars—usual thing, I suppose? Well, I can't blame him much, poor devil. He's about eaten up with homesickness. Of course, you'll pardon my not joining you yesterday, but I really can't afford to be seen with him in public; official position, public opinion and all that sort of thing, you know. What? You haven't heard the story yet? A—was president of a bank in Southern California. Man of unquestioned integrity, president of the local chamber of commerce, taught a Bible class, pillar of the church, leading citizen; I began to speculate and then to speculate—er—step from one to the other, you know—and one fine morning the town woke up to find that its foremost citizen had skipped in the night with the wife of his best friend and a valise containing the bank's assets.

"Of course, they set the Pickertons on his trail and they caught up with him here, but in those days there was no extradition in Greece, except for murder, and so he was safe as long as he stayed inside of Greek frontiers. He liked it out here at first, but after a time the homesickness got hold of him and the woman and he tried to compromise with the bank, but they wouldn't have it and seems that sooner or later they would land him behind the bars. He can't get into any of the clubs—and Heaven knows the Greeks are not over-particular—and, of course, neither he nor the woman are received by any of the foreigners, though they built that big house you dined in last night in the hope that it would make things easier for them socially. Why, will you believe it, they had the plans for that house drawn in the States and brought over the furniture and the window-curtains, and even the door-knobs, so that they could imagine that they were back home. Piffle, I call it.

"Take it all around, they are the two unhappiest people that I know. They talk home and they think home and they dream home and when they meet any one who doesn't know their story they always pretend that they are going there next spring, and all the while they know per-

fectly well that they would be nabbed the minute they set foot on shore at Port Said or Gibraltar or Naples. Just the same, I'm willing to bet a month's salary that old A— does go home one of these days and face the music. There's no place like home, you know, particularly when you can't go there. Come over to the Grande Bretagne and have a drink."

\* \* \*

**S**HOVED off by itself in the mountains of Central America, midway between the two oceans, lies Guatemala City, which, as everyone knows, is the capital of the republic of that name. It is not so many years ago that I was sitting with a friend in front of the Cafe del Globo, the one, you know, which stands just across the plaza from the archbishop's palace. It was during those stirring days which followed the assassination of President Barillas, when the country was still in an uproar and the new executive was trying to prop up the rickety chair of state. We sat in the grateful coolness of the colonnade, my friend and I, and over our coffee and sweet biscuits watched the motley procession of Guatemalan life lounge by: *roscheres* in leather trousers and silver-trimmed sombreros, half-naked Indians sweating under their enormous burdens, interdenational soldiers sloouching along in ill-fitting uniforms of soiled and ragged linen, policemen with white gloves and Winchester carbines, officers smart in bottle-green and scarlet.

As we chatted over our cigarettes a man approached us: the most disreputable-looking man, I think, I ever saw. His hair was as long as his beard, his suit of white drill was stained and torn beyond redemption, his feet were thrust into native sandals, and the wreck of a straw hat covered his head, but in spite of his appearance he approached us with a certain air of confidence as though he was so certain of himself and his position that the miserable rags he wore were a matter of no consequence at all. It was just the same air of easy assurance that I once noticed in a young British peer whose hunting clothes were ruined when his horse fell at a water-jump and who was compell-

ed to go through the rest of the day wearing a suit of greasy whitepoids he had borrowed from a stable-boy.

As I was saying, the Disreputable One approached us with as much confidence as though we were meeting in a club and were old friends. "You gentlemen are Americans, I am sure," he said, "and I am an American, too, though my clothes"—with a whimsical glance at his impossible garments—"would scarcely betray me, would they? And that is why I am going to ask you to lend me fifty dollars—I sold land, mind you."

Now, if some other man had said that we should probably have called the big head-waiter and had him kicked out, but underneath this man's shabby exterior were the unmistakable earmarks of a gentleman, so we asked him to sit down with us and poured out another cup of the atrocious coffee and called for more biscuits. One's impulses are given freer rein in those careless lands than would be possible or profitable in our colder and more suspicious North.

"Give us the yarn," we said, and passed him the cigarettes.

"You are the first people in two years who have treated me like a white man," said the outcast, his eyes filling with tears, "and I'll be square with you. I'm one of the men that can't go back. I got into trouble back home—no matter what, no matter where—and made the country too hot to hold me. That was two years ago, and ever since then I've been wandering through these greasy republics trying to earn a living. My last post went yesterday, and, as you can see for yourself, gentlemen, I'm up against it. Seeing me in these rags, you may well doubt it, but I was a gentleman once myself and a graduate of a famous university and later on I held an officer's commission—but what's the use of talking about that.

"I asked you for the loan of fifty dollars, and if you lend it to me I'm going to get a bath and a shave and a hair-cut and some decent clothes and then I'm going straight to this new president in the palace over yonder and I am going to say to him, 'Mr. President, I am an American by birth and a soldier by profession

and I know how to make soldiers out of these nigger scarecrows of yours—real soldiers that will stand up and fight. I am the kind of a man you need, Mr. President, for I am an American, and, therefore, I will stand by you as long as I take your pay: I am a gentleman by birth, and therefore I will tell you the truth. I have no political axe to grind, no party sympathies, no factional jealousies; you can trust me, and that is more than you can say of most of those gold-headed officers of yours.' That's what I am going to say to the president, gentlemen, if you will lend me the money to make myself presentable enough to see him—and you will get your money back."

We lent him the money; that goes without saying, for fifty dollars silver is only twenty-five dollars gold, which, divided by two, made only twelve dollars and a half apiece, which, after all, is no great sum to risk on a fellow countryman's chances of salvation. But, down in our hearts, neither of us really expected to see that money again.

Three days later we sat under the same colonnade of the same restaurant looking out over the same sun-bathed plaza at the same variegated procession. Leon, the big head-waiter, had just poured our coffee, when we heard the clatter of hoofs in the street behind us, but troops were passing and repassing, so we paid no attention. A moment later came the clink of spurs on the stone pavement and our friend the Outcast, resplendent in varnished boots and a uniform of green and silver, as trim and soldierly a figure as one would wish to look upon, stood before us.

"Here's your money, gentlemen," he said, tossing some gold-pieces on the table. "I thank you for the loan of it, and I thank you still more for your faith in human nature. As for me, I'm Chief of Staff of the Guatemalan army."

\* \* \*

**M**Y acquaintanceship with Ernesto Clay (this name is not his own, but it is near enough to answer the purpose) began off the little port of San Jose de Guatemala, where the Coocoe Line boat touched on the way from Valparaiso

to San Francisco. The last berth on the boat had been sold at Panama, but that had not deterred the agent at San Jose from disposing of a few more. There is no better at San Jose, so we spent an uncomfortable morning pitching in the trough of the sea two miles off shore, while waiting for the usual consignment of fruit and coffee to be put aboard. But the lighter that came puffing out from shore, laden to the gunwales with cargo, brought a dozen passengers besides. As they started to climb the swaying ladder against the ship's side the German captain, a pompous, red-faced tub of a man, beamed over the rail of the ladder and, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, told them with unnecessary violence that there was no accommodation left and that, tickets or no tickets, they could not come aboard.

Now, after you have scouted and burned with fever and shiver with chills and all but died from homesickness in a filthy, God-forsaken Central American village for two or three or perhaps six years, and have finally scraped together enough money to take you back to the States again, and after you have been counting the week-end days and even the hours until the steamer sails, and after you have seen that same steamer lying out in the roadstead with her nose pointed to the North, with its throre and its wet pavements with the street lamps reflected in them, and the restaurants with tables and shaded candles and men and women of your own kind sitting round them, it is not good to have a tubby German captain shout at you that you cannot come aboard the boat at all and that you must go back to the swamps and the fever and the heat and wait six weeks until another boat coming along that has room to take you.

Out from the little group of disappointed passengers stepped a tall, clean-cut, clean-limbed American and thrusting aside the sailor at the foot of the ladder, went up its two steps at a time.

At the top the captain met him, his face purple with anger.

"Gott in Himmel!" he thundered, "Am I der captain of dis ship or am I not? I tells you deris for you no place and yet you comes youst der same. Who der

Tenzel are you und vat piasen haf you on my deck ven to keep off I haf ordered you?"

"My name is Clay," said the American, very quietly and evenly. "You may have heard of me. The grocers down here thank I am quite a wonderful shot. Your agent sold me a ticket to San Francisco and I am going there and I am going on this boat, and so are my friends down there. If you try to prevent us they will probably bury you under those two palm trees you see over yonder on the shore. You big fat, German swine, you son of a Dutch sea-cook, how dare you tell a white man that he can't go back to a white man's country on your rotten old ferry-boat? If I ever hear another peep from you, my friend, I'll fill you so full of lead that you won't be good for anything but ballast. And after this, remember to say 'Sir' when you address me."

Turning his back on the awed and speechless skipper, Clay beckoned his friends to come aboard. Calling a steward, he ordered him to carry the luggage into the steamer's smoke-room, which the man did in fear and trembling, and there Clay took up his quarters for the voyage. To reach the dining saloon it was necessary to pass through the smoke-room, but so notorious was Clay's reputation as a desperado whose finger was uncomfortably light on the trigger, that neither officers, passengers nor crew were hardly enough to enter the room without first asking the occupant's permission or even to ask his permission in the morning until they were sure he was awake.

At this time Ernesto Clay was still in the early forties and as fine a figure of a man as one would see in a week's journey. The name by which I have chosen to call him is not, as I have already said, his own. The name he bears is one of the proudest in the Old Dominion and there seems no good reason for adding to the disgrace and notoriety he has already heaped upon it. So vicious was the life he led at college that his father finally disowned him, and Clay, like so many others of his kindred, found more congenial companions on a Texas ranch. In a region where every one's hand was light on the

trigger, a man with Clay's nerve and daring was certain to make a name of one kind or another—and Clay quickly made his as a bad man. Contrary to the best etiquette of the frontier, he carried his gun in a sling inside his vest and it was said that he could draw and fire so quickly that the eye could not follow the motion.

During a drunken brawl one night in a Texas cow-town he put his proficiency to the test, the other man fell with a bullet through his heart and Clay headed his pony for the Rio Grande. Wandering through Mexico in quest of fortune and excitement, he began to take part in the local *corridos*, his coolness and daring quickly winning him a national reputation and drawing enormous crowds to watch the performances of the *matador Americano*, as he was called.

Eventually he bought a ranch in the south of Mexico, where he entertained lavishly, the liquor flowing like water, but a slight difference of opinion with the chief of police of Vera Cruz resulted in the latter's dying quite suddenly with his boots on. Clay showing remarkable promptness in getting across the Guatemala border. Before he had been there a year his name was a synonym for cool-headed daring from one end of Central America to the other. Whenever a dissatisfied patriot felt that the best interests of his country—and, incidentally, of his own pocket—would be furthered by a change of administration, he sent for Clay, and it was this exiled American who, for a half-dozen years, played a considerable part in the blood-stained history of the Central American republics. Hankering for the sights and sounds of northern civilization, he returned to the States, but the over-readiness of his trigger-finger again got him in trouble, this time in St. Louis, his victim being a Mexican bull-fighter named Cervera. He was arrested, tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense, but public sentiment made advisable a departure between two days.

A peculiarity of Clay was his habitual quietness of voice and manner. The more excited others became, the calmer he. His fund of profanity could not be matched

in the three Americas, but he would utter the most hair-raising blasphemies in a voice as soft and silky as though he were making love. A musician of more than passing merit, he knew the German masters as most people know the arithmetic or the spelling-book, while his knowledge of the classics was equalled only by his knowledge of the under-world.

The last time I saw Clay was in the City of Mexico. A party of us, foregathered from the ends of the earth, were dining together in a private room of the Hotel Huribide. The conversation eventually drifted around to fugitives and adventurers in general and so it was scarcely surprising that some of us should recall the exploits of Clay.

"If I ever met that blackguard," declared one of the party, a talk-lark Kentuckian named Hughes, "and he had the impertinence to offer to shake hands with me, I'd shoot him like a dog."

Even as he spoke the door swung open quietly, and as he paused the steward announced, "Senor Clay to see the gentleman." There, framed in the doorway, smiling contentedly and with one hand slipped carelessly into his vest, stood the very man whose name was on our lips. It was one of those amazing coincidences which occur more often in fiction than in fact.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said, making a sweeping bow. "Permit me to present myself—my name is Ernesto Clay; some of you may possibly have heard it before."

Walking straight across the room to where Hughes stood glowering at him, Clay put out his hand. "I am particularly pleased to meet you, sir," he said in silken tones, "Won't you shake hands?"

Amid a breathless silence they looked into each other's eyes for a minute that seemed an eternity, two as fine specimens of manhood as one would wish to see, broad-shouldered, small-hipped, made of steel and wire and rawhide, taking stock of each other as do the bull and the *matador* before the final charge and thrust. For a full minute they looked at each other without a word and then their hands met.

TWO gentlemen named Greene and Geynor are now living at the public expense in a federal institution in Georgia, because they made a slight error in judgment in thinking that it would be just as easy to hoodwink the United States Government in regard to the building of a certain breaker as it was to deceive a village board of aldermen. The fact that their judgment in this particular case was grievously at fault is proved by the somewhat conspicuous pattern of clothing they are wearing at the moment.

They made another mistake in thinking that they could escape the long arm of the Federal law by crossing over the St. Lawrence River, on the further side of which they proposed to build expensive houses with the Government's money and to settle down to new and more or less happy lives under a new flag. My purpose, however, is not to recount the history of the Savannah breaker frauds or of the Geynor-Greene extradition case, but to relate the real story—for the first time, I think—of how the kidnapping of the fugitives by Federal detectives was foiled by an avuncular hotelkeeper. It is a story which strikes me as having a distinctly humorous side.

While the opposing lawyers were wrangling and arguing and calling for writs and subpoenas and caveats and body-warrants, the fugitives had settled down to enjoy themselves at a certain great hotel in Quebec which rises itself high on a hill overlooking the river and the town. They were the hotel's most profitable guests, for where others ordered beer they called for champagne; where others ate ham sandwiches and enjoyed them, they criticized the flavor of the caviar; where ordinary travelers were content with a room and a bath, they occupied five-room suites, and, unlike the summer tourist, they did not pack their trunks at the end of a few days and flit back across the border, but stayed on and on and on. With the approach of winter and the departure of the last tourist, the American refugees became the mainstay of the hotel. Between their suits and their wines and the horde of sycephants that surrounded them they were as profitable to the manage-

ment as a whole household of transients. Their loss would have been a calamity indeed.

But things could not go on forever thus. Federal justice may be slow, but it is almost as sure as death or taxes. Returning from a stroll in the early darkness of an autumn evening, Greene and Gaynor were set upon by a group of men who had been lurking in the shadows; an extradition warrant, signed by a Montreal judge, was thrust into their faces, and, despite their protestations, they were hustled into a carriage and rushed to the riverside, where a speedy launch was waiting with steam up to carry them into another and less prejudiced jurisdiction and within easier reach of American justice.

Quietly as the kidnapping was effected, it was witnessed by several passers-by and word of it was at once telephoned to the fugitives' hotel. Now the truth of the matter was that the Canadian Government was heartily glad to be rid of two such embarrassing visitors and hoped that it would never see their faces again. Not so the hotel management, however, and no sooner did the news of the kidnapping reach them than they bent every energy to bring back their abducted guests to occupy those suites at fifty dollars a day.

Telegraph keys clicked and telephone bells jangled. "We must have them back," said the manager in wild excitement. "We can't let our best paying guests be taken away from us like this. Why, we might as well close the hotel. Charter a special train. Order the fastest boat on the river to meet us at Three Rivers. Fill it with lawyers and police. Put in some sandwiches and champagne in case we rescue them—and don't forget to make a note of it on their bill. We'll get them yet."

And they did. Not on the river, it is true, for the launch bearing the prisoners paid no attention to the commands to "Halt, in the name of the King!" but sped on its way to Montreal. But so bitterly was the case contested on behalf of Greene and Gaynor by lawyers employed by the hotel, that the fugitives were eventually returned to Quebec jurisdiction, celebrated their narrow escape from extradi-

tion with a banquet, which, we may suppose, added materially to their bill.

But it is scarcely fair to enroll Messrs. Greene and Gaynor among the *Mis*. That can't Come Back, for, a few weeks later, as the result of a decision by the Lord High Chancellor of England, they were turned over to American justice and did come back—in handcuffs.

\* \* \*

THERE once went to Sandhurst, which is the English West Point, an extremely nice young man. He was good looking and well-mannered and as he happened to be the son of a marquis he had the privilege of taking "Honorable" before his name. His people had a town house in Portland Square and a big place down Devonshire way, and as his social qualifications were altogether unimpeachable he had no difficulty in being gazetted into a very smart regiment indeed.

But it is an expensive luxury to be an officer in a smart regiment, as the youngsters soon found out, for what with subscriptions to the regimental coach, and the regimental park, and the regimental box at Covent Garden, and the regimental marquee at Henley and Hurlingham and Ascot, the rather liberal allowance which his father made him was altogether too small to go around. Then he got into the hands of the usurers and paid as much interest per week on the advances they made him as banks pay a year. He knew how to play cards, though, and so he began to look forward to the setting out of the green tables in the mess-room each night after dinner as a means of recruiting his finances instead of as an amusement.

Now this is a very bad state of mind for a young man to get into and what he should have done was to have gone straight to his colonel and told him the whole miserable business. But instead of that, he cheated. Every one at the table saw him do it quite plainly, but they felt more pity than anger for him and so kept their mouths closed, thinking it was one of these mistakes which all young men make at some time in their lives and that

he would never do it again. But, finding how easy it was to win money by cheating, a few nights later he tried it again.

Now the man who cheats once may be excused and forgiven, but for him who cheats twice there can be neither forgiveness nor excuse. His fellow-officers were painfully correct about it all, however, and instead of calling him a cad and a cheat they merely prefixed "Mister" to his name when they addressed him and very politely declined to play with him at all. And on top of all this, and to make matters still worse, if they could be any worse, it was found that his mess-accounts—he was treasurer of the regimental mess—were tangled up and that the food and wine and cigars had not been paid for. His regiment was stationed in Malta at the time and in the middle of the night his colonel came to him and advised him to send in his papers and to leave by a boat sailing at daybreak so as to avoid court-martial, both of which he did. He wrote his father from Naples, asking if he could come home, but the crabbed old nobleman, indelicately proud of the family name and honor, sent him a draft for a thousand pounds with a message that he never wished to see his face again.

Begin then a weary round of pensions and *table d'hôte*s—in the summer Lacerne, Lugano, Bellagio, Montreux; in the winter Biarritz, Pin, Mentone, San Remo, Monte Carlo—but after a week or so at each place some one who knew him in the old days would recognise him in the casino or on the promenade and from tea-table to tea-table the whisper would spread: "That good-looking young fellow is Captain B—, the one, you know, who was cashiered for cheating at cards. Think of it; he actually cheated twice!" So then he would have to move on to some other place where people did not know him, but sooner or later they would always learn his story and shun him as they would the plague.

Later on, when his money was almost gone, he drifted to Constantinople, where Zia Pasha, the chief of the secret police, seeing the possible value of such a man, picked him out of the gutter, metaphorically speaking, and put him on his feet again. In return for which he became a

palace spy. It was not a pretty business. His duties consisted in hanging about the bars of the hotels and getting acquainted over them with visiting foreigners and gaining their confidence so as to report what they said and thought and did and intended to do to the little, grey-bearded man at Yildiz. When he first went to Turkey he was still good-looking, with the most charming manners, so he was admitted to the foreign clubs and the European society of the capital made much of him. But one day along came a new attaché to the British Embassy, who promptly recognised him, so he was dropped from the clubs without any ceremony and the ladies on whom he called were not at home to him, the servants said, and even the Levantine hotel-keepers told him quite brutally that they would prefer his room to his company. Only once did he distinguish me with his attentions. I was crossing the Sea of Marmara from the Prince's Islands to Constantinople with my wife and a young gentleman who was known to be a leader in the party of Turkish reform and who later on played a very brave and noteworthy part in the Turkish Revolution. We were sitting on one of the benches which ran lengthwise of the rickety old Maltese steamers, talking in rather subdued tones—for in those days in Turkey it was not becoming to talk politics aloud—when the English Spy, as he was called, snatched up and dropped into a seat directly behind us, where he could hear every syllable of our conversation.

Raising her voice so that it was perfectly audible across the crowded deck, Mrs. Powell remarked: "I am told that there is a spy here in Constantinople who was once an officer in the British army and who was cashiered for theft. Now he makes friends so as to betray them for Turkish gold. Can you conceive of any one who ever had the instincts of a gentleman sinking quite as low as that?" Secretly she had finished when the man behind us rose hurriedly, his face crimson to the hair-line, and walked away.

Lower and lower he sank, so that even the notorious Sany Bey, the court dentist who was employed to extract secrets

instead of molar, was quite a gentleman in comparison. On the evidence which he furnished, scores upon scores of men were sent to eat their hearts out in the forest-strewn cases of Tripoli or the Hedjaz, while still others disappeared suddenly and were never heard from again. So when the Army of Liberation entered Constantinople in triumph that morning in April of last year, the first man for whom they sought was the English Spy, and if they had caught him they would have put a rope around his neck, and stood him on a stool under one of a long row of gallows, and a soldier would have kicked the stool from under him without any ceremony at all, and I, for one, should have said that he quite deserved his fate. But instead of that he escaped by the skin of his teeth, in a Khedivial mail boat, disguised as a stoker, and the last I heard of him he had made his way to Mellila and had enlisted in the Spanish Foreign Legion to fight against the Moors. If Fate is kind to him he may have the good fortune to go down fighting against odds, and thus make up in some small measure for all the sorrow he has caused and the homes he has desolated, by meeting his end like a gentleman and a soldier.

I have one more story to tell, but it is such a very strange and improbable story, and will meet with so many denials, that I rather hesitate to relate it for that very reason. But so mysterious and interesting is it that I will endeavor to repeat it just as it was told to me, and you can believe it or not, as you choose.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Man That Can't Come Back in this case was a very brave general and a knight to boot, who disgraced himself so irrevocably that the British War Office and his friends would be only too glad to bury his memory in oblivion and have everyone else do likewise. The facts in this case, briefly stated, are these: General Sir Hector Macdonald, commander-in-chief of his Britannic Majesty's forces in Ceylon, being accused of grave misconduct, hurried home to discuss the situation with the War Office officials in London.

The authorities curtly ordered him to return to Colombo and stand his trial.

He left London for Marseilles, presumably to embark for Ceylon, but broke his journey in Paris, where he put up at a certain fashionable hotel. At noon on the fourth day of his stay he received a telegram and immediately went to his room. The following day Paris learned, as did the rest of the world, through the London news agencies, that Sir Hector Macdonald had shot and killed himself in a Paris hotel. From first to last the circumstances surrounding the suicide, the identification of the body and the arrangements for the burial were surrounded with the deepest mystery, which the War Office authorities and Macdonald's friends did nothing to dispel. A casket suitably marked was interred with simple ceremonies in a Scottish cemetery and thus ended the official career of one of England's bravest soldiers.

But a rumor that Macdonald was not dead almost immediately crept into circulation in official circles and would not down. Strange whispers began to leak out from the Paris police. Rumor after rumor, story after story, came from various parts of the Continent and later from the Far East, averring that Macdonald had been seen alive and seen by men who knew him so well that a mistake in identity was impossible. He was seen in Singapore, in Canton, in Hankow. But no sooner did these stories appear in print than they were met with vehement denials from his friends, who said that they, with many others, had seen a casket with a silver name-plate buried in a Scottish graveyard.

Last year a British army officer, who had served under Macdonald for many years and knew him intimately, made a journey of exploration into the interior of China, into the heart of that mysterious country, penitentially unknown to foreigners, which lies to the west of the Great Wall. He arrived at an obscure Chinese village on the eve of the grand maneuvers of one of the divisions of that army which is being trained in such mad haste to safeguard the empire from Japanese invasion and to bolster up the tottering fortunes of the dynasty.

Riding out upon the great drill plain the next morning to watch the yellow-faced khaki-clad infantry at their work, he turned aside to let a European, wearing the uniform of a Chinese general, go clattering by with his staff.

"It's Fighting Mac!" cried the Englishman, reining back his pony in utter amazement as he caught sight of the officer's face. "My God, it's Macdonald!"

But the other, without slackening his pace or looking to right or left, gave an order, and two of his staff-officers, wheeling their horses, informed the Englishman politely but firmly that he must at once leave the province, the secrecy of the maneuvers being the reason given for their action. And that there might be no possibility of his delaying, an escort was provided to see him on his way.

Now this, remember, is only one of a

score of similar stories which are being repeated all up and down the China coast, and the officer in question is only one of a dozen reputable men who insist that they have seen Sir Hector Macdonald in the flesh. I have told you the story as I heard it and you can take it for what it is worth, but there is every reason to believe that precisely such a course on Macdonald's part would have met with the secret approval of the British War Office, for it would save the responsibility for an ugly suicide and the necessity for a still more ugly trial. Improbable as it may appear, many hold the opinion, myself among them, that "Fighting Mac," holder of a knighthood and a commission from the King, is the ranking officer of the Lost Legion, which, as all the world knows, is recruited from the Men That Can't Come Back.

## THE UGLY MAN

A freight engine, singing as it careers across the prairie, muttering imprecations as it strains up the grade from the Kicking Horse, purring fifty M.P.H. on the main line from Toronto to Montreal, with a long string of dumb, frightened, shivering box-cars following behind like some lady giant's necklace suddenly bewitched—compels admiration. It has force, direction and control.

There is a certain Ugly Man, who controls a certain great system in Canada. He has the same qualities: force, direction and control. Ambition generates his energy. A desire to be a "power" caused him to select the goal towards which he travels. Intelligence controls his force; stops it when it is time to stop; starts when it is time to start. These three qualities make the engine. These three make the Ugly Man a god, by comparison with other men. From these three is distilled "Power," and is the goal of the great; and by these three are the useful and the useless citizens to be separated.

# The Story Lornesborough Told

By  
James Herbertson

HE rode up the main street in front of the hotel, with a little cloud of brown dust floating over the pinto's heels. It was the dust of the irrigation country, one of the valleys of the Rocky Mountains which is famous for the apples which it produces. The night was only a little way off, though there was still a wash of crimson light over the crumpled crests of the Eastern summits. The hills to the west of the valley were in purple shadow against the gay sunset, with a shade of green, turning to grey, underneath the purple. The colors of a mountain glowing flowed into the valley out of a thousand peaks hidden in the crannies of the hills, like dyes poured into a bowl of clear water. A business fell on everything and veiled even the glare of the patent gasolene lamps in the ice cream parlor across the way from where we sat on the hotel verandah. Wallis' eye caught mine and he motioned me to observe the figure which, as I have said, was passing on the cayuse.

Lank and loose-jointed he sat the horse. Furtively, half smotheringly, he seemed to glance toward the group of us sitting on the verandah. He rode relaxed. The lines, in one hand, were slack. The other hand supported an old time rifle across the saddle. A long white beard, dropping almost to his waist, obscured most of his features, but the nose and the brows and the way the eyes were set, gave to the figure a distinction which belied the slouch in the saddle. The flat little neck of the pinto lifted from between the man's sheep-skin "chaps" like

the neck of a small giraffe. Its body was almost hidden by the rumbling proportions and the outlying clothing of the rider. The stirrups came within only a few inches of the ground. The pointed toes of the man's high-heeled riding boots disturbed occasional pieces of stone which lay loose in the path of the horse.

"Teddy," said Wallis, turning to the bar-keep who was standing behind us, wiping a glass on his towel, "Teddy, who's that?"

"That?" exclaimed Teddy, "that's Old Gabriel."

"What's his last name?" asked Wallis.

"He hasn't one."

"What's he do for a living?"

"Oh, he has a little bit of a mine up the side of that hill ———" Teddy indicated a shadow which, but a little time before, had been a mountain in lodge regalia, "and he washes enough gold out of his pickin's each week to feed him and keep him alive. It's a little bit of pay streak he has, not enough to be worth anything to a company and not enough for anybody to get enthusiastic over. The old man just gets a livin' out of it and that's about all."

"How's he come here?" persisted Wallis, leaving his chair and leaning across the verandah railing to watch the old man disappearing down the street, "What's the story?"

"Simple 'nough," replied the bar-keep. "He was a prospector in the Cariboo gold rush. When the rush died down he was only part way out of the mountains. It

left him stranded on the side of that there hill, like Noah's Ark, I reckon, after the flood."

"Pshaw!" said Wallis, trying to provoke the bar-keep into telling all he knew, "Pshaw, that's no reason why a man should stay up on the side of the hill all his days! That gold rush was years ago. He has had lots of time to move on. What's he stay there for if the mine is only a poor one, as you say?"

"You've got me," sighed Teddy, "How can I tell? They say he is some account in England, or used to be. They say he's a Lord or a Viscount or some other such foolishness, but I don't take much stock in that. Viscount! What'd a Viscount be doin' here?"

"Know anything more about him?"

"No, except ——— well there's only one man he has anything to do with. It's a little fressen up fellow about as old as himself who works in a livery stable over in the next town. The little fellow turns up here every six months or so and hangs around the trail leading to Old Gabriel's cabin. Every time Gabriel catches him he beats him up, or tries to frighten the old fellow to death. It's been goin' on for years. They say that Gabriel has something, or knows something that makes old Fritz afraid of him and yet Fritz can't keep away. There used to be an old man ——— he's dead now, but remembered when the two of them were in their prime. Gabriel always seemed to have the gun hand on Fritz. Fritz was always hanging around wherever Gabriel was, and yet trying to keep out of sight; and Gabriel would abuse him. Every year, Old Fritz has got lower and lower. He used to be a fine lookin' man, they say. But he's no account now. He's all broke up. He whimpers if you look at him. He's gettin' weak in his head."

Wallis was leaning over a note book. "Go on," he commanded.

"That's all there is to it," returned Teddy. "Gabriel's a bully and Fritz is scared of him. They say that one time Fritz threatened to shoot Gabriel. He got his gun out and tackled Gabriel in the street, but Gabriel didn't so much as turn a hair or look for his own gun. He just

laughed in Fritz's face and the fool dropped the gun and slunk off. Gabriel's got somethin' on him. It's killed Fritz's nerve."

"What do people think it might be?" asked Wallis.

"People don't think about it at all. They're too busy growin' apples in this valley. The old days of shootin' have 'bent it.' These two old fossils are remnants of times that nobody 'round here cares about. They allow the pair is crazy."

"Has he a wife?" asked Wallis.

"Some say he has. Some say he hasn't. Some claims to have seen her but nobody ever gets near enough his little old place up the mountain, to know."

"How old would you say Gabriel was?"

"Might be eighty, but I reckon that's too high ——— seventy maybe."

"Does he come to the village often?"

"No. He only rides in once in a while. He always uses the pinto. He limps when he ———"

"Limps? Which leg?" interrupted Wallis.

"Say!" expostulated the bar-keep. "Say you know, I ——— I don't know everything, but ——— well it's his left foot."

"Just one more question," said the Chief. "Did you ever see this old fellow with his hat off?"

Teddy thought diligently. "Why, no," he answered at length, "come to think, I never have. Now I recollect, I don't believe there's anybody around here that ever has. There's a story that Old Gabe's hat has grown on, like his hair."

"Kirschman," said Wallis, turning to me, "I may be wrong, but it looks to me as though we are getting near Lornesborough."

"So do I," I returned to the Chief.

"Be cause ———" he was about to add. But he did not finish. We heard a man running and the sound of a horse galloping down the road, apparently in pursuit. Just as we leaned over the edge of the verandah to look in the direction of the sound, a little grey whiskered man hopped out of the darkness straight into the pit of my stomach. He fell on the floor, panting, and crawled behind my knees, clinging to me with his shriveled hands.



THE PINTO'S BODY WAS ALMOST HIDDEN BY THE RAMBLING PROPORTIONS

Drawn by FLEET'S STYLE

## THE STORY LORNESBOROUGH TOLD

and cried, hysterically: "Save me! Save me! I'm afraid of him. He's going to hurt me. Oh! Oh!"

Almost at the same moment, Old Gabriel's pinto was pulled up at the sidewalk. The old prospector dismounted and limped up to the verandah. His face was twisted into the most unpleasant smile I ever saw. It was the smile of a man whose joys are perverted joys.

He stood where a ray of light fell across his face and jeered at the cowering Fritz. "Come!" he sneered. "What are you afraid of? Who's hurtin' you? Ah!" with a snarl, "You may hide now, little devil, but *someday*—I'll git ye."

He was about to go, when Wallis stepped out of the shadow and deliberately knocked the old man's hat back from his face. It was apparently held by an elastic. But as the light fell on Gabriel's forehead I saw the mark of the man we were looking for, my chief and I—two long scars across the forehead! Wallis clumped his arms from behind. I had my cue and slipped steel over his wrists.

"Lornesborough!" I heard the Chief whisper in our prisoner's ear, "Lornesborough. This gentleman and I are employed by the estate of the Driscoll family, — yes you know the name, Driscoll, of Dorsetshire! We are looking for Francis Driscoll. We are prepared to have you arrested on a charge of —."

"Driscoll!" exclaimed the prisoner, "Driscoll! He!! There's Driscoll! Look at him!"

He pointed with his two manacled hands toward the cowering figure behind my knees. It was sobbing and beating its hands together. "No! No!" it was crying. "I'm not Driscoll! I'm not. I say I'm not. You've got Lornesborough. That's him. But you haven't got me. I'm not Driscoll. No! No!"

Wallis was puzzled. You can sometimes read the chief's face. But he motioned me to bring the little man along as well. We took them to our rooms in the hotel, after enjoying silence on the part of the bar-keeper and ensuring it with a proper fee. We sent for the "Chief" of the town's police force and explained the situation to him, showing him

at the same time credentials from our London and Toronto Offices, and our warrant against Lornesborough. He remained in the room while we examined our man.

## II.

Wallis and I have been severely reprimanded for what happened afterward, that night. Our Bureau does not approve of letting such things happen as did happen. But we thought, and we still think, we were to be excused.

We had been searching Rocky Mountain towns in British Columbia, and foothill towns in Alberta, for several months, in an endeavor to find something of the fate of one Francis Driscoll. His person, or proof of his death, were requisite to the settling on an estate in England. In setting out on our mission, we were given papers upon which we could arrange the arrest of one Lornesborough, Viscount Lornesborough, who had disappeared from England about the same time as Driscoll, who was known to be near him in the Canadian west and who was known to have reason for disliking Driscoll; that is to say, we could have proven a motive for Lornesborough's removing Driscoll. I had taken the risk of hand-cuffing Gabriel, but I felt sure—and I knew that Wallis felt sure, he was the Lornesborough we sought, and that unless we could secure him, he would probably refuse to give us any information whatever, and so would close to us the most valuable and surest source of correct information concerning Driscoll. To be sure, we thought Driscoll was dead. We had picked up threads of the story which led us to believe that the man we sought was long since out of the world. In the brief scene in the hotel verandah, however, we had gathered in two men, and one of them declared that the other was Driscoll. If it had stopped there we might have been all right. As it happened, however, we lost both of them. It was in Driscoll's last flare of courage. He was so limp and weak when I brought him into the room that I did not think to fasten his hands. In fact there seemed no reason for it. He

lay exhausted on my bed—the door was locked—the windows were closed. We turned our attention to Lornesborough, alias Gabriel. That was our mistake. And, that the fact that the local chief of police left his gun on a chair beside him where Driscoll could see it.

"Now tell us the story," said Wallis, briskly, after placing Gabriel in a comfortable chair. "We are instructed to have you held on a charge of murder—the murder of Francis Driscoll. You say that this man here—there on the bed, is Driscoll. The Chief of Police here says the man's name is Fritz, that he works in a livery stable. That he has never known of him as Driscoll, and so on. Do you still say that this is Driscoll?"

"That is Driscoll," replied the prisoner, sulkily.

"Then tell us the story—explain things!" commanded Wallis.

"Take these things of my wrists first," retorted the prisoner with a gleam in his arrogant, fanatical old face. "There is no need for them. I will tell you the story and leave you, a free man. There is nothing that need be hidden. You may as well know the story anyway. Take these off."

Wallis obeyed: he removed them with my key.

"If there's nothing to hide," he sneered, "why have you always covered the scars on your forehead with your hat?"

"I was thrown in a steeplechase in my youth. It was a disgracement. I have always hidden it."

"Then go on."

For several moments the room was utterly still. In a corner, on a deep chair, we had placed Lornesborough. Across the room was the bed and the shrunken figure of the old man they called Fritz. The first was apparently an old mountaineer, hardened by the weather, and one could not help thinking, by some other influence, operating from within, upon the very soul of the man. While we sat waiting for him to speak I could not help but notice that his face was the face of that type of man who is cruel because he has been disappointed himself. It was

a tablet on which was engraven the history of a man who might have been one of the world's great men, good men, even, had he not been disappointed, embittered by something. Too strong a man to be melancholy, too tenacious a man to forget, too single-hearted a man to ease himself by philosophic arguments—he had filled his heart with a positive cruelty to displace the negative emptiness of mere sorrow. This much I gathered, as we sat watching him.

As he gazed about the room calmly, his face seemed to change. His eyes rested on little things from the east that Wallis and I had happened to leave out of our luggage. There was a set of clothes brushes from London, the elaborate sort that traveling Englishmen always carry. There was an English-made pocket flask in half-leather. Then too, on the wall was an old print of St. Paul's and a sketch of the Towers of Westminster from the river—from the barge's viewpoint. Lornesborough's eyes took them all in. As he looked his face dropped some of the characteristics of the western mountaineer; an indefinable something, as though his mind was trying to get back into an old environment, and *think* in an old environment, showed on his face. When he spoke his voice was softer, his pose more carefully preserved. The room recalled the real Lornesborough out of the old man Gabriel.

"That is Driscoll," he began.

"How are we to know? He denies it," interrupted the chief.

"I give you my word. That was enough once upon a time. I am willing to admit that I am Lornesborough. I chose to abandon that name when I came to this country. However, let us be quite clear. If I prove that this is Driscoll, is your interest in me satisfied?"

"Yes," assented Wallis, "unless some other charge may be brought against you by the local police. At present we—there is no need to hedge about it, we respect you of knowing too much about the disappearance of Driscoll. You say this man on the bed is Driscoll. He denies the name and no one is produced to support

your statement. On the other hand we know this much: you and Driscoll were suitors for the hand of one woman."

"The figure on the bed seemed to stir.

"—Neither of you was permitted to declare his wishes. You were both poor but aristocratic. Both of you came to British Columbia in the *Cariboo Gold Rush*. About a year later you returned to England alone, with apparently ample means. You were permitted to propose marriage but were rejected. You disappeared. Since then you have not been heard from. Driscoll has been advertised for and searched for but has not been found. We find you living under an assumed name and ask you about Driscoll. You point to this man who denies the name. He does not resemble the descriptions we have had of him unless perhaps, he has been very remarkably changed by the passing of time. So that much of the story we know. Tell the rest. It might be more convenient for you and a little less trouble for us if you were to offer some satisfactory proof that this is the man we are looking for."

Lornesborough began reluctantly, drumming the arms of the chair with his fingertips as he spoke. "I am not used to much talking," he said. "That man on the bed is afraid to admit that he is Driscoll, because he is afraid that he may be arrested on a charge of murder. He is afraid. I will tell you the story and then—he will have been listening and you will see that what I say is right. The Thing over there, is the man you want. This is the story.

"I have always hated Driscoll. For that matter," he pulled at his beard nervously, "for that matter I can never leave off hating him. It will give me a certain amount of pleasure to see him wriggle when I tell the story. It is the revelation of something he has been wanting to know for very many years. Moreover, it will bring him to life. He will admit that he is Driscoll. He is interested. He can't help listening. He has dogged my trail for years at the same time that he was in mortal fear of me just because he did not know what I shall tell you.

"As I was saying I hated him. At

school, at Cambridge, at the clubs—wherever I met him I hated him. He offended my sense of—well my sense of what was worthy to live. He had neither appearance, nor wit, nor money, nor skill, nor manner. He was the most uninteresting man alive. He was not even sickly enough to command pity. He was an offense in the eyes of any full-blooded man—that such a creature should be given the same privileges of living and talking, wasting good wines and occupying space that might have been enjoyed by real men. My early regard toward him was contempt. He was a weakling. I was a ruder type. I had—I am speaking with the coldness of an old man, all that he lacked, except the money. We were both poor, but I could ride and shoot and talk and dance well.

"When he offered his attentions at the same door where I was offering, or hoping to offer mine—to a lady, in contempt I pitied him. When both of us were dismissed by the parents, when I found him on board the same ship with me, bound for the same point in British Columbia, when we packed and peddled up the trail to Cariboo, within only a few hundred yards of one another all the time—in contempt I pitied him.

"But when I found that his hopes of marrying the woman were brighter than mine, when he told me, slinking, that she had pledged herself to him, secretly, and had specifically vowed herself against me, I called him a liar, and hated him with new hate.

"Do you know Blais, the camp where the largest finds were made in the early history of the rush? Probably not. It was there that we located, the two of us, and there that we both made the pay-streak about the same time. I gathered a royal fortune. So did Driscoll. I booked a passage home. He booked the next day.

"One night there was a fight in a certain saloon. Those who happened to be in the room were all my friends with the exception of Driscoll and a few strangers. One of the strangers was shot, across the neck. Driscoll and the other strangers had been playing with him. Driscoll was drunk, drunk as a fool and he picked up

the empty gun, still smoking and while they were carrying the stranger into a corner, he waved it about, over his head, and laughed—he had the most irritating, silliest laugh I ever heard. No one saw who had fired, save me. It was not Driscoll. It was one of the strangers.

"Notice that?" asked one of my friends, pointing at the idiot. "I'd look kind of bad for him if this was a regular police precinct, eh, Lornesborough?"

"I said nothing but it made me think. "Next day I was packing my things when Driscoll came to me, grinning, and put his arms across my shoulders.

"Lornesborough," he said, "It is unfair to you to let you return to England under any misunderstanding."

"What's the misunderstanding?" I asked, getting out of range of his touch.

"Well," he said, "It's this. There's no hope for you in going back, old man. She has promised me."

"And I—?" I exclaimed.

"She said she would refuse any attention from you, Lornesborough. In fact, she promised—me."

"Well—" our prisoner shrugged his shoulders, in the manner of one who pretends to laugh to recall old hurts. "Well he proved it. He showed me parts of letters—fool! He tried to be—kind about it. He was *sorry* for me.

"Sorry for me!"

"I gathered my friends who had been in the room at the time of the shooting. I obtained the services of a traveling notary from the next camp. I secured affidavits describing the shooting and Driscoll's conduct that night. The affidavits were clean. They merely stated that Driscoll had been playing Black Jack with three strangers—strangers to each other. Driscoll was drunk. There was a quarrel which was given little attention. A shot was heard. One of the strangers lay dead. The others had mixed in the crowd and Driscoll held a smoking revolver in his hands. There were other points as well. In fact the evidence was quite complete.

"I showed copies to Driscoll the morning before he was to have set out for Vancouver. I met him coming down the trail, whistling and ready to be a friend

to any man, more particularly to me, whom he pitied.

"So I showed him the papers. He spluttered and protested. I told him I knew he was quite innocent, but I explained that he had no defence and that the papers could be of some slight use—to me.

"I took the trail for Vancouver next day and left him blinking. I went home. I went to the old house. The girl was there, still single, still waiting. But she was disappointed when she saw me. She refused me.

"She had—she had a pretty face. God —!" Lornesborough bit his beard, "but then, any lover says that. The point is that I went away from the dance that night with a piece in my soul that had to be filled. Most souls have a chamber, which is filled in some, with material, ambition, in some with an overwhelming love, in some with the little cares of to-day and to-morrow, and the little joys of yesterday, and the gravestones of old 'little things.' But in large souls the chamber contains ideals and ambitions, and if you empty it, if things that fill the emptiness: melancholy things fill the emptiness: melancholy in some, philosophy in others—and hate in others.

"I hated. It occupied my mind. A woman had jilted me for—Driscoll! I went to her with the papers and she fainted. I could have killed myself for my very brutality, and yet—yet, I hated. It was at least something to occupy my mind. It kept me still with a purpose in eating breakfast. So I gave her the papers and a promise, in exchange for more than twenty letters in her own hand, on her own notepaper, scented with her favorite perfume, which I required her to write at my dictation.

"In the first she said: 'Dear Francis,—I have married Lornesborough. They have forced me into it. Nothing matters now, but I am going with him to your country. I could not live in England. I may see you there. Seek me. Come to me. You are brave—take me away. Help me.'

"Each of the letters was an appeal to Driscoll to come to her—who was supposed

to be suffering as 'my' wife. The dates were placed at intervals in the future. I sealed the letters. I made the girl promise, as a further insuring of Driscoll's safety, not to write to him. If she did, I pointed out, I would soon discover it—for it would interfere with my plans, and then I would place Driscoll—where I chose. She begged to know by 'plans,' but I did not tell her. I remember that very well."

Lornesborough rested. Wallis studied him. The "chief" of police played with his helmet. I saw the man on the bed sitting up, one hand supporting him from behind, the other feeling his mouth, weakly. His jaw had dropped. His eyes were staring as a man, slowly waking, stares at the drawn window-blind, trying to pick up the thread of consciousness again.

Wallis broke the silence with a command. "Go on!" he said.

For the first time, Lornesborough hesitated. His face, too, was drawn.

"Somehow," he blurted out, looking about him, bewildered, "Somehow, I feel—"

"Lornesborough!" drawled Wallis, coldly, "We are looking for Driscoll. Where is he? Finish your story. This man still denies that he is Driscoll."

"Yes! yes!" echoed the limp one, still staring vaguely, "Yes, I deny it—I—I—deny it!"

Our prisoner smiled, and took up his story.

"I had my revenge," he said, simply, "That was all. I had nothing else to do. The vigorous life in this country made it impossible for me to resume the narrow round at home. I tried France. I tried Italy, but I could find no interest in anything but hate. Driscoll seemed such a puny object in my way. I wanted—what I wanted, and this weakling—*enr*—puppy—milkop—ninny—stood in the path. I could not kill him. That offended my sense of cleanliness. Killing is messy. I wished him no actual bodily harm. I merely hated him and craved some exquisite torture to inflict upon him, a counter-irritant for my own heart.

"So I used the weapons I had. I went back to British Columbia. I hired a car-

tain dance hall woman to act as a 'bride.' She was English and did the part well. She wore a heavy veil. Everybody that came to meet her—she was a stranger in town—spread the talk of my English bride. And finally it reached Driscoll. About this time he received, too, the first letter. Also about this time I met him on the street, told him of my 'success'—it was a lie, of course, and warned him, on the penalty of exposing the affidavits, to keep away.

"What more do you want? I had him there," indicating the hollow of his fist. "I sent him one of the letters every now and then, telling him, in her writing, and under her name, to 'Come' come! I am unhappy." At the same time, I, in person, warned him off. At first the letters were sent frequently, then the periods between grew longer. Then I smuggled the dance-lady away and moved up here in the mountains. The letters still went. I still threatened him. The later letters—all of them written so many years ago, I had obtained to be more plaintive—reproachful. They must have hurt. He hung about my trail. He tried to break into my house. Indeed, he tried once to shoot me, but his nerve was gone. I laughed in his face and he dropped the gun.

"Meanwhile, I have a collection of books. I have written discourses on the fourth dimension, and a few verses of poetry. I have hunted and fished and read. Life has passed quite interestingly, but I have maintained this one—little diversion. I have watched my man dangling like a hooked trout, called, yet not daring to answer; invited, but forbidden, summoned and legging, challenged by the woman he loved—and afraid. I have seen him drop lower and lower down the ladder—it was bound to have happened anyway, he was such a weakling. He is only a child now. The sport is gone. I only hate him a little, for old times' sake, and a little amusement.

"I murder Driscoll? I?" he paused.

"I have killed his soul. I have murdered his life. I have ruined him and cheated him. But there! There he is, gentlemen—quite alive. I have not touch-

ed him or his property. Yet see—see how he writhes!"

Old Gabriel's face was livid. He had revived his old worn-out passion. He sat heaving across the room at his victim. He made a motion as though he would rise and cross the floor of the room to stand over his man, and worry him, as a terrorist worries a kicking mouse, but Wallis motioned him back.

Driscoll was sitting up.  
"Yes," he muttered, still trying to summon his faculties, "Yes, I am Driscoll. Yes."

"I said so," cried Gabriel, victoriously, preparing to rise, but we were watching Driscoll.

Slowly he called his straying soul back into his body. With much labor he was

trying to din into his silly mind the meaning of the words he had heard, before his ears were empty of the echo. With pains he was piecing together—the thread—the import, that the whole thing was Fake! That he had done no murder! That the woman! That—! I saw it coming into his face—the full meaning. I saw it! And yet we were too slow.

He fired once. It took Lornesborough as he sat there ready to rise to leave the room. The snecr was frozen into his face.

He fired twice and Driscoll, too, was terribly still. The local chief changed his gaid. Wallis fanned the smoke from in front of his eyes. The bar-tender was clanking on the door in alarm. But the frightened face of the child Fritz had changed. As he lay there we saw the face of a fool—who had waked, once.



## VICTORY

It is not life's brief tenure that I moan,  
Its many toils, its vanishing delights,  
Nor all the bitterness my heart hath known  
In the grim silences of wakeful nights.

Nor doth my spirit in the beetle quail,  
Dreaming of pleasure and inglorious ease;  
My arm would answer mighty fiend with fiend,  
And try results with mortal destinies.

But this my prayer, and this my one request:  
That when my wrestle with the foe is done,  
It be but said of me, "He did his best,"—  
Not that alone, but let them add, "He won."  
—Herbert Muller Hopkins, in *Outlook*.

## "Why—Protection?"

By

James Merrill

In reply to an article by E. C. Drury, which appeared in the last issue of this magazine.

IT is a well-known fact that there are no men engaged in any business, financial, mercantile or manufacturing, who are making as big a return on their investment, as are the farmers in north-western Canada to-day. Yet, strange to say, this sturdy class of independent yeomanry, cowboys, cowboys, or appears to consent to its leaders representing it as a weak, defenseless class, down-trodden by other classes in the community, and, by inference—almost objects of charity. Farmers as individuals, resent this attitude toward them. But as a class they seem to have endured it too long.

The Free Traders of to-day are many of them academic gentlemen, who agitate in farm journals for the reduction, or abolition, of tariffs, because that is their hobby, that is their favorite theory. One cannot doubt their sincerity. One admires their pertinacity. But they insist in dividing the people of this country into two classes: they insist that the farmer is bound to be a free trader and that the manufacturer who supports a policy of protection, is an enemy to the interests of the farmer. In short, the Canadian farmer is being made the vehicle on which the Free Traders of this country wheel forth the dead body of their love, for the consideration of the Nation.

Human Kind is much the same wherever it is found. A man is not an angel because he is a farmer nor a robber because he happens to be a manufacturer. We are all much the same and the attempt so often made, to hold up the manufacturer as a man full of dishonest greed,

while every farmer is an honest man always being unfairly dealt with—is itself unfair and unworthy. The Canadian manufacturer is as much a patriot as the Canadian farmer, not a whit more, not a whit less. The ruin of this country by some false policy would hurt the manufacturer as much—rather more, than it would hurt the farmer. Land is as good to-day as to-morrow; and as good to-morrow, if you leave it lying, as in a thousand to-morrows. But machinery rusts, buildings depreciate, stocks will not keep. The manufacturer has therefore, as much, and I would submit more, to lose by any sudden cessation of national prosperity. He does not wish the nation injured. He does not wish the farmer injured. What hurts one hurts the other.

The difference between the two classes of the community is this. The farmers, believe, or are represented as believing, that Free Trade will give them cheaper implements and general supplies; that it will benefit their markets, and so on. They are said to believe that a policy of Free Trade or Freer Trade would result in a better Canada, more work, better prices for everyone. On the other hand, we, the manufacturers, believe that a policy of moderate Protection will not only cause more factories to spring up within our boundaries, and protect those already in existence from unfair competition, but will benefit the whole country: farmer and merchant, financier and broker, the clerk in the store, the salesman on the road, the house-wife in her kitchen—and the manufacturer. That is the difference

between us. The only trouble is that the manufacturer has so often been represented as asking for Protection because Protection would help his business. People have been told that the manufacturer asks for the Protection only in order that his business may be sheltered from competition. It has been inferred that he does not care what becomes of the rest of the country, that he would be perfectly happy to see the whole country wiped out, commercially, all the farms wasted, all the towns depopulated, just so long as he and his little factory could sit in the middle of a field with the wall of Protection around them. It is ridiculous. The very value of Protection lies in the fact that their wealth be prosperity within the "wall"—at you wish to use that word, which has been raised by the tariff. What use would it be for a man to build a wall around himself and his prosperity, if, in his haste, he walled out the very prosperity he thought to preserve for himself and those associated with him? He would starve to death. So would the manufacturer, if he raised a tariff against outside competition which would wipe out prosperity within the nation.

#### IS THERE A HOME MARKET FOR CANADIAN PRODUCTS?

IT has been said that the greater "Home Market" which the negotiators for Protection promised would result when the policy was being debated years ago, has never materialized. The Protectionists, then, promised that with a reasonable tariff, Canada would grow and make a market for her own farm products and manufactures. But Free Traders have been saying that there is no result from the present policy, that there is no better "Home Market" than in the old days.

Ask the fruit growers down in the little point of land which is called the Niagara Peninsula. Look at their houses and their farms laid out like gardens. Does their prosperity indicate any absence of a "Home Market?" Where have they been able to sell their fruit to so great an ad-

vantage that they can afford all the luxuries of the city? Why has their land reached the value of five hundred and a thousand dollars an acre? Is it because they have had access to the American markets? Is it because they sold their goods in a Free Trade country? Or is it because they had a great "home market" among the neighboring cities?

How about the farmers of Montreal Island? Of the Eastern Townships? Is it not a "home market" that has made them what they are? And—would there have been that same "home market" if the manufacturers and the men they employ, and the cities which are supported by the interchange of commodities between the farmer and the manufacturing classes had been reduced by an overpowering competition from some foreign country where labor happened to be cheap and conditions of manufacture better?

Is the Canadian "Home Market" a myth when in addition to our own production we import 300,000 carcases of Australian mutton every year? This is Canada! In Canada the "food supply source for the Empire?" Is there no "Home Market" when we import 7,083,000 pounds of wool as we did last year? What became of that wool? If it was not consumed in the Canadian "Home Market" then what happened to it? Are the Government figures a myth? Or did the customs offices have some sort of an hallucination?

In 1901 the Canadian farmers produced \$894,000,866. They exported out of that \$864,276,787. What became of the rest of it? If it was not exported it must have stayed at home. Did it lie spoiling in the fields or was it consumed? We don't see it in the fields. We hear nothing of any farmer unable to sell his produce. Therefore it must have been consumed in the Canadian "Home Market." The fact is that we even imported that same year \$29,881,504 in farm produce. Thus the value of the farm produce consumed in Canada in that year was \$314,511,576, or eighty-six per cent of the value of all the farm products in Canada. Since then, in 1903, the value of the farm products im-

ported into Canada has doubled. Surely this proves the existence of a "home market" for the Canadian farmer, and surely the Canadian farmer does not forget that there is no market more sure and more evenly profitable.

#### WHAT CAUSES TRUSTS?

THEY say that the tariff creates trusts. They say that the United States is trust-ridden because it has high tariff. The story is not new. It is an old one. But is it true? As a matter of fact, Free Trade England leads the world in Trusts. There is a special book on the Trusts of England, and it is not a small one. It tells of the Salt Union, a combination of sixty-four firms; of J. & P. Coats, five firms; of Bradford Dycers, twenty-two firms; of the Calico Printers' Association, forty-seven firms; of the Imperial Tobacco Company, thirteen firms, with a capital of seventy-five millions—and so on.

Does that bear out the argument that the tariff creates trusts?

Or does the fact that France, which has had Protection for two centuries, is singularly free from Trusts? France is free of them because they are forbidden by the Law, and—because the Law, there, is enforced?

Trusts are not the fruit of the tariff. They are the result of a modern tendency to organize, to reduce the costs of production by combination, to raise the efficiency of selling staffs by the same means, and to, true, sometimes reduce competition. When they operate against the interests of the public and unduly enhance prices, then special legislation is requisite for their control. But Free Trade won't control them. In fact Free Trade, introduced into Canada just now would tend to shut down several of the independent firms in certain lines of business in Canada and would tend to place our market under the control of the Trusts of the United States.

And what about Tariff and Wages? Is it true, as has been alleged, that the working people are no better off here than in England? The average wage of over one hundred thousand cotton operatives in

Great Britain, as shown in the "Board of Trade, Labor Gazette" is practically \$4.50 a week. The average wage of over one million textile workers in Great Britain is only about \$4.10 a week. But our Canadian people will not work for less than twice this, and the difference is not by any means due only to a difference in the cost of living. Yet Free Traders expect manufacturers in Canada to pay double the wage paid in England and compete, without a protective tariff, against this cheap English labor. There are many clever men in the manufacturing business in Canada who would like a few pointers from the Free Traders as to how this could be done.

If, as some Free Traders have said, the "Home Market" is a mere myth; if our tariff depresses farm prices and enhances the prices of manufactured goods, statistics would show it. Yet a comparison of the prices of farm products in the years from 1873 to 1878, with the years from 1904 to 1909 shows an average increase in the price of farm products of 18 per cent.

#### "TAIRIFF DOES NOT RAISE THE COST OF LIVING."

IT is said by the Free Traders, or some of them, that the tariff raises the price of every thing just so much. They say, off-hand, that "Canadian farm implements are sent to Australia and New Zealand and there are sold for less money than in Canada." There is only one answer to make to that statement—it is false.

No one can point to a single farm implement sold in Australia or New Zealand for less money, or even at as low a price as in Canada. I challenge anyone to name a single agricultural implement used in Canada that is not at least twenty per cent. higher in Australia than in Canada.

Yet binders enter Australia duty free! Yet in Canada the duty on a binder is seventeen and a half per cent! According to Free Trader's logic the Canadian farmer is forced to pay seventeen and a half per cent more for a binder than the farmer in Free Trade Australia. But is that

the case? No. On the other hand any binder in Australia is from twenty-five to forty per cent. dearer than in Canada.

A comparison of the prices of manufactured articles in the same two periods shows an average decrease of 26 per cent. This means that a given quantity of farm produce will, in Canada, buy fifty per cent. more Canadian manufactured goods to-day under a moderate protective tariff than it did in the period from 1873 to 1878 under a low revenue tariff.

I do not claim that the tariff has been the sole cause of the change. There have been other factors, no doubt. But it remains quite clear that the former gets much more, for the same effort on his part, than he did before. There is no definite means by which the effect of a tariff on the cost of living can be proven. Cases might be submitted which would seem to show that the prices of staple articles are enhanced by the tariff while the earnings of the consumers remain unchanged. Other cases might be submitted—and I believe can be more successfully demonstrated, that the tariff does not materially enhance the cost of living but improves the conditions under which the workers live. Generally speaking, I think I am safe in saying that the effect of a tariff is to develop industries which can take care of the "Home Market" and that the "local" competition which results, brings down the prices of the products to a minimum.

"If," says a Free Trader, "after thirty years of Protection an industry cannot stand, there is something vitally wrong with it." But such a statement is hardly fair. We live side by side with a powerful nation, very highly protected. Can we keep down our fences to our neighbor's herd of ninety million, and have our own modest herd of seven million shut out from the other field?

The merchants and the manufacturers rejoice in the prosperity of the nation and, shoring in it as they do, will support with enthusiasm any broad public policy that means the proper collection and expenditure of public revenues for national development. They do not wish to be considered as a class. They wish the things that will benefit the whole nation. They deprecate the making of distinctions between the interests of the farmer and the interests of the manufacturing class. When that promised Monster Delegation of Western Farmers comes to Ottawa to interview the Government, the manufacturers will be the first to extend the right hand of fellowship to them. Let all classes in all communities within the nation sit down together and discuss these national questions without bitterness, without any sense of estrangement of interests, and I feel that when such a meeting shall have concluded, each will understand the other's position a little better and we will have accomplished something for our own, and our country's good.



## The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechakie"

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER I.

"SAY, you're looking mighty blue. Cheer up, damn you! What's the matter?" said the Prodigal affectionately.

And indeed there was matter enough, for had I not just received letters from home, one from Garry and one from Mother. Garry's was gravely censorious, almost resentful. Mother, he said, was poorly, and greatly put out over my escapade. He pointed out that I was in a fair way of being a rolling stone, and hoped that I would at once give up my mad notion of the South Seas and soberly proceed to the Northwest.

Mother's letter was reproachful, in parts almost distressful. She was failing, she said, and she begged me to be a good son, give up my wanderings and join my cousin at once. Also she enclosed a post-office order for forty pounds. Her letter, written in a fine faltering hand and so full of gentle affection, brought the tears to my eyes, so that it was very bleakly I leaned against the ship's rail and watched the bustle of departure. Poor Mother! Dear old Garry! With what tender longing I thought of those two in far-away Glengyle, the Scotch mist silencing the heather and the wind blowing colder from the sea. Oh, for the clean, keen breath of it! Yet alas, every day

was the memory fading, and every day was I fitting more snugly into the new life.

"I've just heard from the folks," I said, "and I feel like going back on you." "Oh, beat it," he cried; "you can't renounce now. You've got to see the thing through. Mothers are all like that when you cut loose from their apron-strings. Ma's scared stiff about me, thinks the devil's got an option on my future sure. They get wised up pretty soon. What you want to do is to get busy and make yourself acquainted. Here I've been snooping round for the last two hours, and got a line on nearly every one on board. Say! Of all the loosed outfits this here aggression has got everything else skinned to a hard-boiled finish. Most of them are indoor men, ink-stingers and calico snippers; haven't done a day's hard work in their lives, and don't know a pick from a nutstock. They've got a notion they've just got to get up there and pick big nuggets out of the water like cherries out of a cock-nill. It's the limit."

"Tell me about them," I said.

"Well, see that young fellow standing near us?"

I looked. He was slim, with gentle, refined features and an unsuitably fresh complexion.

"That fellow was a pen-pusher in a dough joint—I mean a bank clerk. Pink-lev's his name. He wanted to get hitch-

ed to some girl, but the directors wouldn't stand for it. Now he's chucked his job and staked his savings on this trip. There's his girl in the crowd."

Bedded in that mosaic of human faces I saw one that was all sweetness, yet shamelessly tear-stained.

"Lucky beggar," I said, "to have some one who cares so much about his going."

"Unlucky, you mean, lad. You don't want to have any strings on you when you play this game."

He pointed to a long-haired young man in a florid-tinted tie.

"See that pale-faced, artistic-looking guy alongside him. That's his partner. Inoffensive, moony sort of a nest. He's a wood-carver; they call him Gholstok; told me his knowledge of wood-carving would come in handy when we came to make boats at Lake Bennett. Then there's a third. See that little fellow shooting off his face?"

I saw a weasened, narrow-chested mannikin, with an aggressive certainty of feature.

"He's a professor, plumb full of book dope on the Yukon. He's Mister We Mike. He knows it all. Hear his monologue on 'How It Should Be Done.' He's going to live on deck to insure himself to the rigours of the Arctic climate. Works with a pair of spring dumb-bells to get up his muscle so's he can shovel out the nags."

Our eyes roved round from group to group, picking out characteristic figures.

"See that big bleached-blond Englishman? Come over with me on the Pullman from New York. 'Awfully bored, don't you know.' When we got to Frisco, he says to me: 'Thank God, old chappie, the worst part of the journey's over.' Then there's Komulus and Remus, the twins, strapping young fellows. Only way I know them apart is one laces his boots tight, the other slack. They think the world of each other."

He swung around to where Salvation Jim was talking to two men.

"There's a pair of winners. I put my money on them. Nothing on earth can stop these fellows, native-born Americans, all grit and get-up. See that tall

one smoking a cigar and looking at the women? He's an athlete, Name's Merwin; all whipcord and whalebone; springy as a bent bow. He's a type of the Swift. He's bound to get there. See the other. Hewson's his name; solid as a tower; muscled like a bear; built from the ground up. He represents the Strong. Look at the grim, determined face of him. You can't down a man like that."

He indicated another group.

"Now there's three birds of prey. Bullhammer, Marks and Mosher. The big, pig-eyed heavy-jowled one is Bullhammer. He's in the saloon business. The middle-sized one in the plug hat is Marks. See his oily, yellow face dotted with pimples. He's a phony piece of work; calls himself a mining broker. The third's Jake Mosher. He's an out-and-out gambler, a sure-thing man, once was a parson."

I looked again. Mosher had just taken off his hat. His high-domed head was of monumental hardness, his eyes close-set and crafty, his nose negligible. The rest of his face was mostly beard. It grew black as the Pit to near the bulge of his stomach and seemed to have drained his scalp in its rank luxuriance. Across the deck came the rich oily tones of his voice.

"A bad-looking bunch," I said.

"Yes, there's heaps like them on board. There's a crowd of dance-hall girls going up, and the usual following of pimps and parasites. Look at that halfbreed."

There's a man for the country now, part Scotch, part Indian; the quietest man on the boat; tight, but tough as wire nails."

I saw a lean, bright-eyed brown man with flat features, smoking a cigarette.

"Say! Just get next to those two Jews, Mike and Rebecca Winklestein. They're going to open up a sporty restaurant."

The man was a small bandy-legged creature, with eyes that squinted, a complexion like ham fat and waxed moustaches. But it was the woman who seized my attention. Never did I see such a strapping Amazon, six foot if an inch, and massive in proportion. She was handsome too, in a swarthy way, though near at hand her face was sinuous and bold. Yet she had a suave, flattering

manner and a coarse wit that captured the crowd. Dangerous, unscrupulous and cruel, I thought; a man-woman, a shrew, a termagant.

But I was growing weary of the crowd and longed to go below. I was no longer interested, yet the voice of the Prodigal drowned in my ear.

"There's an old man and his granddaughter, relatives of the Winklesteins, I believe. I think the old fellow's got a screw loose. Handsome old boy, though; looks like a Hebrew prophet out of a job. Comes from Poland. Speaks Yiddish or some such jargon. Only English he knows is 'Klondike, Klondike.' The girl looks heartbroken, poor little beggar."

"Poor little beggar!" I heard the words indeed, but my mind was far away. To the devil with Polish Jews and their granddaughters. I wished the Prodigal would leave me to my own thoughts, thoughts of my Highland home and my dear ones. But no he persisted:

"You're not listening to what I'm saying. Look, why don't you?"

So to please him, I turned full round and looked. An old man, patriarchal in aspect, crouched on the deck. Erect by his side, with her hand on his shoulder, stood a slim figure in black, the figure of a girl. Indifferently my eyes travelled from her feet to her face. There they rested. I drew a deep breath. I forgot everything else. Then for the first time I saw—Bernie.

I will not try to depict the girl. Pen descriptions are so futile. I will only say that her face was very pale, and that she had large pathetic grey eyes. For the rest, her cheeks were woefully pinched and her lips drooped wistfully. 'Twas the face, I thought, of a virgin martyr with a fear-haunted look hard to forget. All this I saw, but most of all I saw those great grey eyes gazing unceasingly over the crowd, ever so sadly, fixed on that far-away East of her dreams and memories.

"Poor little beggar!"

Then I cursed myself for a sentimental impressionist and I went below. State-room forty-seven was mine. We three had been separated in the shuffle and I knew not who was to be my room-mate.

Feeling very downhearted, I stretched myself on the upper berth, and yielded to a mood of penitential sadness. I heard the last gang-plank thrown off, the great crowd chattered, the measured throb of the engines, yet still I sounded the depths of reverie. There was a bustle outside and growing darkness. Then as I lay, there came voices to my door, guttural tones blended with liquid ones; lusty a timid knock. Quickly I answered it.

"Is this room number forty-seven?" a soft voice asked.

Even ere she spoke I divined it was the Jewish girl of the grey eyes, and now I saw her hair was like a fair cloud, and her face fragile as a flower.

"Yes," I answered her.

She led forward the old man.

"This is my grandfather. The Steward told us this was his room."

"Oh, all right; he'd better take the lower berth."

"Thank you, indeed; he's an old man and not very strong."

Her voice was clear and sweet, and there was an infinite tenderness in the tone.

"You must come in," I said. "I'll leave you with him for a while so that you can make him comfortable."

"Thank you again," she responded gratefully.

It was late before I turned in. I went on deck for a time. We were cleaving through blue-black night, and on our right I could dimly discern the coast festooned by twinkling lights. Every one had gone below, I thought, and the loneliness pleased me. I was very quiet, thinking how good it all was, the balmy wind, the velvet vault of the night fringed with wistful stars, the freedom-song of the sea; how restful, how sane, how loving!

Suddenly I heard a sound of sobbing, the merciless sobbing of a woman's breast. Distinctly above the hollow breathing of the sea it assailed me, poignant and insistent. Wonderingly I looked around. Then, in a shadow of the upper deck, I made out a slight girl-figure crouching all alone. It was Grey Eyes, crying fit to break her heart.

"Poor little beggar!" I muttered

## CHAPTER II

"Gee—you little brat. If you open your face to him I'll kill you, kill you, see?"

The voice was Madam Winklestein's, and the words, hissed in a whisper of incredible malignity, arrested me as if I had been struck by a live wire. I listened. Behind the stateroom door there followed a silence, grimly intense; then a dull pounding; then the same savage undertone.

"See here, Berns, we're next to you two—we're onto your curves. We know the old man's got the stuff in his gold-belt, two thousand in bills. Now, my dear, my sweet little angel what thinks she's too good to mix with the likes of us, we need the mon, see?" (Knock, knock, knock.) "And we're goin' to have it, see! (Knock, knock, knock.) "That's where you come in, honey, you're goin' to get it for us. Ain't you now, darlin'!" (Knock, knock, knock.)

Faintly, very faintly, I heard a voice: "No."

If it be possible to scream in a whisper, the woman did it.

"You will! you will! Oh! oh! oh! There's the cursed male spirit of your mother in you. She'd never tell us the name of the man that was the ruin of 'er, blast 'er."

"Don't speak of my mother, you vile woman!"

The voice of the virago contracted to an intensity of venom I have never heard the equal of.

"Vile woman! Vile woman! You, you to call me a vile woman, me that's been three times jined in holy wedlock."

Oh, you bastard beat! You whelp of sin! You misbegotten scum! Oh, I'll fix you for that, if I've got to swing for it."

Her scolding words were capped with an oath too foul to repeat, and once more came the horrible pounding, like a head striking the woodwork. Unable to bear it any longer, I rapped sharply on the door.

Silence, a long, panting silence; then the sound of a falling body; then the door

opened a little and the twitching face of madam appeared.

"Is there somebody sick?" I asked; "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I was thinking I heard groans and—I might be able to do something."

Piercingly she looked at me. Her eyes narrowed to slits and stabbed me with their spite. Her dark face grew turgid with impatient anger. As I stood there she was like to have killed me. Then like a flash her expression changed. With a dirty bejeweled hand she smoothed her tousled hair. Her coarse white teeth gleamed in a gold-capped smile. There was honey in her tone.

"Why, no! my niece in here's got a toothache, but I guess we can fix it between us. We don't need no help, thanks, young feller."

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "If you should, you know, I'll be nearby."

Then I moved away, conscious that her eyes followed me malevolently.

The business worried me sorely. The poor girl was being woefully abused, that was plain. I felt indignant, angry and, last of all, anxious. Mingled with my feelings was a sense of irritation that I should have been elected to overhear the affair. I had no desire just then to champion distressed damsels, least of all to get mixed up in the family brawls of unknown Jessies. Confound her, anyway! I almost hated her. Yet I felt constrained to watch and wait, and even at the cost of my own ease and comfort to prevent further violence.

For that matter there were all kinds of strange doings on board, drinking, gambling, nightly orgies and hourly brawls. It seemed as if we had shipped all the human dregs of the San Francisco dead-line. Never, I believe, in those times when almost daily the Arconaut-laden boats were sailing for the Golden North, was there one in which the sporting element was so dominant. The Social Hall reeked with patchouli and stale whiskey. From the staterooms came shrill outbreaks of popular melody, punctuated with the popping of champagne corks. Dance-hall girls, babbling incoherently,

reeled in the passageways, danced on the cabin table and were only held back from licentiousness by the restraint of their bullies. The day was one long round of revelry, and the night was pregnant with sinister sound.

Already among the better element a moral secession was apparent. Conventions they had left behind with their boiled shirts and their store clothes, and craved with the idea of speedy fortune, they were even now straining at the leash of decency. It was a howling mob, elately riotous, and already infected by the virus of the Goldpoxia.

Oh, it was good to get on deck of a night, away from this Saturnalia, to watch the beacon stars strewn vastly in the skyward uplift, to listen to the ancient threnody of the outer sea. Blue and silver the nights were, and crystal clear, with a keen wind that painted the cheek and kindled the eye. And as I sat in silent thought there came to me Salvation Jim. His face was grim, his eyes brooding. From the brilliantly lit social hall came a blare of music-hall melody.

"I don't like the way of things a bit," he said; "I don't like it. Look here now, lad, I've lived round mining camps for twenty years, I've followed the roughest callings on earth, I've tramped the States all over, yet never have I seen the best of this. Mind you, I ain't prejudiced, though I've seen the error of my ways, glory to God! I can make allowance once in a while for the boys gettin' on a lam-bore, but by Christmas! Say! There's enough evil on this boat to stake a subsection in Hell. Their'n men should be at home with their dinky little mothers and their lovin' wives and children, down there right now in that caldn buyin' wine for them painted Jerebels."

"There's doctors and lawyers and deacons in the church back in old Ohio, that never made a bad break in their lives, and now they're rovin' like bar-room bullies for the kisses of a baggage. In the bay-window of their souls the devil licks an' grins an' God is fressin' in the attic. You mark my words, boy; there's a curse on this northern gold. The

Yukon's agoin' to take its toll. You mark my words."

"Oh, Jim," I said, "you're superstitious."

"No, I ain't. I've just got a hunch. Here we are a bit of floatin' iniquity glidin' through the mystery of them strange seas, an' the very officers on duty sarge to the nook an' rocky from the arms of the scented buddies below. It'll be God's mercy if we don't crash on a rock an' go down good and all to the bitter bottom. But it ain't matter. Sooner or later there's goin' to be a rockcain'. There's many a one shoutin' an' singin' to-night'll leave his bones to bleach up in that bleak wild land."

"No, Jim," I protested, "they will be all right once they get ashore."

"Right, nothin'. They're a pack of fools. They think they've got a bulge on fortune. Hear them a-howlin' now. They're all millionaires in their minds. There's no doubt with them. It's a knock. They're spendin' it right now. You mark my words, young feller, for I'll never live to see them fulfilled—there's ninety in a hundred of all them fellers that's goin' to this here Klondike will never make good, an' of the other ten, nine won't do no good."

"One per cent that will keep their stakes—that's absurd, Jim."

"Well, you'll see. An' as for me, I feel as sure as God's above us guidin' us through the mazes of the night. I'll never live to make the trip back. I've got a hunch. Old Jim's on his last staps."

He sighed, then said sharply: "Did you see that feller that passed us?"

"It was Mosher, the gambler and ex-preacher."

"That man's a skunk, a renegade sky-pilot. I'm keepin' tabs on that man. Maybe him an' me's got a score to settle one of them days. Marve."

He went off abruptly, leaving me to ponder long over his gloomy words.

We were now three days out. The weather was fine, and nearly every one was on deck in the sunshine. Even Bullhammer, Marks and Mosher had deserted the card-room for a time. The bank clerk

and the wood-carver talked earnestly, planned and dreamed. The professor was busy expounding a theory of the gold origin to a party of young men from Minnesota. Silent and watchful the athletic Mervin smoked his big cigar, while, patient and imperious, the iron Hewson chewed stolidly. The twins were playing checkers. The Winklestons were making themselves solid with the musical ellipse. In and out among the different groups darted the Prodigal, as volatile as a society reporter at a church bazaar. And besides those, always alone, anasterly aloof as if framed in a picture by themselves, a picture of dignity and sweetness, were the Jewish maid and her aged grandfather.

Although he was my room-mate I had seen but little of him. He was about ere I retired and I was up and out ere he awoke. For the rest I avoided the two because of their obvious connection with the Winklestons. Surely, thought I, she cannot be mixed up with those two and be everything that's all right. Yet there was something in the girl's clear eyes, and in the old man's fine face, that reproached me for my doubt.

It was when I was thus debating, and covertly studying the pair that something occurred.

Bulhammer and Marks were standing by me, and across the deck came the scintillating eyes of the dance-hall girls. I saw the libertine eyes of Bulhammer rove incessantly from one unlavishly coming to another, till at last they rested on the slender girl standing by the side of her white-haired grandfather. Apprecatively he flicked his lips.

"Say, Monkey, who's the kid with old Whiskers there?"

"Search me, Pete," said Marks; "want a knockdown?"

"Betcher! Seems kinda standoffish, though, don't she?"

"Standoffish be damned! Never yet saw the little bit of all right that could stand off Sam Marks. I'm a winner, I am, an' don't you forget it. Just watch my splash."

I must say the man was expensively dressed in a flashy way. His oily, pimply-

garnished face wreathed itself in a smirk of patronizing familiarity, and with the bow of a dancing master he advanced. I saw her give a quick start, bite her lip and shrink back. "Good for you, little girl," I thought. But the man was in no way put out.

"Say, Sis, it's all right. Just want to introduce you to a gentleman fren' o' mine."

The girl gazed at him, and her dilated eyes were eloquent of fear and distrust. It minded me of the panic of a fawn run down by the hunter, so that I found myself trembling in sympathy. A startled moment she gazed; then swiftly she turned her back.

This was too much for Marks. He flushed angrily.

"Say! what's the matter with you? Come off the perch there. Ain't we good enough to associate with you. Who the devil are you, anyhow?"

His face was growing red and aggressive. He closed in on her. He laid a rough hand on her shoulder. Thinking the thing had gone far enough I stepped forward to interfere, when the unexpected happened.

Suddenly the old man had risen to his feet, and it was a surprise to me how tall he was. Into his face there had come the ghost of ancient power and command. His eyes blazed with wrath, and his clenched fist was raised high in anathema. Then it came swiftly down on the head of Marks, crushing his stiff hat tightly over his eyes.

The climax was ludicrous in a way. There was a roar of laughter, and hearing it Marks splintered as he freed himself. With a curse of rage he would have rushed the old man, but a great hand seized him by the shoulder. It was the grim, taciturn Hewson, and judging by the way his captive squirmed, his grip must have been peculiarly vice-like. The old man was pale as death, the girl crying, the passengers crowding round. Every one was gabbling and curious, so feeling I could do no good, I went below.

What was there about this slip of a girl that interested me so? Ever and anon I found myself thinking of her. Was it

the conversation I had overheard? Was it the mystery that seemed to surround her? Was it the irresistible instinct of my heart for the romance of life. With the old man, despite our stateroom proximity, I had made no advances. With the girl I had passed no further words.

But the Gods of destiny act in whimsical ways. Doubtless the voyage would have finished without the betterment of our acquaintance; doubtless our paths would have parted, nevermore to cross; doubtless our lives would have been lived out to their fullness and this story never have been told—had it not been for the luckless fatality of the Box of Grapes.

## CHAPTER III

Paget Sound was behind us and we had entered on that great sea that stretched northward to the Arctic harrens. Misty and wet was the wind, and cold with the kiss of many leahergs. Under a grey sky, glooming to purple, the gullid sea writhed nakedly. Spectral islands elbowed each other, to peer at us as we flitted past. Still more wreathlike the mainland, fringed to the sea fens with saturnine pine, faded away into fastnesses of impenetrable desolation. There was a sense of deathlike passivity in the land, of overwhelming vastitude, of unconquerable loneliness. It was as if I had felt for the first time the Spirit of the Wild; the Wild where God breeds amid His silence; the Wild, His infinite solace and His sanctuary.

As we forged through the vague sea lanes, we were like a glittering trinket on the boom of the night. Our mad excitement scarce ever abated. We were a blaze of revelry and a blaze of light. Excitement mounted to fever heat. In the midst of it the women with the enamelled cheeks reaped a bountiful harvest. I marvel now that, with all the heotated recklessness of those that were our pilots, we met with no serious mishap.

"Don't mind you much of a Sunday-school picnic, does it?" commented the Prodigal. "It's fierce the way the girls are prying some of these crazy jays loose from their weds. They're all plumb

lousy. I'm tired trying to wise them up. 'Go and chase yourself,' they say; 'we're all right. Don't matter if we do loosen up a bit now, there's all kinds of easy money waiting for us up there.' Then they'll talk of what they're going to do when they've got the dough. One gasho wants to buy a castle in the old country; another wants a racing stable; another a steam yacht. Oh, they're a hot bunch of sports. They're all planning to have a purple time in the sweet by-and-by. I don't hear any of them talk of endowing a home for decrepit wash-ladies or pensioning off their aged grandmothers. They make me sick. There's a cold juicy awakening coming."

He was right. In their visionary leaps to affluence they soared to giddy heights. They stranted and bugged as if the millions were already theirs. To hear them, you would think they had an exclusive option on the treasure-troves of the Klondike. Yet, before and behind us, were dozens of similar vessels, bearing just as eager a mob of fortune-hunters, all drawn irresistibly northward by the Golden Magnet.

Nevertheless, it was hard not to be affected by the prevailing spirit of optimism. For myself, the gold had but little attraction, but the adventure was very dear to my heart. Once more the clarion call of Romance rang in my ears, and I leapt to its summons. And indeed, I reflected, it was a wonderful kaleidoscope of a world, wherein I, but a half-year back cooling my heels in a highland burn, should be now part and parcel of this great Argonaut army. Already my native uncouthness was a thing of the past, and the quaint mannerisms of my Scots tongue were yielding to the easy slang of the frontier. More to the purpose, too, I was growing in strength and wiry endurance. As I looked around me I realized that there were many less fitted for the trail than I, and there was none with such a store of glowing health. You may picture me at this time, a tallish young man, with a fine color in his cheeks, black hair that curled crisply, and dark eyes that were either alight with eagerness or aglow with dreams.

I have said that we were all more or less in a ferment of excitement, but to this I must make a reservation. One there was who, amid all our unrest, remained cold, distant, and alien—the Jewish girl, Berna. Even in the old man the gold fever betrayed itself in a visionary eye and a tremor of the lips; but the girl was a statue of patient resignation, a living proof to our febrile and purblind imaginations.

The more I studied her, the more out of place she seemed in my picture, and, almost unconsciously, I found myself weaving about her a fabric of romance. I endowed her with a mystery that piqued and fascinated me, yet without it I have no doubt I would have been attracted to her. I longed to know her uncommon will, to win her regard, to do something for her that should make her eyes rest very kindly on me. In short, as is the way of young men, I was beginning to grope blindly for that affection and sympathy which are the forerunner of passion and love.

The land was wintry and the wind shivered so that the attendant gulls flapped their wings hard in the face of it. The wolf-pack of the sea were snarling whitely as they ran. The decks were deserted, and so many of the harlequins were sick and lay like dead folk that it almost seemed as if a Sabbath quiet lay on the ship. That day I had missed the old man, and on going below, found him lying as one sore stricken. A withered hand lay on his brow, and from his lips, which were almost purple, thin moans issued.

"Poor old beggar," I thought; "I wonder if I cannot do anything for him." And while I was thus debating, a timid knock came to the door. I opened it, and there was the girl, Berna.

There was a nervous anxiety in her manner, and a mute interrogation in her grey eyes.

"I'm afraid he's a little sick to-day," I said gently; "but come in, won't you, and see him?"

"Thank you." Pity, tenderness, and love seemed to struggle in her face as she softly brushed past me. With some words

of endearment, she fell on her knees beside him, and her small white hand sought his thin gnarled one. As if galvanised into life, the old man turned gratefully to her.

"Maybe he would care for some coffee," I said. "I think I could rustle him some."

She gave me a queer, sad look of thanks.

"If you could," she answered.

When I returned she had the old man propped up with pillows. She took the coffee from him, and held the cup to his lips; but after a few sips he turned away wearily.

"I'm afraid he doesn't care for that," I said.

"No, I'm afraid he won't take it."

She was like an anxious nurse hovering over a patient. She thought a while.

"Oh, if only I had some fruit!"

Then it was I bethought me of the box of grapes. I had bought them just before leaving, thinking they would be a grateful surprise to my companions. Obviously I had been inspired, and now I produced them in triumph, big, plump, glossy fellows, buried in the fragrant cedar dust. I shook clear a large bunch, and once more we tried the old man. It seemed as if we had hit on the one thing needful, for he ate eagerly. She watched him for a while with a growing sense of relief, and when he had finished and was resting quietly, she turned to me.

"I don't know how I can thank you, sir, for your kindness."

"Very easily," I said quickly; "if you will yourself accept some of the fruit, I shall be more than repaid."

She gave me a dubious look; then such a bright, merry light flashed into her eyes that she was radiant in my sight. It was as if half a dozen years had fallen from her, revealing a heart capable of infinite joy and happiness.

"If you will share them with me," she said simply.

So, for the lack of chairs, we squatted on the narrow stateroom floor, under the old man's kindly eye. The fruit minded us of sunlit vines, and the careless rapture of the South. To me the situation was

one of rare charm. She ate daintily, and as we talked, I studied her face as if I would etch it on my memory forever.

In particular I noticed the wistful contour of her cheek, her sensitive mouth, and the fine modelling of her chin. She had clear, candid eyes and sweeping lashes, too. Her ears were shell-like, and her hair soft, wavy and warm. These things I marked minutely, thinking she was more than beautiful—she was even pretty. I was in a state of extraordinary elation, like a man that has found a jewel in the mire.

It must be remembered, lest I appear to be taking a too eager interest in the girl, that up till now the world of woman had been *terra incognita* to me; that I had lived a singularly cloistered life, and that first and last I was an idealist. This girl had distinction, mystery and charm, and it is not to be wondered at that I found joy in her presence. I proved myself a perfect artesian well of conversation, talking freely of the ship, of our fellow-passengers and of the chances of the venture. I found her wonderfully quick in the uptake. Her mind seemed nimbly to outrun mine, and she divined my words ere I had them uttered. Yet she never spoke of herself, and when I left them together I was full of uneasy questioning.

Next day the old man was still sated, and again the girl came to visit him. This time I noticed that much of her timid manner was gone, and in its stead was a shy friendliness. Once more the box of grapes proved a mediator between us, and once more I found in her a receptive but sympathetic audience — so much so that I was frank in telling her of myself, my home and my kindfolk. I thought that maybe my talk would weary her, but she listened with a bright-eyed regard, nodding her head eagerly at times. Yet she spoke no word of her own affairs, so that when again I left them together I was as much in the dark as ever.

It was on the third day I found the old man up and dressed, and Berna with him. She looked brighter and happier than I had yet seen her, and she greeted me with

a smiling face. Then, after a little, she said:

"My grandfather plays the violin. Would you mind if he played over some of our old-country songs? It would comfort him."

"No, go ahead," I said; "I wish he would."

So she got an ancient violin, and the old man cuddled it lovingly and played soft, wistful melodies, songs of the Czech race, that made me think of Romance, of love and hate, and passion and despair. Piece after piece he played, as if pouring out the sadness and heart-hunger of a burdened people, until my own heart ached in sympathy.

The wild music throbbled with passionate sweetness and despair. Unobserved, the pale twilight stole into the little cabin. The ruggedly fine face of the old man was like one inspired, and with clasped hands, the girl sat, very white-faced and motionless. Then I saw a gleam on her cheek, the soft falling of tears. Somehow, at that moment, I felt drawn very near to these two, the music, the tears, the fervent sadness of their faces. I felt as if I had been allowed to share with them a few moments consecrated to their sorrow, and that they knew I understood.

That day as I was leaving, I said to her:

"Berna, this is our last night on board."

"Yes."

"To-morrow our trails divide, maybe never again to cross. Will you come up on deck for a little while to-night? I want to talk to you."

"Talk to me?"

She looked startled, incredulous. She hesitated.

"Please, Berna, it's the last time."

"All right," she answered in a low tone.

Then she looked at me curiously.

## CHAPTER IV

She came to meet me, lily-white and sweet. She was but thinly wrapped, and shivered so that I put my coat around her.

We ventured forward, climbing over a huge anchor to the very bow of the boat, and crouching down in its peak, were sheltered from the cold breeze.

We were cutting through smooth water, and crowding in on us were haggard mountains, with now and then the greenish horror of a glacier. Overhead, in the desolate sky, the new moon nursed the old moon in her arms.

"Berna!"

"Yes."

"You're not happy, Berna. You're in some trouble, little girl. I don't know why you come up to this God-forsaken country or why you are with those people. I don't want to know; but if there's anything I can do for you, anyway I can prove myself a true friend, let me know, won't you?"

My voice betrayed emotion. I could feel her slim form, very close to me, all a-tremble. In the filtered silver of the crescent moon, I could see her face, wan and faintly sweet. Gently I prisoned one of her hands in mine.

She did not speak at once. Indeed, she was quiet for a long time, so that it seemed as if she must be stricken dumb, or as if some feelings were conflicting within her. Then at last, very quietly, very quietly, very sweetly, as if weighing her words, she spoke.

"No, there's nothing you can do. You've been too kind all along. You're the only one on the boat that's been kind. Most of the others have looked at me—well, you know how men look at a poor, unprotected girl. But you're different; you're good, you're honorable, you're sincere. I could see it in your face, in your eyes. I know I could trust you. You've been kindness itself to grandfather and I, and I never can thank you enough."

"Nonsense! Don't talk of thanks, Berna. You don't know what a happiness it's been to help you. I'm sorry I've done so little. Oh, I'm going to be sincere and frank with you. The few hours I've had with you have made me long for others. I'm a lonely beggar. I never had a sister, never a girl friend. You're the first, and it's been like sudden sunshine to me.

Now, can't I be really and truly your friend, Berna; your friend that would do much for you? Let me do something, anything, to show how earnestly I mean it?"

"Yes, I know. Well, then, you are my dear, true friend—there, now."

"Yes,—but, Berna! Tomorrow you'll go and we'll likely never see each other again. What's the good of it all?"

"Well, what do you want? We will both have a memory, a very sweet, nice memory, won't we? Believe me, it's better so. You don't want to have anything to do with a girl like me. You don't know anything about me, and you see the kind of people I'm going with. Perhaps I am just as bad as they."

"Don't say that, Berna," I interposed sternly; "you're all that's good and pure and sweet."

"No, I'm not, either. We're all of us pretty mixed. But I'm not so bad, and it's nice of you to think those things."

Oh! if I had never come on this terrible trip! I don't even know where we are going, and I'm afraid, afraid."

"No, little girl."

"Yes, I can't tell you how afraid I am. The country's so savage and lonely; the men are so like brute beasts; the women—well, they're worse. And here we are in the midst of it. I don't know what's going to become of us."

"Well, Berna, if it's like that, why don't you and your grandfather turn back? Why go on?"

"He will never turn back. He'll go on till he dies. He only knows one word of English and that's Klondike, Klondike. He mutters it a thousand times a day. He has visions of gold, glittering heaps of it, and he'll stagger and struggle on till he finds it."

"But can't you reason with him?"

"Oh, it's all no use. He's had a dream. He's like a man that's crazy. He thinks he has been chosen, and that to him will a great treasure be revealed. You might as well reason with a stone. All I can do is to follow him, to take care of him."

"What about the Winksteins, Berna?"

"Oh! they're at the bottom of it all. It is they who have inflamed his mind. He has a little money, the savings of a lifetime, about two thousand dollars; and ever since he came to this country, they've been trying to get it. They ran a little restaurant in New York. They tried to get him to put his little store in that. Now they are using the gold as a bait, and luring him up here. They'll rob and kill him in the end, and the cruel part is—he's not greedy, he doesn't want it for himself—but for me. That's what breaks my heart."

"Surely you are mistaken, Berna; they can't be so bad as that."

"But! I tell you they're vile. The man's a worm, and the woman, well, she is a devil incarnate. She's so strong and so violent in her tempers that when she gets drinking—well! it's just awful. I lived with them for three years."

"Where?"

"In New York. I came from the old country to them. They worked me in the restaurant at first. Then, after a bit, I got work in a shirt-waist factory. I was quick and handy, and I worked early and late. I attended a night school. I read till my eyes ached. They said I was clever. The teacher wanted me to train and be a teacher too. But what was the good of thinking of it? I had my living to get, so I stayed at the factory and worked and worked. Then when I had saved a few dollars, I sent for grandfather, and he came and we lived in the tenement and we were very happy for a while. But the Winksteins never gave us any peace. They knew he had a little money laid away, and they itched to get their hands on it. The man was always telling us of get-rich-quick schemes, and she threatened me in horrible ways. But I wasn't afraid in New York. Up here it's different. It's all so shadowy and sinister."

I could feel her shudder.

"Oh, Berna," I said, "can't I help you?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No, you can't; you have enough trouble of your own. Besides it doesn't matter about me. I didn't mean to tell you all this, but now, if you want to be

a true friend, just go away and forget me. You don't want to have anything to do with me. Wait! I'll tell you something more. I'm called Berna Wilovich. That's my grandfather's name. My mother ran away from home. Two years later she came back—with me. Soon after she died of consumption. She would never tell my father's name, but said he was a Christian, and of good family. My grandfather tried to find out. He would have killed the man. So, you see, I am nameless, a child of shame and sorrow. And you are a gentleman, and proud of your family. Now, see the kind of friends you've made. You don't want to make friends with such as I."

"I want to make friends with such as need my friendship. What is going to happen to you, Berna?"

"Happen! God knows! It doesn't matter. Oh, I've always been in trouble. I'm used to it. I never had a really happy day in my life. I never expect to. I'll just go on to the end, enduring patiently, and getting what comfort I can out of things. It's what I was made for, I suppose."

She shrugged her shoulders and shivered a little.

"Let me go now, my friend. It's cold up here; I'm chilled. Don't look so terribly downcast. I expect I'll come out all right. Something may happen. Cheer up! Maybe you'll see me a Klondike queen yet."

I could see that her sudden brightness but hid a black abyss of bitterness and apprehension. What she had told me had somehow stricken me dumb. There seemed a stark sordidness in the situation that repelled me. She had arisen and was about to step over the fluke of the great anchor, when I aroused myself.

"Berna," I said, "what you have told me wrings my heart. I can't tell you how terribly sorry I feel. Is there nothing I can do for you, nothing to show I am not a mere friend of words and phrases? Oh, I hate to let you go like this."

The moon had gone behind a cloud. We were in a great shadow. She halted, so that, as we stood, we were looking

each other. Her voice was full of pathetic resignation.

"What can you do? If we were going in together it might be different. When I met you at first I hoped, oh, I hoped—well, it doesn't matter what I hoped. But, believe me, I'll be all right. You won't forget me, will you?"

"Forget you? No, Berna, I'll never forget you. It cuts me to the heart I can do nothing now, but we'll meet up there. We can't be divided for long. And you'll be all right, believe me too, little girl. Be good and sweet and true and every one will love and help you. Ah, you must go. Well, well—God bless you, Berna."

"And I wish you happiness and success, dear friend of mine—and love."

Her voice trembled. Something seemed to choke her. She stood a moment as if reluctant to go.

Suddenly a great impulse of tenderness and pity came over me, and before I knew it, my arms were around her. She struggled faintly, but her face was uplifted, her eyes starlike. Then, for a moment of bewildering ecstasy, her lips lay on mine, and I felt them faintly answer.

Poor yielding lips! They were cold as ice.

## CHAPTER V

Never shall I forget the last I saw of her, a forlorn, pathetic figure in black, waving a farewell to me as I stood on the wharf. She wore, I remember, a low collar, and well do I mind the way it showed off the slim whiteness of her throat; well do I mind the high poise of her head, and the silken gloss of her hair. The grey eyes were clear and steady as she bade good-bye to me, and from where we stood apart, her face had all the pathetic sweetness of a Madonna.

Well, she was going, and sad enough her going seemed to me. They were all for Dyce, and the grim old Chilcot, with its blizzard-beaten steps, while we had chosen the slow precipitous, but more driven-out, Skagway trail. Among them I saw the inseparable twine; the grim

Hewson, the silent Mervin, each quiet and watchful, as if storing up power for a tremendous effort. There was the large unshakableness of Madam Winklesbine, all jewelry, suikles and coarse badinage, and near by, her perfumed husband, squinting and snickering absently. There was the old man, with his face of a Hebeon Scro, his visionary eye now aglow with fanatical enthusiasm, his lips ever muttering "Kloodike, Kloodike"; and lastly, by his side, with a little very smile on her lips, there was the white-faced girl.

How my heart ached for her! But the time for sentiment was at an end. The elation call to action rang out. Infinitely the trail was unsmiling us. The hour was come for every one to give of the best that was in him, even as he had never given it before. The reign of peace was over; the fight was on.

On all sides were indescribable hustle, confusion and excitement, men shouting, swearing, rushing hither, thither; wrangling, anxious-eyed and distracted over their outfits. A mood of unspurring energy dominated them. Their only thought was to get away on the gold-trail. A frantic eagerness impelled them, impatient, imperative, the trail called to them, and the light of the gold-bait smoldered and flamed in their uneasy eyes. Already the spirit of the gold-trail was awakening.

Hundreds of scattered tents; a few frame buildings, mostly saloons, dance-halls and gambling joints; an eager, excited mob crowding on the loose sidewalks, floundering knee-deep in the mire of the streets, struggling and squabbling and cursing over their outfits—that was all I remember of Skagway. The mountains, stark and bare to the butt, seemed to overwhelm the flimsy town, and between them, like a giant funnel, a great wind was roaring.

Lawlessness was rampant, but it did not touch us. The thugs lay in wait for the men with pokes from the "inside." To the great Cheechako army, they gave little heed. They were captivated by one Smith, known as "Soapy," whom I had the fortune to meet. He was a pleasant-

appearing, sociable man, and no one would have taken him for a desperado, a killer of men.

One picture of Skagway is still vivid in my memory. The scene is a saloon, and along with the Prodigal, I am having a glass of beer. In a corner sits a befuddled old bum, half asleep. He is long and lank, with a leathery old face and a rusty goatee beard—as ragged, disreputable an old sinner as ever belled up to a bar. Suddenly there is a sound of shooting. We rush out and there are two toughs blazing away at each other from the sheltering corners of an opposite building.

"Hey, Dad! There's some shootin' goin' on," says the barkeeper.

The old man rouses and cocks up a leary, benevolent eye.

"Shootin' did ye say? Shaw! Them fellers don't know how to shoot. Old Dad'll show 'em how to shoot."

He comes to the door, and lugging out a big rusty revolver, blazes away at one of the combatants. The man, with a howl of surprise and pain, limps away, holding his leg. The old man turns to the other fellow. Bang! We see splinters fly, and a man running for dear life.

"Told you I'd show 'em how to shoot," remarks old Dad to us. "Thanks, I'll have a gin-fax for mine."

The Prodigal developed a wonderful executive ability about this time; he was a marvel of activity, seemed to think of everything and to glory in his responsibility as a leader. Always cheerful, always thoughtful, he was the brain of our party. He never slacked in his efforts a moment, and was an example and a stimulus to us all. I say "all" for we had added the "Jam-wagon" to our party. It was the Prodigal who discovered him. He was a tall, dissolute Englishman, gaunt, ragged and verminous, but with the earmarks of a gentleman. He seemed indifferent to anything but whiskey and only anxious to hide himself from his friends. I discovered he had once been an officer in a Hussar regiment, but he was obviously reluctant to speak of his

past. A lost soul in every sense of the word, the North was to him a refuge and an unrestricted stamping-ground. So, partly in pity, partly in hope of winning back his lost manhood, we allowed him to join the party.

Pack animals were in vast demand, for it was considered a pound of grub was the equal of a pound of gold. Old horses, fit but for the knacker's yard, and burdened till they could barely stand, were being goaded forward through the mud. Any kind of a dog was a prize, quickly stolen if left unwatched. Sheep being taken in for the butchers were driven forward with packs on their backs. Even there was an effort to make pack animals out of pigs, but they grunted, squealed and rolled their precious burdens in the mire. What crazy excitement, what wailing and shouting, what desperate devices to make a start.

We were lucky in buying a yoke of oxen from a packer for four hundred dollars. On the first day we hauled half of our outfit to Canyon City, and on the second day we transferred the balance. This was our plan all through, though in bad places we had to make many relays. It was simple enough, yet, oh, the travail of it! Here is an extract from my diary of these days.

"Turn out at 4 A.M. Breakfasted on flapjacks and coffee. Find one of our oxen dying. Dies at seven o'clock. Harness remaining ox and start to remove goods up Canyon. Find trail in awful condition, yet thousands are straggling to get through. Horses often fall in pools of water ten to fifteen feet deep, trying to haul loads over the boulders that render trail almost impassable. Drive with sleigh over places that at other times one would be afraid to walk over without any load. Two feet of snow fell during the night, but it is now raining. Rains and snows alternately. At night bitterly cold. Hauled five loads up Canyon today. Finished last trip near midnight and turned in, cold, wet and played out."

The above is a fairly representative day and of such days we were to have many ere we reached the water. Slowly, with infinite effort, with stress and strain

\*A Jam-wagon was the general name given to an Far-Bank on the trail.

to every step of the way, we moved our bulky outfit forward from camp to camp. All days were hard, all exasperating, all crammed with discomfort; yet, bit by bit, we forged ahead. The army before us and the army behind never faltered. Like a stream of black ants they were, between mountains that reared up swiftly to storm-swept plateaus of ice. In the darkness of night the army rested uneasily, yet at the first streak of dawn it was in motion. It was an endless procession, in which every man was for himself. I can see them now, bent under their burdens, straining at their hand-sleighs, flogging their horses and oxen, their faces crimped and puckered with fatigue, the air scrid with their curses and heavy with their weans. Now a horse stumbles and slips into one of the sump-holes by the trail side. No one can pass, the army is arrested. Frenzied fingers unbitch the poor frozen brute and drag it from the water. Men, frantic with rage, beat savagely at their beasts of burden to make up the precious time lost. There is no mercy, no humanity, no fellowship. All is blasphemy, fury, and ruthless determination. It is the spirit of the gold-trail.

At the canyon head was a large camp, and there, very much in evidence, the gambling fraternity, dozens of them with their little green tables were doing a roaring business. On one side of the canyon they had established a camp. It was evening and we three, the Prodigal, Salvation Jim and myself, strolled over to where a three-shell man was holding forth.

"Hello!" says the Prodigal. "It's our old friend Jake. Jake skinned me out of a hundred on the beat. Wonder how he's making out?"

It was Mosher, with his bold head, his crafty little eyes, his flat nose, his black beard. I saw Jim's face harden. He had always shown a bitter hatred of this man and often I wondered why.

We stood a little way off. The crowd thinned and filtered away until but one remained, one of the tall young men from Minnesota. We heard Mosher's rich voice.

"Say, pard, bet ten dollars you can't place the bean. See! I put the little joker under her, right before your eyes. Now, where is it?"

"Here," said the man, touching one of the shells.

"Right you are, my hearty! Well, here's your ten."

The man from Minnesota took the money and was going away.

"Hold on," said Mosher; "how do I know you had the money to cover that bet?"

The man laughed and took from his pocket a wad of bills an inch thick.

"Guess that's enough, ain't it?"

Quick as lightning Mosher had snatched the bills from him, and the man from Minnesota found himself gazing into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"This here's my money," said Mosher; "now you git."

A moment only—a shot rang out. I saw the gun fall from Mosher's hand, and the roll of bills drop to the ground. Quickly the man from Minnesota recovered them and rushed off to tell his party. Then the men from Minnesota got their Winchester, and the shooting began.

From their camp the gamblers took refuge behind the boulders that strewn the sides of the canyon, and blazed away at their opponents. A regular battle followed, which lasted till the fall of night. As far as I heard, only one casualty resulted. A Swede, about half a mile down the trail, received a spent bullet in the chest. He complained to the Deputy Marshal. That worthy, sitting on his horse, looked at him a moment. Then he spat comprehensively.

"Can't do anything, Ole. But I'll tell you what. Next time there's bullets flying round this section of the country, don't go sticking your darned whiskers in the way. See!"

That night I said to Jim:

"How did you do it?"

He laughed and showed me a hole in his coat pocket which a bullet had burned.

"You see, having been in the game myself, I knew what was comin' and acted accordin'."

"Good job you didn't hit him worse."

"Wait a while, sonny, wait a while. There's something mighty familiar about Jake Mosher. He's mighty like a certain Sam Mosely I'm interested in. I've just written a letter outside to see, an' if him—well, I'm saved; I'm a good Christian, but—God help him!"

"And who was Sam Mosely, Jim?"

"Sam Mosely? Sam Mosely was the skunk that busted up my home an' stole my wife, blast him!"

## CHAPTER VI.

Day after day, each man of us poured out on the trail the last heel-tap of his strength, and the coming of night found us utterly played out. Salvation Jim was full of device and resource, the Prodigal a dynamo of eager energy; but it was the Jam-wagon who proved his mettle in a magnificent and relentless way. Whether it was from a sense of gratitude, or to offset the cravings that assailed him, I know not, but he crammed the days with merciless exertion.

A curious man was the Jam-wagon, Brian Wanless his name, a world tramp, a dorelist of the Seven Seas. His story, if ever written, would be a human document of moving and poignant interest. He must once have been a magnificent fellow, and even now, with strength and will power impaired, he was a man among men, full of quick courage and of a haughty temper. It was ever a word and a blow with him, and a fight to the desperate finish. He was insular, imperious and aggressive, and he was always looking for trouble.

Though taciturn and morose with men, the Jam-wagon showed a tireless affection for animals. From the first he took charge of our ox; but it was for horses his fondness was most expressed, so that on the trail, where there was so much cruelty, he was constantly on the verge of combat.

"That's a great man," said the Prodigal to me, "a fighter from heel to head

There's one he can't fight, though, and that's old man Boone."

But on the trail every man was a fighter. It was fight or fail, for the trail would brook no weaklings. Good or bad, a man must be a man in the primal sense, dominant, savage and enduring. The trail was implacable. From the start it cried for strong men; it weeded out its weaklings. I had seen these fellows on the ship feed their vanity with foolish francies; kindled to ardors of hope, I had seen debauched repent among them; now I was to see them crushed, cowed, overwhelmed, realizing each, according to his kind, the menace and antagonism of the way. I was to see the weak falter and fall by the roadside. I was to see the faint-hearted quail and turn back; but I was to see the strong, the brave, grow grim, grow elemental in their desperate strength, and tightening up their belts, go forward unflinchingly to the bitter end. Thus it was the trail chose her own. Thus it was, from peace, despair and defeat, the spirit of the trail was born.

The spirit of the Gold Trail, how shall I describe it? It was based on that primal instinct of self-preservation that underlies our thin veneer of humanity. It was rebellion, anarchy; it was ruthless, aggressive, primitive; it was the man of the stone age in modern garb waging his fierce, incessant warfare with the forces of nature. Spurred on by the fever of the gold-lust, goaded by the fear of losing the race; maddened by the difficulties and obstacles in the way, men became demons of cruelty and aggression, ruthlessly thrusting aside and trampling down the weaker ones that threatened their progress. Of pity, humanity, love, there was none, only the gold-lust, triumphant and repellent. It was the survival of the fittest, the most tenacious, the most brutal. Yet there was something grandly terrible about it all. It was a barbaric invasion, an army, each man fighting for his own hand under the banner of gold. It was conquest. Every day, as I watched that human torrent, I realized how vast, how irresistible it was. It was Epic, it was Historical.

Many pitiful things I saw—men with haggard, hopeless faces, throwing their outfits into the snow and turning back, broken-hearted; men staggering blindly on, exhausted to despair, then dropping wearily by the roadside in the bitter cold and sinister gloom; weaklings, every one. Many terrible things I saw—men cursing each other, cursing the trail, cursing their God, and in the echo of their curses, wincing their teeth and stumbling on. Then they would vent their fury and spite on the poor dumb animals. Oh, what cruelty there was! The life of the brute was as nothing; it was the trill of the trail; it was a sacrifice on the altar of human greed.

Long before dawn the trail awakened and the air was full of breakfast smells, chiefly that of burnt porridge; for pots were seldom scraped, neither were dishes washed. Soon the long-drawn-out army was on the march, laden animals straining at their loads, their drivers reviling and beating them. All the men were bearded, and many of them were parkers. As many of the women had discarded petticoats, it was often difficult at a short distance to tell the sex of a person. There were tents built on sleighs, with faces of women and children peering out from behind. It was a wonderful procession, all classes, all nationalities, greybeards and striplings, persons and prostitutes, rich and poor, all filing past in their thousands, drawn, desperately on by the golden magnet.

One day we were making a trip with a load of our stuff when, just ahead, there was a check in the march, so I and the Jam-wagon went forward to investigate. It was our old friend Bullhammer in difficulties. He had rather a fine horse, and in passing a stump-hole, his sled had skidded and slipped downhill into the water. Now he was laboring the animal unmercifully, acting like a crazy man, shouting in a frenzy of rage.

The horse was making the most gallant effort I ever saw, but, with every fresh attempt, its strength weakened. Time and again it came down on its knees, which were raw and bleeding. It was

shining with sweat so that there was not a dry hair on its body, and if ever a dumb brute's eyes spoke of agony and fear, that horse's did. But Bullhammer grew every moment more infuriated, wrenching its mouth and beating it over the head with a club. It was a sickening sight and, used as I was to the inhumanity of the trail, I would have interfered had not the Jam-wagon jumped in. He was deadly pale and his eyes burned.

"You infernal brute! If you strike that horse another blow, I'll break your club over your shoulders."

Bullhammer turned on him. Surprise paralyzed the man, race choked him. They were both big husky fellows and they drew up face to face. Then Bullhammer spoke.

"Curse you, anyway. Don't interfere with me. I'll beat bloody hell out of the horse if I like, an' you won't say one word, see?"

With that he struck the horse another vicious blow on the head. There was a quick shuffle. The club was wrenches from Bullhammer's hand. I saw it come down twice. The man sprang on his back, while over him stood the Jam-wagon, looking very grim. The horse slipped quietly back into the water.

"You ugly blackguard! I've a good mind to beat you within an ace of your life. But you're not worth it. Ah, you cur!"

He gave Bullhammer a kick. The man got on his feet. He was a coward, but his pig eyes squinted in impotent rage. He looked at his horse lying shivering in the icy water.

"Get the horse out yourself, then, damn you. Do what you please with him. But, mark you—I'll get even with you for this—I'll—get—even."

He shook his fist and, with an ugly curse, went away. The block in the traffic was relieved. The trail was again in motion. When we got ahead of the submerged horse, we hitched on the ox and hastily pulled it out, and (the Jam-wagon proving to have no little veterinary skill) in a few days it was fit to work again.

(To be continued.)

## A Modern Baron's Stronghold

By

Blynn Greyson



ALL the old barons are dead and their castles are doddering along to decay—but one; a new baron, with a new castle has appeared. The strongholds of the men who waged gory wars with one another in the mighty days before King John, and who carried luckless tenants as captive—and howling, down into the donjon-keep, are molding. They are knocked and decrepit, to say nothing of being unsanitary. But this new baron's castle is to be of a new generation of castles—hot water heating, electric lights and baths. It is to be—says the artist who de-

signed it, Mr. E. J. Lennox—the most imposing dwelling house, externally, at least, in America. It is to sit high upon a terraced hill overlooking Toronto from the north. Its French baronial towers and embellishments shall be a mark to the whole city. It is to cost a million—probably a million and a half. It shall contain fifty chambers—some of them fit for the King's court—finished in precious woods carried from long distances; mahoganies and oaks, teak and sandalwood, raw cypress and bird's-eye maple, and rosewood. The world's finest marble shall



THE INTERIOR OF THE STALL-ROOM

be cut to make walls and floors and staircases, and at nights, from his height upon the hill, Sir Henry Pellatt, C.V.O., financier, broker, and, at leisure, a militarist, shall presently sit and grieve upon Toronto, gleaning in the electric light which one of his enterprises furnishes to the city for a consideration.

The stables and the lodge of the house have been completed for some time. Hundreds of people have mistaken these stables for the mansion, and have puzzled over the elaborate stable architecture to see where the "front door" might be. A heavy masonry tower, eighty feet high, is the central point around which the stall-room, the coach-house, garage, groom's quarters and harness-room, are centered. The masonry is in red brick and white stone. All manner of lesser towers and turrets ornament the walls. The interiors are done in teak. The harness-room is carpeted in velvet. The stall-rooms are lined with white tile, the monotony of which is broken by a Grecian border. The coach house is as elegant as many a drawing room, and the garage is worthy of the finest of cars.

Only recently, however, have the contractors for the house proper been let. They call for an expenditure of three-quarters of a million dollars. The walls are to be built of Indiana or Credit Valley cut stone—a pale grey color. The roof is to be an orange yellow tiling. The mansion will face south over the hill, with a frontage

of 250 feet of masonry. The surrounding lawns will be separated from the level of the first floor by a retaining wall, rising in height from ten to eighteen feet above the ground level. Facing it from the south one will see that the house consists of a long, main section running east and west, and terminating in two projecting gables, facing south from each end of the house, elaborated into towers and battlements, and set off with handsome chimneys. These end gables project beyond the central body of the house, so as to form two loggias, with arcways facing south. Running east and west between these two loggias is to be a tiled terrace one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. It will be enclosed by a stone balustrade with openings giving to a parallel turf terrace, which, in turn, is bounded by the retaining wall, which separates the house from the ordinary ground level.

The entrance to the castle will be from the north. The visitor will first enter a large reception hall about forty feet square. From this leads first the main staircase, twelve feet wide, to the upper floor, and then promenade corridor one hundred and seventy-five feet long and fourteen feet wide. Off this corridor opens the "Great Hall," in which the more elaborate entertaining of the host may be carried out. It will be sixty feet by forty feet, and the ceiling will be the full height of two storeys. The roof will be "oak timbered," and light will be admitted through a magnificent cut-stone bay window, facing south across the terrace, and extending from floor to ceiling. It will be filled with clear glass, leaded.

Off this great hall are the drawing-room, dining-room, library and reception rooms. The library will be fifty feet long; the dining-room and drawing-room about forty-five feet square. The dining-room gives into an octagonal tower breakfast-room on one corner of the house.

The promenade corridor will let into a palm room at one end, fifty feet square, which will have tiled floors and marble

linings, and have windows on three sides. Sir Henry's private den, office and billiard room, housekeeper's and butler's apartments, sewing room, pantries, sculleries, kitchen and servants' dining and sitting-rooms occupy the balance of the ground floor.

Turning to left and right from the first landing, the main staircase reaches the second floor. It contains eight or nine suites of rooms, as well as the servants' rooms. Each suite has a separate bathroom and dressing room. The twelve bathrooms will be finished in tile and marble.

The basement contains a shooting gallery, bowling alley and a swimming tank, fashioned after the old Italian swimming pools. It will be forty feet long and twenty feet wide.

The woods for the interior finishings have not yet been definitely decided upon, but they will include all the finest varieties. Most of the ceilings will be done in plaster staff work. Heat will be supplied by furnaces in the stables.

\* \* \*

The house is not costing a sum as large as that spent on many of the famous homes on this continent, but the outward design and the site will combine to make it, it is said, more beautiful and striking than any other dwelling on the continent. At the same time, the interior will be very richly and comfortably finished. The work will go on all winter and the castle will

probably be ready for occupation in three years' time.

Although the details of the structure have not been definitely decided upon, the general design ensures a beautiful addition to the list of great Canadian homes. The gardens are already under cultivation, and the driveways are being built.

Sir Henry's house is his fad, or rather, his fad is the house and the gardens. The hundreds of people who have made Sunday afternoon pilgrimages up Wells' Hill in Toronto to see the work on the mansion, have inevitably wondered why it is that a business man—a man whose greatest knowledge is apparently of books and figures, percentages and directors' meetings—should build such a house as this one. A heavy brown stone front, huge walks and paths and carvings, and, in short, everything arranged for a show of wealth would have been understandable; but to see the romantic architecture in which the Colonel of the Queen's Own Rifles has indulged himself, is to see in him the out-cropping of an imaginative vein such as one would expect of a poet or an artist or a poor dresser living in an attic. Every man has built his castle. But most of such structures were built in the days before their youthful architects realised the almost human limitations of a dollar bill. Having grown up, the average man forgets his "Castle in Spain"—the one he built when he was eleven years of age—and is content with a nice, eight-roomed affair sitting in a row, or a piebald arrangement of cobble stones in the



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GARDENS, THE LODGE AND THE STABLE ALREADY COMPLETE.

fashionable part of the city. But to see the towers even of Sir Henry's stables is to have the memory of all these old castles revived. Surely it must have been the castle which Sir Henry dreamed about when he was a boy.

Sir James likes Sir Edmund Walker, and Sir William Van Horne find recreation in collecting paintings. When they give over, for the day, the pursuit of steel, or suitable bank investments, or railway enterprises, respectively, they turn to the masterpieces of paint for mental relaxation.

What the canvases are to them is his house and his garden to Sir Henry Pellatt. For years he has been collecting ideas for this new house. In Scotland and England and France, with his camera or with little thumb-nail sketches he has made notes of the things in architecture that pleased him, and collected them in his waistcoat pockets. Armed with these he consulted Mr. Leeson, the architect,

and obtained the plans which are now being carried into execution.

One of the three collectors of paintings referred to above, asked Sir Henry one day why it was that he spent so much thought upon a house.

"Why don't you go in for collecting something? How about pictures, or china, or manuscripts? Why do you put all your time in a house?"

"Why," laughed Sir Henry, "I might much better ask you why you collect pictures instead of architectural data and flowers as I do. I'll tell you, though, why I like the house building better. You, when you have your collections of paintings, find enjoyment in them only when you have a guest, or some other excuse for going through your gallery. But when my house is finished I can putter around all my evenings among my flowers and admire my chimneys and my towers."

It is not recorded what the other Knight bachelor replied.



MONTAGUE SILVER, the finest street man and art grafter in the

West, says to me once in Little Rock: "If you ever lose your mind, Billy, and get too old to do honest swindling among grown men, go to New York. In the West a sucker is born every minute; but in New York they appear in chunks of ice—you can't count 'em!"

Two years afterward I found that I couldn't remember the names of the Russian admirals, and I noticed some gray hairs over my left ear; so I knew the time had arrived for me to take Silver's advice.

I struck New York about noon one day, and took a walk up Broadway. And I ran against Silver himself, all encompassed up in a spacious kind of lumberdashery, leaning against a hotel and rubbing the half-moons on his nails with a silk handkerchief.

"Purris or superannuated?" I asks him.

"Hello, Billy," says Silver; "I'm glad to see you. Yes, it seemed to me that the West was accumulating a little too much wisdom. I've been saving New York for dessert. I know it's a low-down trick to take things from these people. They only know this and that and pos and fro and think ever and amen. I'd hate for my mother to know I was skinning these

weak-minded ones. She raised me better."

"Is there a crush already in the waiting rooms of the old doctor that does skin grafting?" I asks.

"Well, no," says Silver; "you needn't back Epidemic to win to-day. I've only been here a month. But I'm ready to begin, and the members of Willie Manhattan's Sunday School class, each of whom has volunteered to contribute a portion of cuticle toward this rehabilitation, may as well send their photos to the *Evening Daily*."

"I've been judging the town," says Silver, "and reading the papers every day, and I know it as well as the cat in the City Hall knows an O'Sullivan. People here lie down on the floor and scream and kick when you are the least bit slow about taking money from them. Come up in my room and I'll tell you. We'll work the town together, Billy, for the sake of old times."

Silver takes me up in a hotel. He has a quantity of irrelevant objects lying about.

"There's more ways of getting money from these metropolitan hayseeds," says Silver, "than there is of cooking rice in Charleston, S. C. They'll bite at anything. The brains of most of 'em compute. The wiser they are in intelligence

## AWAY WITH THEM!

There is too much talk of ideals. The word is used in sermons and poems and after-dinner speeches. Little souls roll it on the ends of their tongues and lift their mild eyes to Heaven. Surely the truly great have none of these—these ideals.

What is wanted is common decency—not ideals. The word has too much expensively nebulous meaninglessness. Fat men dream of ideals, and in the morning cheat the car conductor. Thin men dream of the same thing and abuse their wives. Lovers think their affinities "ideals," and wake to quarrel about a certain usage in grammar.

There are too many "ideals" and too much self-deceiving. Let us scrub the word from profanity and hide it until hallowing time has re-formed its soiled shape, and in the meantime let us collect samples of common decency, honesty of tongue, and hand, and heart—and put them in a case, lest in a few generations there be none left.

the less perception of egalitarianism they have. Why, didn't a man the other day sell J. P. Morgan an oil portrait of Rockefeller, Jr., for Andrea del Sarto's celebrated painting of the young Saint John!

"You see that bundle of printed stuff in the corner, Billy? That's gold mining stock. I started out one day to sell that, but I quit it in two hours. Why? Got arrested for blocking the street. People thought to buy it. I sold the policeman a block of it on the way to the station-house, and then I took it off the market. I don't want people to give us their money. I want some little consideration connected with the transaction to keep my pride from being hurt. I want 'em to guess the missing letter in Chic-go, or draw to a pair of aces before they pay us a cent of money."

"Now there's another little scheme that worked so easy I had to quit it. You see that bottle of blue ink on the table? I tattooed an anchor on the back of my hand and went to a bank and told 'em I was Admiral Devey's nephew. They offered to cash my draft on him for a thousand, but I didn't know my uncle's first name. It shows, though, what an easy town it is. As for bargains, they won't go in a house now unless there's a hot supper ready and a few college students to visit on 'em. They're slugging citizens all over the upper part of the city and I guess, taking the town from end to end, it's a plain case of assault and battery."

"Monty," says I, when Silver had slacked up, "you may have Manhattan correctly discriminated in your perceptive, but I doubt it. I've only been in town two hours, but it don't dawn upon me that it's ours with a cherry in it. There ain't enough rum in orbe about it to suit me. I'd be a good deal much better satisfied if the citizens had a straw or more in their hair, and run more to velvet vests and buckeye watch chains. They don't look easy to me."

"You've got it, Billy," says Silver. "All emigrants have it. New York's bigger than Little Rock or Europe, and it frightens a foreigner. You'll be all right. I tell you I feel like slapping the people

here because they don't send me all their money in laundry baskets, with genocide sprinkled over it. I hate to go down the street to get it. Who wears the diamonds in this town? Why, Winna, the Wiretopper's wife, and Bella, the Bunco-steerer's bride. New Yorkers can be worked easier than a blue rose on a tidy. The only thing that bothers me is I know I'll break the cigars in my vest pocket when I get my clothes all full of twentien."

"I hope you are right, Monty," says I; "but I wish all the same I had been satisfied with a small business in Little Rock. The crop of farmers is never so short out there but what you can get a few of 'em to sign a petition for a new post office that you can discount for \$200 at the county bank. The people here appear to possess instincts of self-preservation and illiberality. I fear me that we are not cultured enough to tackle this game."

"Don't worry," says Silver. "I've got this Jayville-near-Turkeytown secretly estimated as sure as North River is the Hudson and East River ain't a river. Why, there are people living in four blocks of Broadway who never saw any kind of a building except a skyscraper in their lives! A good, live hustling Western man ought to get conspicuous enough here inside of three months to incur either Jerome's clemency or Lawson's displeasure."

"Hypothetical aside," says I, "do you know of any immediate system of bamboozing the community out of a dollar or two except by applying to the Salvation Army or having a fit on Miss Helen Gould's doorsteps?"

"Dozens of 'em," says Silver. "How much capital have you got, Billy?"

"A thousand," I told him. "I've got \$1,200," says he. "We'll pool and do a big piece of business. There's so many ways we can make a million that I don't know how to begin."

The next morning Silver meets me at the hotel and he is all serene and stirred with a kind of a silent joy.

"We're to meet J. P. Morgan this afternoon," says he. "A man I know in the hotel wants to introduce us. He's a

friend of his. He says he likes to meet people from the West."

"That sounds nice and plausible," says I. "I'd like to know Mr. Morgan."

"It won't hurt us a bit," says Silver, "to get acquainted with a few finance kings. I kind of like the social way New York has with strangers."

The man Silver knew was named Klein. At three o'clock Klein brought his Wall Street friend to see us in Silver's room. "Mr. Morgan" looked some like his pictures, and he had a Turkish towel wrapped around his left foot, and he walked with a cane.

"Mr. Silver and Mr. Pescod," says Klein. "It sounds superficial," says he, "to mention the name of the greatest financial —"

"Cut it out, Klein," says Mr. Morgan. "I'm glad to know you gents; I take great interest in the West. Klein tells me you're from Little Rock. I think I've a railroad or two out there somewhere. If either of you guys would like to deal a hand or two of stud poker I —"

"Now, Pierpont," cuts in Klein, "you forget!"

"Excuse me, gents!" says Morgan; "since I've had the gout so bad I sometimes play a social game of cards at my house. Neither of you never knew One-eyed Peters, did you, while you was around Little Rock? He lived in Seattle, New Mexico."

Before we could answer, Mr. Morgan hammers on the floor with his cane and begins to walk up and down, swearing in a loud tone of voice.

"They have been ponding your stocks to-day on the Street, Pierpont?" asks Klein smiling.

"Stocks! No!" roars Mr. Morgan. "It's that picture I sent an agent to Europe to buy. I just thought about it. He cabled me to-day that it ain't to be found in all Italy. I'd pay \$50,000 to-morrow for that picture — yes, \$75,000. I give the agent a *causie* in purchasing it. I cannot understand why the art galleries will allow a De Vinchy to —"

"Why, Mr. Morgan," says Klein; "I thought you owned all of the De Vinchy paintings!"

"What is the picture like, Mr. Morgan?" asks Silver. "It must be as big as the side of the Flatiron Building."

"I'm afraid your art education is on the lam, Mr. Silver," says Morgan. "The picture is 27 inches by 42; and it is called 'Love's Idle Hour.' It represents a number of clock models doing the two-step on the bank of a purple river. The cubism said it might have been brought to this country. My collection will never be complete without that picture. Well, so long, gents; us financiers must keep early hours."

Mr. Morgan and Klein went away together in a cab. Me and Silver talked about how simple and unsuspecting great people was; and Silver said what a shame it would be to try to rob a man like Morgan; and I said I thought it would be rather imprudent, myself. Klein proposes a stroll after dinner; and me and him and Silver walks down toward Seventh Avenue to see the sights. Klein sees a pair of cuff links that instigate his admiration in a pawnshop window, and we all go in while he buys 'em.

After we got back to the hotel and Klein had gone, Silver jumps at me and waves his hands.

"Did you see it?" says he. "Did you see it, Billy?"

"What?" I asks.

"Why, that picture that Morgan wants. It's hanging in that pawnshop behind the desk. I didn't say anything because Klein was there. It's the article sure as you live. The girls are as natural as paint can make them, all measuring 36 and 25 and 42 skirts, if they had any skirts, and they're doing a back-swinging on the bank of a river with the blues. What did Mr. Morgan say he'd give for it? Oh, don't make me tell you. They can't know what it is in that pawnshop."

When the pawnshop opened the next morning me and Silver was standing there as anxious as if we wanted to ask

our Sunday suit to buy a drink. We sauntered inside, and began to look at watch-chains.

"That's a violent specimen of a chrome you've got up there," remarked Silver, casual, to the pawnbroker. "But I kind of enthuse over the girl with the shoulder-blades and red hunting. Would an offer of \$2.25 for it cause you to knock over any fragile articles of your stock in hurrying it off the shelf?"

The pawnbroker smiles and goes on showing us plate watch-chains.

"That picture," says he, "was pledged a year ago by an Italian gentleman. I loaned him \$500 on it. It is called 'Love's Idle Hour,' and it is by Leonardo de Vinci. Two days ago the legal time expired, and it became an unredeemed

pledge. Here is a style of chain that is worn a great deal now."

At the end of half an hour me and Silver paid the pawnbroker \$2,000 and walked out with the picture. Silver got into a cab with it and started for Morgan's office. I goes to the hotel and waits for him. In two hours Silver comes back.

"Did you see Mr. Morgan?" I asks.

"How much did he pay you for it?"

Silver sits down and fobs with a tassel on the table cover.

"I never exactly saw Mr. Morgan," he says, "because Mr. Morgan's been in Europe for a month. But what's worrying me, Billy, is this: The department stores have all got that same picture on sale, framed, for \$3.48. And they charge \$3.50 for the frame alone—that's what I can't understand."

## SEE?

If one proves weak when you fancied strong,  
Or false whom you fancied true,  
Just ease the smart of your wounded heart  
With the thought that it is not you.

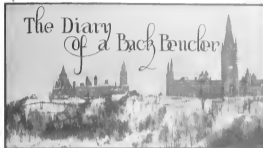
If many forget a promise made,  
And your faith falls into the dust,  
Then look meanwhile in your mirror, and smile,  
And say, "I am one to trust."

If you search in vain for an ageing face  
Unharrowed by fretful fears,  
Then take right now, and keep, your vow  
To grow in grace with the years.

If you lose your faith in the word of man,  
As you go from the port of youth,  
Just say as you sail, "I will not fail  
To keep to the course of Truth."

For this is the way, and the only way;  
At least so it seems to me.  
It is up to you to be, and do,  
What you look for in others, See?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *Cornell's Magazine*.



By Paul E. Bilkey

*This is the diary of "Another" Back-Bencher. In the last issue we printed the musings of a manufacturer M. P. This time it is a small town business-man, who has apparently succeeded in winning a seat in Parliament by the usual "miracle." He is "new" in some ways, and stupid as a stone in others. He is of a type that only occasionally arrives in the House of Commons, fortunately, and yet all those who know the Sessional crowd at the Capital will recognize this character.*

THEY say this is to be the fighting session. I got it from one of the messengers this morning. He seems to know a lot more than I do about what's going on. He says the session would last till midsummer or longer if it weren't for the Imperial Conference in June. He says he's sorry about the Conference, because the longer the session lasts the more money he gets. Personally, I'd rather see the thing wind up next week. I calculated on making a good thing out of it this year, but things cost too much here in Ottawa and if I get away with two thousand of "the indemnity" clear, I'll do well. Then there's that letter from Ebenezer Biggs, secretary of the Root Growers' Association

down home. He talks about bringing up a deputation. That would mean giving them a lunch somewhere and would cost like fun. I must try and steer them off.

The messenger told me a lot of funny things about the people on the Hill. He says that old John Holder, who looks after the Parliament Buildings at night, has his head simply bulging with recollections that would put a lot of people into queer holes if he ever told. I must look up Holder.

Found a new boarding house to-day. They charged me three dollars a week for my other room, and I had to pay! Now, I've a place in Lower Town for a dollar and a quarter a week and I'll get my meals at a lunch counter. I can send

my laundry home in small parcels and it won't cost me anything. I can frank the parcels. It's a terror the way some of the fellows spend their indemnities. I don't see what they come here for at all. There's some of them that don't make a cent out of it.

Sam, the messenger, says there's going to be a general economic readjustment in Great Britain and the whole of North America. I looked up "economic" and "readjustment." That fellow seems to know a lot about the things that old George Foster and Lyon Mackenzie-King, and some of those other men in front, are always talking about. I must have some more talks with Sam and see what it's all about. He says there's a general movement to bring about a "proper relation between production and consumption." I'll get him to explain that. Wish he'd use words a Member of Parliament could understand without everlastingly having to sneak into the library and dig up the dictionary. Sam got me into trouble the other day too. He told me the Government was paying more money for loans in England than they would have to pay on the continent of Europe. I told him it wasn't so. As matter of fact I didn't know whether it was or not, but I wanted to give him an idea that I knew. He wanted to bet me that it was true, but I wouldn't bet, and he said he supposed I was afraid of E.H. Miller, who put the nice track Gambling Bill through, would have me arrested. He said if I wanted to make sure I could ask a question in the House. I let him write out a question, and sent it in to the clerk and it appeared in the "Votes and Proceedings" among the notices. First thing I knew, along comes the whip, wanting to know what in Sam Hill I was trying to do. He said I would have to drop the question, and he said a lot of other things that I wouldn't take from anybody else. Well, when the clerk read out the question yesterday I answered: "dropped," and the Opposition laughed. I asked the man next to me what they were laughing at and he told me to go up and fall off the tower. If we hadn't been in the House at the time I'd have punched him. I told Sam about

it and he said to lay for him outside, but I guess I'll let it rest. I'm not the sort of man to nurse a grievance.

It's real handy sometimes being a Member of Parliament. I'd have lost a good cow if I hadn't happened to be here. Got word that the cow was sick. They couldn't make out what was wrong with it down home and no more could I when I read about its doings. Never heard of a cow acting up like that before. I watched my chance and when the Minister of Agriculture wasn't busy I went down and told him about the cow. 'Thought I worked it rather cleverly too. Asked him how Mrs. Fisher was and that sort of thing before I mentioned about the cow. He looked a bit queer at first, got red and laughed, but when I asked him about the cow he seemed to know all about it. Told me to go down to a man in the Department and he'd tell me just what to do. I went down and got some good pointers and the cow's cured. But when I told Sam about it his eyes started to stick out of his head. He says there isn't any Mrs. Fisher and never was.

They put me on the Railway Committee again. I always like the Railway Committee meetings. There's usually a row over something. I always sit near the back of the room and light my pipe. We had a lot of fun last session shouting "curried" when people were up on the platform opposing bills. I don't see myself why bills should be opposed. If people want to build railways where's the harm? And yet you see the Members getting up and fighting like fury about "extensions" and "capitalisations" and "blanketing" and bonds and perpetual franchises and a lot of things that nobody cares about. I never could see what "blanket charters" or "entering stock" has to do with a railway. The trouble with most of these men is that they don't rightly understand the proposal of the railway promoters whose bill they happen to be talking about. I always do because I got it straight from the men who bring in the bills. They come and tell you all you want to know. When a bill is coming up there's always a lawyer or somebody

around who knows all about it and will talk it over with you in the committee room or "Sixteen" (that's the bumbling room for the Liberals) or somewhere else, beforehand. It's simply a question of having the facts and I don't see how anybody can be supposed to know the facts better than the man who are going to build the road. It makes me tired to have to sit up there in the Railway Committee till one o'clock when I want to get out to lunch, and have somebody getting off a long speech about "franchise-grabbers" and things that I can't be for the life of me find in reading over the bill. It would be a lot simpler and save trouble if these people would get the facts beforehand and make up their minds how they're going to vote before they go into the committee room. The wonder to me is that George Graham, the Minister of Railways, stands for so much opposition, and yet sometimes he almost sides with the kickers. Of course when he says he leaves it to the judgment of the committee, I vote the way I've promised just the same. That's the proper way, I think. A man should use his own judgment, always.

Wonderful what some men will do around here to save a little money! There's one man sits across the way from me who's so mean he won't even let the page lace up his file of "Hansard" for him. Laces them up himself. He's an old man too, been a member for years and years, and his knuckles have got twisted with rheumatism so that he can hardly do the trick. But he sticks at it, sometimes for a whole sitting, till he gets it done. He's Scotch. I'm Scotch myself, but I'm not "mean." I always give the page something at the end of the session. Last year I gave him fifteen cents and a fountain pen that I got from the Government Stationery Office. It was a self-filler too, although the filler wouldn't work, and I couldn't get any ink into the blame thing.

Wish I had all the money that my constituents spend on postage stamps to send letters to me. Down home they seem to think I have nothing to do but run around doing errands for them. It keeps

me on the jump going around the Departments finding out things for the fellows who say they voted for me. I know darn well that some of them didn't vote for me at all, but may be they will next time. I sent home a geography to the children. Got it from the Interior Department. They must have shown it around at school, because a few days later I began getting luncches of letters every day asking for geographies. The list grew so long that I was almost afraid to ask for the books. I went to Mr. Oliver about it. (I shall not go to him again). Then I went down to the Department and turned in the bunch of letters and I guess the books were delivered all right. Hope nobody hears about that cow cure.

It isn't always easy to get things in the Departments though, and some of the officials are a lot too fresh. The other day I went over to the West Block and told a man I wanted to see the Minister.

"Can't be done," says he.

"Do you know who I am?" I demanded, getting a little mad.

"No," says he, "and what's more —"

"I'm a member of Parliament," said I, drawing myself up and sticking out my chest a little. It won't go very far.

"The woods are full of them," says the fellow.

I was so angry that I walked right away.

There's a man in the House who can talk Gaelic—something I can't do myself. His name is Tolmie—John Tolmie. He's a popular man, Tolmie is. He was about the only man in the House, they say, who understood the speech that the late D. C. Fraser once delivered in Gaelic. Some man on the other side had annoyed the big fellow from Guysboro. He stood up and poured out a stream of pure Gaelic, and Tolmie nearly fell on the floor. "You little rat," Fraser was saying, "if you come outside I'll punch your ugly little head off." I think myself that Fraser was taking a risk. I, myself, would never attack a fellow member in that way. There's always the chance that he might happen to understand, or that

someone might tell him afterward. Fraser, though, was a very big man.

Parliament is becoming more honest. Since the disclosures in the Printing Bureau a number of Members have abandoned concealment. There is Henry Hecton Miller for instance. He has come out from behind his moustache. They say it interrupted his flow of speech, but I never noticed myself that it hampered him much. Sam says it's a haremood attempt by Miller to look like the Minister of Justice, although, he says, he doesn't think Miller ought to carry his resentment that far. (I can't always understand Sam). I talked the matter over with a fellow in "Sixteen" the other day and he said it was one of the most startling exposures ever made in the House of Commons. I afterwards found out that he wasn't a friend of Miller. Then there's Turfitt, of Assiniboia. He had quite a growth last session and it's gone, too. Sam says Turfitt did it so that H. R. Ames wouldn't recognize him, but I can't see for my part what Ames has got to do with it. Ames would be sure to know him again anyhow. He's hard to get rid of when he once gets after you. I see that the Minister of Inland Revenue has cut his off. Left it behind in Victoria, Sam says. Cigars, Sam says, go a long way, when you haven't a moustache. Queer fellow, Sam! But I must say that our side of the House looks a lot younger since the barbers got busy, but there's still quite a large crop waiting to be harvested. They told me that the Minister of Customs had shaved off his beard but I find it isn't so. They said last year that Sir Frederick Borden had given up his side whiskers, but that turned out to be only one more of the unfounded allegations against the Minister.

There aren't enough sofas in "Sixteen." I'm going to speak to Pugsley about it. That's one good thing about Pugsley. He'll always listen to you when you want something. Wish all the Ministers were like him. I don't believe the things the Opposition fellows say against Pugsley. I was glad to hear him deny them all. Some of the fellows on the other side don't seem to believe him. There's

Crocket for instance. He's always hothering Pugsley, just when I want an extra sofa in "Sixteen." I think when a man gives a denial that ought to settle it. It ought to be a rule of the House. Then there would be no more attacks on Pugsley. I have listened to a lot of his denials and they have shown me just how lucky a man can keep his record. It's lucky for him though that he did keep it clean and is able to say he didn't do the things they say he did. It always cheers me up when he dares those fellows to come on and bring their lawsuits or make their charges, personally, against him. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier said he was proud of Pugsley, I tell you I was too! I just felt like a hero. I'd have voted down any of their old resolutions—but about that sofa. It's hard to sit around, hour after hour, waiting to vote, and a man ought to be able to lie down and have a little sleep while the debates are going on. If those fellows in the front row like to go on talking, day after day, why I say, let them, but why should I have to hang around and listen to a lot of things I don't understand? That's why there ought to be more sofas. There are a few in "Sixteen," but some of our men seem to think they own them and I never get a chance. Guess I'll mention it to the chief whip—Pardee, first. If the whips want to keep us here they ought to provide us with proper conveniences. Now there was that debate on the Address from the Throne. There I had to sit and listen to a lot of talk about disloyal appeal down there in Drummond and Arthabaska where our candidate got beaten. I don't know much about these things myself, but I'd be prepared to bet that if there was anything wrong the other side did it. Anyway I can't see why they should want to deny it, seeing that they got their man in. All this talk about "Nationalism" makes me tired. I'm a man that can size things up pretty well for myself, and I say that if these Quebec fellows want to call themselves Nationalists, why let them. So long as the Government stays in power what does it matter? We got our indemnities just the same, and if there's going to be a big war I guess it

won't be in our time. I say, let the future take care of itself. It has done alright so far. Sam says I don't know what I'm talking about, but he doesn't know *everything* himself. When it comes to judging a Cotnam for instance, I can put rings around him. But if I don't know all about this Quebec business, it just shows how foolish it is to have these debates, which is what I've been saving all along. I'll speak about that sofa to-day.

That fellow Lapoint has an easy job I'd like something of that sort, only there ought to be someone else to do the writing. Lapoint is the Assistant Clerk of the House. I figure out that if he weren't there the Clerk, what's his name? Flint—would have to do the work himself. It's handy to have an assistant, but Lapoint would be more comfortable if he could nuss the stuff on to someone else. Perhaps it isn't as good a thing as I thought. He has to stay in the House almost all the time while we "Members" can go out anytime when there isn't a vote coming on, and enjoy himself. So long as he puts in an appearance each day he's all right. Of course, I don't believe in this business of taking the money for days when you haven't been in your seat. It doesn't seem right to me somehow. Takes a little nerve too, because one of these days someone will get tripped and then there'll be the devil of a row. There's too much risk of discovery for me to take a chance like that. I'll get my indemnity honestly or not at all.

They say that Flint, the Clerk of the House, used to be a Member of Parliament—came from down east, Nova Scotia or one of those places. (I used to think before I came here that Nova Scotia was the capital of Prince Edward Island. Fortunately, I found out in time. It just shows how a man's got to be on the alert around here). But Flint secured a good job, and why couldn't I? There's a lot of work around the Government's Experimental Farm that I could do. These "House" jobs are better though. There's six months of recess when you haven't much to do, and even if you do have to show up at your office during the session, the pay is way ahead of anything out home. I

used to think the only way to get money was to work for it. That's the notion down home, but here a man gets a *bono* outlook.

I mentioned to Sam the other day that I thought I'd ask one of the Ministers about getting a good job. There are times when I simply cannot regard Sam as a sincere friend. I can stand a frank expression of opinion as well as any man, but as an elder I object to profanity. He swears. I don't think his remarks, coarse as they were, apply much more to me than to a lot of people who have succeeded in getting jobs. Sam is the party organizer in our district, by the way, and a messenger during the Session. He says it would be healthier for me to forget about the jobs and look after my constituency. He says that Long Peter, my Conservative opponent down home, is getting his work in down there while I'm here in Ottawa attending to my legislative duties. I told him I could lick Long Peter and so I am in a straight fight, but Peter was always a reckless and extravagant man and has a habit of going around the riding spending his money in being what they call "a good fellow." (It's his own money too). Now I don't believe in that. It's bribery, and the election law ought to stop it. If I went around the way he does I'd be out of pocket—indemnity and all. If I can't carry the riding without what I regard as an illegal expenditure of money, I'll stay at home. It's all very well when the campaign is really on and the parties send a few thousands into the riding for purely legitimate expenses, but this business of sneaking around spending one's own money is in my opinion—most reprehensible. Long Peter will find he has enough to do when the fight is on and he'd better keep his money tight then. Would you believe it, the organization and campaign expenses in my riding at the last election totalled up to seven thousand four hundred and fifty-one dollars and fifty-one cents. Of course the county was well organized, the party lending me some good men. I didn't go over the accounts myself, but they told me the seven thousand and four hundred and fifty-one dollars—

was for hiring halls and printing and one thing and another like that. I think myself I might have done it for less, but probably they'd have wanted back anything that wasn't spent, so perhaps it's just as well.

But I'm not so slow as Sam seems to think. He doesn't know about my conversation with Pugsley. I went to Pugsley to-day as bold as you please and spoke to him about that sofa. He laughed at first and seemed to think I was joking, but when he found there was no joke about it, he at once took an interest in the matter. He admitted that he had never had the subject brought to his personal notice before, and thanked me for mentioning it. Said he would have it attended to without delay as soon as he had disposed of one or two other matters of rather pressing importance. He asked me a lot of questions about my riding, seemed to think it was on the lakeshore and asked me about the wharf accommodations. I had to explain that we are a long way from the lake. He seemed much out at first. I mentioned the creek that runs down back of the tannery and he asked me if the people were likely to petition for a wharf. I said I hardly thought there was room for a wharf unless the creek was widened at the point where the wharf was to be built. I also mentioned that in July and August the creek dried up. (I thought he looked at me a little significantly for a moment). Anyhow he changed the subject and asked me whether any repairs were needed to the post-office. Had to tell him that Hyman had built a new post office only a few

years ago but that the Custom House in our town was a tumble-down old place and we needed a new sidewalk on the front street. He said he was afraid the sidewalk was a matter for municipal action, but he'd look into the matter of the custom house and was glad of my bringing it to his attention. He asked me to let him know what the custom receipts at the office for the last few years were so he would have some data (think that was the stuff) to go on. I looked it up in the blue-book to-day but couldn't find any mention of any receipts. Told Pugsley. He said, "Ah, well, we'll have to see what we can do!" Fine fellow, Pugsley.

Well, I don't much care about Long Peter anyhow. I've been looking up the report of the Auditor-General and I see a way of getting a dollar or two even if I do get left at the elections. There's old Keneo—or whatever his name is, who used to sit next me. He's out now and I see he's making lots of money—selling things to the Government. I might do that. Or I might, perhaps, get a job conducting an investigation. There's that fellow that made all those pest investigations for the Government. I was reading over his expenses this afternoon while Markenzie King was making a speech to the House about something or other. There's quite a chunk for cab hire. Now why couldn't I do something like that? I don't know anything about next, but I could ride in the cabs. I asked Sam if he thought it was usual to drive to a next box in a cab, but he says it all depends upon the situation of the box. Queer fellow. Sam!

*To be continued.*

## TO A JILT.

If handsome is as handsome does,  
As handsome hath been said to be,  
Why, you're the handsomest ever was,  
For you have "done me" handsomely!

—London Opinion.

## In the Waiting Room

By

Helen E. Williams

THE woman waited. You could see that the strain of waiting was telling on her strength. Her face was drawn. Her attitude was tense. The wind outside drove the snow with sudden fury against the window and then retreated, muttering. Lights began to glimmer in the streets outside the hospital. A few pedestrians, heads down to the cold gusts, hurried past. The stampeding winter air charged upon the walls of the great building again and pressed hard on the glass of the waiting-room window. The storm crooned and wept and shouted in some haunted cranny of the building overhead, near the roof outside. The woman heard nothing. Her eyes were haggard.

Everything in the waiting-room of the great institution had been carefully selected to convey cheerfulness, and yet it was so cheerful as to defeat its own aim. Certainly it was not cheerful to the woman. To her, as to most of the world, nothing could be more discouraging than this cheerfulness. In a dull way she found herself hating the room as she sat there. She thought vaguely of the hundreds who must have sat waiting within those four walls. The walls must have extracted from each of them something of the history, the personality, the emotions of each. They must have heard thousands of messages from the mysterious, iodine-smelling rooms beyond the turn in the main corridor, where

some died, some recovered, and some—merely lingered on toward indefinite, inevitable death. The woman wondered with still melancholy what the message for her would be—what would be the result of the operation. She caught herself folding her hands, mentally and physically, and preparing for the worst they could tell her of her son.

The door opened and a young man was admitted, like one of the style which is generally called "nec." His face was fresh. His eyes were bright. He removed his coat and commenced an inspection of the room with his eyes. They were nervous eyes. He was whistling the while the air of a little tune, over and over again. That, too, was nervousness. And yet he was very cheerful. The woman watched him go to the window and look out at the storm, smiling to himself. Wheeling suddenly, he met her glance.

"Awful bore, this waiting," he remarked, crossing the floor and taking a chair nearer hers. "Don't you think so?"

"There are—worse things," replied the woman in a low voice.

"Been waiting long?" with a swift glance that comprehended her strained white face, and the alarming costume.

"Some hours. It is my son. I will know very soon now."

He made a little sound of sympathy and his eyes expressed that he understood what the waiting meant for her. "An operation?" he asked.

"Appendicitis. And he is not very strong..."

"George, that's rough! But he'll pull through. I've been there myself. Pretty low, I was, too. But now—you see?—hard as nails!"

He looked it. The woman saw his eyes seek the door.

"You, too, are waiting to—to hear of someone?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, though he appeared almost as though he had not heard the question, and when

he spoke again it was with reference to the woman's son again.

"It is not so much a question of vitality," he went on, after a moment's abstraction, "as the determination not to knuckle down. I know a girl who's been ill mostly all her life, but she'll never admit she can't do everything anybody else can do. I never knew a person that was so—so alive. It's as good as a tonic just to see her. You would think, to hear her talk, that she was the most fortunate girl about. She takes her medicine—and it's the hottest kind, too—without a whine. And when she's struck to earth she struggles up—and on again—pluckiest kind of a sport—she is."

The woman seemed hardly to hear what he said.

"My son's constitution is poor," she answered. "He gives up easily. That is what terrifies me so—that he will die just because he does not cure enough to live. He was always like that. All through school he could have done things if he only would. I used to tell him: 'Anson, I'd say, 'it all lies with yourself.' But he paid no attention. I could see for him, but I could not make him do. It is that that makes me anxious now. He gives up so easily. And he is my last."

"Wish you could see this girl I was telling you about. Lately, she's not been quite so well, which means she is pretty bad. But, Lord! you'd think there was a festival going on at her bedside. She's kept the whole ward cheerful. They are fairly shamed into smiles when she takes things so well. Whenever I see her, I wish everyone who is in trouble could see her, too. It would do them good. Talk about religion! She's it! Always just the same. Always sunny. But her eyes—they give her away. They hurry—hurry. They never catch up with all the beautiful things she sees in life. They want—they want to live so. And yet your son, you say, does not? Mighty rum world, now, isn't it?"

Again he looked toward the door, and again left his chair and walked about, while the voice of the tempest outside shook windows.

"He's sure to back!" he told the woman, coming back to her side of the room. "You just take my word for it, he'll be all right."

"If—Oh, if I could only believe that! But so many things have been taken from me. I am afraid—afraid. You are young. You don't know. It would be different if it were only one's self, but one lives in one's friends, one's family. When they die—I die too. All but the shell."

"It's all in the way you accustom yourself to look at it," said the boy. "If you think of yourself only, it is, as you say, beastly hard lines. If you take a larger view, you see that somehow everything works out to the good—at least, that's what this girl thinks. She is always quoting Glider's 'The Light Lies on the Farthest Hills.' That's her gospel."

"Tell me more about her. It will keep me from thinking—and there's something about her that—"

"You notice it, too?" his face lighting. "But I'm not surprised. That's the way she wants people to feel about her. She'd like to feel, she says, that she was still living in us. Rather responsible it makes a fellow. But she'd do her part, trust her! She's not much but spirit now, I tell you, just to be near her, is a benediction."

"Is there no hope for her?" and, she added before he could reply, "Is it she you are waiting to hear about?"

Before he could answer there was a rustle of starched dresses outside the door. A nurse entered with quiet swiftness and crossed to the woman, who rose, trembling in every limb.

"Your son has passed successfully through the operation. The doctors believe there is every hope for his recovery."

She turned to the boy, and lowering her voice, "Your sister," she said, "died seven minutes ago."

## The Human Side of a Bank

By

### A Nervous Depositor

**D**ID you ever consider the perfect stillness of a Canadian Bank? It is one of the most remarkable institutions in the world. Everything else hurries. Observe that business corner, — Portage and Main, or Queen and Yonge, or McGill and St. James, or Granville Street, or Barrington Street. See the people hurrying past, bumping into one another, trying to keep out of one another's way, and running for street cars. They pant. They clutch their purses. They, poor souls, are doctors, lawyers, merchants, factory owners, and some even may be farmers caught in the toil and trouble of a city. One or two are perhaps financiers, like Mackenzie and Mann, or like Honorable George Cox; and the rest are real estate agents. What are they all hurrying about? Is it to see a sick friend, or to take home a lost child, or to go back and apologize to the street car conductor for having abused him unnecessarily? No. It is to gather the fruit of the Tree—Money.

For—only figuratively speaking, of course—there is continually falling from the skies a rain of money. It is the money, which people are continually throwing up in the air, into speculation and things—descending to earth again. The other people, knowing that it is bound to come back, are rushing to the respective points where they, in their respective wisdom and limited opportunity, think that most of it is likely to fall. To some it falls in the form of wages, to others, in the form of salaries, to others in the form of bonuses, directors' fees and shareholders' dividends, and to

others as legacies from deceased aunts. That is why everybody is hurrying. The only people that don't hurry are burglars and yegg men—who very wisely let other people run after the money and place it in neat and convenient parcels, which may be carried away swiftly—and the banks. The banks are respectable.

Amidst all the turmoil, they are perfectly still, or they seem to be. It is like the stillness of the Sphinx. It is like the midnight stillness of a dark cellar when you stand, scantily clad, at the top of the stairs, holding your breath and clutching a parasol, preparatory to descending and giving the imaginary burglar who is hiding among the preserve jars, the fright of his life. It is like the stillness of a clock that won't go. It is like—but, that is enough.

Impassible, inexorable, undefeatable, indefatigable, and in several other ways, the bank sits with its arms folded, holding down the best business corners in the country. It has whole bins of money inside. It keeps its money as a man would keep his coal, except that the bins are locked. People come to it, coaxing, pleading, smiling, wooing, praying to it, kissing its garments, and so on. Upon the rich, it smiles a little, remembering that the rich are sometimes crooked, and sometimes lose their money; upon the poor it frowns charitably, and on the industries it beams encouragement at three and one half per centum per annum. But when it has loaned you money, the spell is cast over you. You can feel its fingers on your young and tender spine, and, so to speak, it unbinds its jaw like Marley's ghost, and shows you

the cavern into which many a good man has fallen.

Now, roughly speaking, that is the inhuman side of banks. Everybody knows it. It is no divorce *non-a-diva*. And one is forced to add to this statement that the Canadian banking system is responsible for nearly all, if not all, prosperity of the nation—the rest of the credit being due to the Liberal Administration in Ottawa.

The system is an absolute monarchy to be sure. But then it has always been conceded that absolute monarchs make the best kind of rulers, provided they are good. And in this respect we are again forced to state that the Canadian Bankers' Association is composed of none but the good and holy and wise. The word "*vive*" should be in italics.

But the mystery of mysteries about banks in Canada is that they are after all perfectly human. The general managers are among the most worthy men of the land. No doubt the buying of Christmas presents makes even them lean of pocket. The local managers are among the most valuable citizens. They are nice men. Their wives are nice, and they have been known to have babies that cried. The local manager will even make friends with you cautiously, and lend you a little money—perhaps. But on that score be warned. When a bank lends you money—on the best of security, of course—do not be flattered. Run for afternoon next year, because you probably have a face like an alderman, and it would be well to make the most of it. But do not be flattered. You must be a most innocuous person. Your simplicity must show on your face. It must be quite evident that you have not imagination enough to run away with the money, and not enough brains to secure your indebtedness. Of course, you should not want to. But some in this world do. They are very clever men. If the bank lends you money it shows that you do not look like one of them.

The key to the mystery of the Canadian banks is to be found in the peculiar form of competition between them. Many people are inclined to say that there is no competition at all, and that the bank

that tries to secure more business by giving a higher rate on deposits, or by any other radical means, to secure business, is at once subjected to the discomfort of having no clearing house privileges. People say that the Canadian Bankers' Association is a money trust. And yet if you were to ask a bank man he would insist that there is the keenest of competition between the various banks, and if you pursue the question further, you will learn the somewhat remarkable fact that the reason by which one bank scores against another is—the Canadian Bank Man.

Of course, the rule does not always hold true. But in a vast majority of cases, the junior of average intelligence and education who is taken into the employ of a bank is judged very largely on the questions: What sort of a man will he prove in a social way? Will he be a man whose family name will give him a ready "entrée" to the "best circles," the wealthiest houses? Will he be a man the fame of whose family's wealth or accomplishment, or respectability, will ensure his being accepted in the best drawing-rooms? Has he a good address? Is he good looking? Is he careful about his appearance? In short, will he be able to meet the class of people who make good customers for the bank, and gain their confidence? Now the bank men of Canada will no doubt deny that this is taken seriously into consideration. The very men who employ the juniors, who accept a trembling candidate fresh from Upper Canada, and send him flying off to some forsaken town to look after "collections" at four dollars a week, may deny it. Yet, it is true.

It is nothing against the banks. It is merely an interesting point. Some people would object that there should be more competition between the banks than the mere selection of men who are calculated to bring business. But that is neither here nor there. The bank men of Canada are on the whole a splendid body of men. They have a social standing which is utterly different from the standing of the same men in England. The banks try as much as possible to select the men who will be able, as we have said before,



PURSUING AN ELUSIVE "ONE CENT"

UP ONE COLOUR AND DOWN, AGAIN

Drawing by T. G. GREYS

to mix with people of wealth, inspire their confidence, and secure their business.

Bank men have been mischaracterized on this very account. In small towns, parochial souls are wont to turn up their noses at the young men who are "down at the bank," and who dress well, and act the part of the elite of the town. The bank man's ease in dress and manners are often made the subject of a joke. But it is no joke. Out of the pittance a junior receives, and out of the none too fat salaries which the senior man receives, they are expected to dress well, belong to a tennis club or bowling club or some social organization in the town, and in short—to keep up the bank's end in those walks of life where there is money.

Of course, there are bank men who do not do this. Caught early, buried in their ledgers, perpetually weary from pursuing an elusive "one cent," or "ten cents," or "a dollar and nine cents," up one column and down again, and around the corner of the page, some are apt to forget this phase of their work. They become, probably the best workers in the bank. Their work is neat and accurate and quickly done. They are reliable. But when it comes to going out and mixing, they fail. They are quiet fellows, or timid, or perhaps the countenance which the bank thought they promised to develop when they were taken on at sixteen years of age, has not arrived. For them there may be inside positions or head office places of great responsibility.

Another man has grown up to be more or less of a bore. He cannot dance. He cannot make conversation on small things. But he has a family. Or his family, such as it was, has "money," and is "somebody" where it came from. Such a man may go "out." By dint of hard work he keeps his place in society, and people looking around at him at Mrs. So and So's bridge, say "Yes," with a sigh. "Yes, that remarkably clever looking man is Huxton-Bromley of the Imperial Bank of Commerce," or "That is Lemville-Smith—You know? Smith's son-in-law. Four millions. Yes. In his own right."

But a third bank man is probably nothing but a "good head," with a decent

family history and a modest education. Presently, the inspector in his rounds begins to notice that young Johnson has a nice manner, a good address, and is not bad to look at. He makes a note of Johnson. After a while he may promote him and watch him again. It is just possible that he may have been mistaken. The fellow may have a nice manner and all that, but he perhaps lacks judgment. The inspector has little ways of seeing these things. So he finds young Johnson as less than he expected, and puts him in a position where the special qualities will work to the best interests of the bank, but where he won't run the risk of getting the bank into trouble—though the only person of course who can really lose is young Johnson himself, the bank being protected by the bonding company.

But perhaps young Johnson proves not only to have a pleasing personality but sound judgment. By and by he gets a small management. It is in a country town. There are retired farmers with money to deposit, hiding in the woods roundabout. It is Johnson's duty to get the farmer to deposit all the money he can. He may be called upon to make a few loans—in that case he will probably ask the applicant to wait a little while until he gets time to ask a few casual questions of some well-posted lawyer of the town, concerning the worldly worth and the character of this applicant. Then he may or may not grant the loan. It won't be more than a thousand, anyway. Anything larger than that probably has to be passed upon by head office.

But he is after the business of the farmers. He does not go and ask for it; he never mentions business outside the office. He is merely careful in accepting invitations to tea. He is tactful. If he is unmarried he is as nice to the daughters of the prospective depositors as it is safe to be. He goes to fairs. He attends tea meetings. He makes little speeches, perhaps, after the pastor and the reverend. He asks about the sick and—on day he has to hand out a five-dollar subscription to the football team, next, money to the football or the lacrosse club, then to the

hockey club and so on. The bank allows him nothing for this, but he does it. He reaps his harvest afterwards—perhaps. The people he has been nice to decide to change their account. They like him, and they like that little accountant of his, and the little junior in the office. So the branch is able to report an increase in deposits.

Johnson probably didn't like it. He probably hated being the big frog in the little puddle, but he has done his duty, and supposing the inspector to be any sort of a good head, which he probably isn't, Johnson gets a chance at a better branch.

This time, perhaps, it is a branch where there is more lending to be done, and less fostering of deposits. The first place was perhaps in some old Ontario town where the money is being held, and where little is being invested in new ventures. The second place is probably out West, where the bank has to lend.

This is the test of Johnson. The inspector watches him. He guesses what kind of friends the man will make. He sees him making friends carefully and with good judgment, so that the friend becomes a friend of the bank, but a safe friend—not one who is liable to become an applicant for loans which the bank could not very well grant. Johnson does his part well. He is nice to everyone, even to the indigent. But he keeps always a little barrier of reserve between himself and everyone. It is a reserve which, if Johnson is careful, nobody sees until it is necessary to say, "No. I am sorry. We could not accept that business."

Thus, then, Johnson becomes a weapon in the hands of the bank against the other banks. Everything else is equal. His competitor can, as a rule, offer no better terms than Johnson, and offer no inducement save courtesy and considerate treatment. The man in the other bank—no doubt he bowls with Johnson every

evening during the summer—lacks tact, loses his temper, says graceless things, makes a blunder, can't take a joke. His bank loses business. Johnson's gains.

Johnson becomes an influence in the community. He is a good fellow, but not too good. He is a mixer, but a wise mixer. He is alert. He inspires confidence. He does not boast of his bank. He merely stands calmly there as a personal guarantee of its integrity. He looks down on the junior, trying to board himself, and keep his collars clean, and belong to the tennis club—on four dollars a week. He feels sorry for the junior, but he knows that he once did it himself. It is good for the boy. He sees the junior invited out to tea at the houses of pretty daughters, and sees the little devil strut as though he really had all the money which is mentioned in gold letters on the windows of the bank. And he grins. He knows it is good for the bank, and won't hurt the boy. Only perhaps, when he overhears the junior telling the junior in the bank across the road that he simply can't afford to take such-and-such a girl to the Methodist garden party, because he scarcely has enough to pay for his laundry this week, and the folks at home have shut down on his allowance and his cigarettes—then has Johnson a twinge of a painful memory. He knows all the good times he used to have when he was a popular junior, and he recalls the fact that he, too, had to weigh carefully the problem of returning hospitality by asking the girl to a "garden party." But he looks at the letters from head office and his official signature. He observes the polished top of his own managerial desk, and if he is at all a human manager, and the junior is at all worth it, he "boasts" the youngster in his report to head office, in the hope that he may get a move and a raise, or at least an increase, so that he may be able to buy that ticket for the garden party, or get out of town.



# The Best from the Current Magazines



## BANKRUPT TURKEY.

**A**LLEN UPWARD, writing in *The Forum*, under the heading "Bankrupt Turkey," paints a very unpleasant picture of that nation, and jeers at the efforts of the Young Turks to re-organise the Turkish Empire. For two years, he says, Europe has been looking on at one of the most extraordinary comedies ever put on the international stage. A government without courage, without honesty, without ability, and without good intentions, has been allowed to pose as a glorious democratic regeneration of an oppressed people, and by means of that false pretence to obtain money from the credulous foreign investor, which it cannot repay, and would not repay if it could.

The European governments have tolerated this state of things for the same reason that they tolerated the rule of Abdul Hamid; because no Power was quite ready to act. They have encouraged their nationalists to cast money and merchandise into the bottomless gulf of Turkish corruption, in order to provide themselves with a pretext for annexation hereafter. It has become the common routine of European diplomacy to raise the national flag on

the grave of the piteous citizen. A German missionary is murdered in China, and Germany annexes Kiao-chen. A French doctor is murdered in Morocco, and France leads an army for the purpose of "powerful penetration."

At present the Powers appear to be waiting for a reassurance of Europeans in some part of the Turkish Empire; and there are many signs that they will not have to wait very long.

In the meanwhile the European press has been in a conspiracy to conceal the truth from the European public; the Liberal organs because they have been honestly deceived by the professions of the Young Turks, and the government organs because the governments are not ready to move.

The sufferers from this comedy are the Christians of Turkey, and with them the Liberal Turks, as well as the foreign traders and investors who are being induced to finance insolvency.

Oriental races are accustomed to autocratic rule, their character is adapted to it, and the admiration for Western institutions is probably confined to Christians, and to a small educated class among the

Turks of Europe. In Constantinople the new government is still unpopular, and only holds the capital in subjection by keeping it under martial law.

What I did find everywhere among the Turks, on the eve of the revolution, was an impatience with the suzerainty of Europe. Step by step the six great Powers had established a joint control, which was tending more and more to resemble the control exercised by England over Egypt. And in the Macedonian vilayets this control had begun to take regular shape with a machinery of financial boards and international gendarmerie, all with the scarcely concealed design of detaching Macedonia from the Ottoman dominions as fully as Bosnia or Crete.

This was the grievance of the Turkish officers and officials whom I encountered and they evidently attributed it to the infirmity of the Sultan's government. It was not against Abdul Hamid the tyrant of Turkey, but Abdul Hamid, the vassal of Europe, that they were preparing to revolt. Whatever desire they may have felt for freer institutions was due in great measure to the belief that such institutions were necessary to raise their country to the rank of a civilised power, and to enable her to resist foreign interference.

The true impulse which brought about the Turkish revolution was the victory of Japan in her war with Russia. And since it is the example of Japan which really inspires all the unrest of Asia to-day and has deluded both the Young Turks themselves and their friends in the foreign press, it will be worth while to dissipate that delusion.

The Turkish Empire is the most unwieldy and incapable of defence on the face of the earth. It is a thinly inhabited region, broken up by deserts, and extending from the Adriatic sea to the Indian ocean. Its population, estimated at twenty-six millions, is broken up among nearly a dozen different nationalities, speaking as many distinct languages, and further divided by the mutual hatred engendered by hostile proselytising faiths. And all these divisions have been stereotyped and strengthened by the common history, a history of five hundred years of oppres-

sion, insurrection, spoliation and massacre. Turkey has a Poland on every frontier, in Arabia, in Armenia, in Macedonia and in Albania. The government is little more than an anarchy checked by a military despotism. And this anarchy is girt round by an inner ring of states which represent successful insurrections, and are thirsting to emancipate their subject brethren; and by an outer ring of greedy Powers, each one more than a match for the doomed empire, which has been spared so long merely because its enemies have not been able to agree on the division of the spoils. Lastly, the intelligence and industry of the population is chiefly to be found among the races most hostile to the continuance of the Empire. The ruling race possesses the supreme virtue of courage, but it is utterly lacking in enterprise, in foresight, in perseverance, and in administrative capacity.

Such are the materials out of which a group of enthusiastic young officers expect in a few years to construct a great military power, strong enough to reconquer the lost provinces of the Empire, and to threaten the supremacy of Christendom.

Palmas should be a name of interest in every Christian ear. For ages this islet and its tiny neighbors have been the home of a scanty Greek population which gains a bare subsistence by fishing for sponges off the coast of Africa. Their poverty was seared by the first Turkish conquerors, who granted them protection in exchange for their neutrality when Rhodes was being wrested from the Knights Hospitallers. Since then an annual tribute of sponges, their sole revenue, has averted the visits of the Turkish tax-punisher, and the islanders have lived under their own laws and their native magistrates. These barren rocks are now regretting the reign of Abdul Hamid. Imperialism has swept them into its ravaging war, and they have received liberty in the form of Turkish laws and governors and taxes and conscription. The Constitution has been proclaimed on the spot of St John's vision, and the unhappy islanders are forsaking their homes, and fleeing as before the face of Anti-christ.

What has happened on Putnos is a type of what the Young Turks are doing, or trying to do, throughout the Turkish Empire. And it would be difficult to find many Christians in that empire, or many Moslems, who do not sigh for the days of —

"Abdul the damned on his infernal throne."

Turkey has exchanged one despot, whose name and character were known, for a committee of anonymous despots, striking in the dark, with the ruthlessness of petty Robespierres. They have reduced the Parliament to an Assembly of Notables, practically nominated by themselves; they have proclaimed a state of siege in Constantinople; they have suppressed every newspaper that has dared to criticize them, and have employed braves to assassinate their opponents in the streets.

Their government resembles a kaleidoscope; the Grand Vizier is changed every few months, Cabinet Ministers every few weeks, and the Prefect of Constantinople every few days.—During the three weeks which I spent in the city four of such shadowy figures flitted through the prefecture. The Sultan will probably be changed next year.

The solitary reform they have carried out in Constantinople has been to collect a number of the dogs which infest the streets into compounds outside the walls, where they have been left to eat each other alive. Not a yard of pavement has been laid in the capital: not a mile of road or railway outside. A Turkish friend sensibly remarked to me that, because men have carried out an insurrection, it does not follow that they can build a house.



#### WHY TOLSTOI FLED.

CLAD in the coarse garb of a Russian peasant, says *Current Literature*, in beginning an article on Tolstoi, wearing high boots, with \$17.00 in his purse, Leo Tolstoi, eighty-two years of age, broken-hearted at the sight of suffering that he could not relieve, stole out of his house a few nights ago, seeking solitude in which to spend his last days. He left an affectionate note for his wife, the Countess, asking her forgiveness, requesting her not to seek for him, and saying: "I want to recover from the trouble of the world. It is necessary for my soul and my body, which has lived eighty-two years upon this earth." Accompanying him was his physician, Dr. Makovetsky. In a third-class carriage they journeyed by rail to Optina Pustina and applied at night at the monastery. "I am the excommunicated and anathematized Leo Tolstoi," said the Count; "is there any objection to my staying here?" Reassured, the two travelers spent the night, and the next morning walked six and a half miles to the Shramulinsky convent, where the

Count's favorite daughter spends her days among five hundred other nuns. Here he was overtaken by another daughter, who contrived, before bidding her father adieu, to slip \$150 into the pocket of Dr. Makovetsky. A day or two later Tolstoi and the doctor left the convent, taking the train for Moscow, leaving it at a junction for another train going south, intending, it is surmised, to join a colony of Tolstoians in Caucasus. At a little railway station but eighty miles from home he was seized by a high fever and had to abandon his purpose. No more pitiful and tragic figure does the world present than this old man in a peasant's rough clothing, overwhelmed by the sorrow around him, wandering away from a home of luxury which he despises.

Why? The *Petersburger Zeitung* tells why. The estate at Yasnaya Polyana is in the charge of the Countess and her second son, to whom it has been bequeathed. Recently rents have been raised, cheap labor introduced, and "business methods" applied to make the revenues grow. How the



THE PHILOSOPHER WHO RAN AWAY FROM HIS FAMILY BECAUSE HIS WIFE RAISED THE RENT OF THE PEASANTS ON THE ESTATE—TOLSTOI.

Count has viewed these proceedings can be easily inferred from the brief account which he published a few weeks ago, entitled, "Three Days in a Village," which was promptly suppressed by the Russian Government. It is a plain, simple, but

terribly realistic description of village life surrounding the estate from which he has fled. In the *Boston Transcript*, Mr. Archibald J. Wolfe gives a two-column description of the book, with extracts. "The cumulative effect," we are told, "is

one of heartbreaking hopelessness and misery, and it ends in a brief but seething arraignment of the unhappy people's rulers." The first part of the narrative, entitled, "Wanderers," begins as follows: "Lately something entirely new has been the experience of our villages, something never seen or heard before. Every day there come to our village, which counts eighty households, from six to a dozen bumpy, cold and ragged wayfarers. These people, all in rags, filthy in the extreme, come to our village and seek out the constable. The constable, to keep them from dying in the street from cold and starvation, takes them about among the villagers, mourning by villagers the peasants. The constable does not take them to the landowner who has, in addition to his ten sleeping apartments, dozens of other places, in the office, in the stable, in the laundry, in the servants' hall and elsewhere; nor does he take them to the priest or the deacon, nor to the merchant, all of whom have houses which may not be large, but are still roomy; but he takes them to the peasant, whose whole family, wife and mother-in-law, children big and little, live all in one room eight to ten arshins long. And the owner receives this hungry, frozen, evil-smelling and filthy man and not only provides him with a night's lodgings, but also feeds him."

Not the wanderers only, but the villagers as well, make up the picture of abject poverty. In other chapters he describes them. A woman comes seeking his aid. Her husband has been drafted into the army and her children are starving. He starts out to see the authorities and get the husband released from service if possible. On the way they meet a girl of twelve, an orphan, the head of

a family of five children. Her father had been killed in a mine. Her mother had worked herself to death in the field. The little mother wants to have the youngest child taken to an institution. In another hour they find a man dying of pneumonia. It is bitterly cold. There is no fire in the hut, no mattress or pillow for the sick man. Then comes this passage:

"We drive home in silence. At the front door is a carpeted sleigh with a pair of magnificent horses. A swell coachman in heavy coat and fur hat. It is my son, who had driven over from his estate to pay me a visit.

"We are seated at the dinner table. There are plates for ten. Only one seat is vacant, that of my granddaughter. The child was quite sick and was dining with her nurse. A special meal had been prepared for her diet; bullion and soup.

"We had a heavy dinner of four courses with two kinds of wine, with two butlers waiting on us, flowers on the table, conversation.

"From where are these glorious orchids?" asks my son.

"My wife replies that a lady from St. Petersburg had sent them, anonymously.

"These orchids cost one and a half rubles apiece," says my son. And then he tells us how at some concert or entertainment the whole stage had been smothered with orchids."

This is what Tolstoy did from. One may term the act irrational, for how could he relieve the misery of Russia by adding one more to the array of pitiful wanderers? But what an eloquent protest to the world is this irrational act, and how it shrieks its way around the whole habitable globe, startling all civilized notions.

♦ ♦

#### A NEW PYGMY RACE.

DETAILS of the recent discovery, by British explorers, of a new pygmy race in New Guinea, in what is described by *The Geographical Journal* as the largest unknown area on the earth's

surface, are just now creating a sensation among anthropologists.

An expedition landed at the mouth of the Mimika Rha, says the official report to the Natural History Museum (Lon-

don). The stream referred to is on the south coast of Dutch New Guinea. Some time beforehand the explorers saw in the distance their objective—the Snow Mountains—the glaciers distinctly visible, "range beyond range of ridges covered for thousands of miles with dense forest." The first meeting with the new race of mountain dwarfs is thus described:

"Captain Rawling was making a short trip into the mountains. While proceeding with his natives, the leading man gave a yell and darted ahead. There were visions of pig, but the alarm turned out to be two hill-men, who, after a long chase through the jungle, were caught. They were dreadfully frightened, but their faces assumed a more or less calm expression when their bags and spears had been returned to them and they were presented with some beads. Captain Rawling then offered them a cigarette, but nothing would induce them to smoke it. Doubtless they thought it was poisoned. They were naked, except for a grass helmet, a bag and a tiny strip round the waist. They were 4 feet 3 inches and 4 feet 6 inches in height respectively, dwarfs in fact.

"A few days after when entering the hills, Captain Rawling spotted two more fording the river below and a quarter of a mile away. The men accompanying the explorer crouched like cats, and, taking to the torrent, gave chase. The river made too much noise for the hill-men to hear their pursuers until they were cut off. The dwarfs fought valiantly, nevertheless, but were at last dragged to the shore. They, too, were in great terror. Everything has been taken from them by the Papuans and their goods dispersed. Captain Rawling made his men give everything back, much to their surprise. Then he noticed that the strangers were very short, though excellently built. On being measured they were found to be 4 feet 2 inches and 4 feet 4 inches, so it looks as if all these people actually belong to a tribe of dwarfs similar to those of Central Africa, but good-looking and well-proportioned."

Of the character of these mysterious being one explorer in the party gives a pessimistic account:

"They are a vile lot, for they won't work. The women work like slaves, while the men just bat around or sit about waiting for the women to find and cook the food. Very few go quite naked; all wear a tawny piece of beaded bark. The women's costume consists of a small strip of bark. The latter are very friendly, too much so, and at the permanent camp a palang had to be put up to keep them out. This, however, does not work along the river bank, for they wade through. The women are a bold lot. The cinematograph has been at work, and the ladies thoroughly enjoyed showing themselves off. It is curious how little these people fear us; they trust us in everything. The one thing they don't like is to have the electric torch turned on them. The village of Pyppe (the new camp further up the Mimika) now knows prosperity and sudden wealth. The people are better mannered and have rebuilt their village, copying the architecture of our storehouses.

It is difficult to make out whether these people are cannibals or not. Heads of the enemy slain in battle are kept strung from the ceiling of their houses, but it is impossible to say whether the bodies have been devoured."

A very interesting question in connection with the significance and origin of these pygmies, writes the distinguished Sir Ray Lankester in the *London Telegraph*, is "Why is any race thus smaller than another?" Every species among the higher animals has its standard size from which only in the rarest cases are there departures. That is in itself a curious fact. How was the standard size determined and how is it maintained? The whole question lies there. At first sight it seems simple to account for pygmies. They are the result of insufficient nourishment. That explanation does not, however, Sir Ray Lankester says, meet the case really. The African and Asiatic pygmies are just as well nourished as are most normally-sized human beings. Also, if we look a little further, we find that the women of every race are smaller than the men on an average and sometimes very much smaller. That is not because they

are ill nourished, as compared with the men.

"Some writers have supposed that small limited areas, such as small islands, favor the production of small races by some mysterious law of appropriateness similar to that which lays down the 'who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.' The pygmy buffalo of the island of Celebes, the Aneet, is cited as an instance, and the pygmy men of the Andaman Islands as another. But there are plenty of facts which would lead to an exactly opposite conclusion. Gigantic tortoises are found in the Galapagos Islands and in the minute islands of the Indian Ocean, and never on the big continents. Gigantic birds bigger than ostriches abounded in the islands of New Zealand and Madagascar. Some of the tallest races of men are found in the Pacific islands, whilst the tallest European population is that of the north of the island called Great Britain.

♦ ♦

### THE LAST SULTAN.

THE Life of Imperial Princes has no history. This is the interesting statement used in the opening of an article in *The Fortnightly Review* which purports to give descriptions of the lives of the late Sultan Abdul Hamid and his Brother Murad, of Turkey. The article goes on to say: The life of imperial princes has no history. Clustered in their palaces, receiving no one, not even permitted to walk where they please, knowing nothing of what is happening at home or abroad, hearing nothing of the outside world but what their tutors, as ignorant as themselves, tell them, deprived of all instruction—it is only since the time of the Sultan Aziz that the imperial princes, sons of the reigning Sultan, have received a certain amount of education—watched and spied upon incessantly, they spend their lives in the most enervating and brutalizing idleness. At fourteen or fifteen years they are already of age—that is to

say, they have the right to form a harem. Having no occupation, they give themselves up to pleasure, and, for the most part, to drinking.

In the lifetime of the Sultan Mejid the princes, his sons, enjoyed plenty of liberty. Murad and Hamid, the two eldest, made absolutely different use of it. Murad was the sport child of the palace. It can be understood that he, brought up in a circle where nothing was refused him, adored by his father, flattered by all the courtiers, gave free vent to his caprices. He left the palace when he liked, and went where his good pleasure took him. Thus he began to frequent Pera, the European quarter, which was, even at the time, a little town with rather Western morals, in the midst of that vast commercial called Constantinople. There he became acquainted with several Christians of the country and some Europeans, Frenchmen especially. He loved the life of pleasure and the

private gatherings, where all sorts of questions were freely discussed. He had learned French, was passionately fond of music, and played the piano with a certain amount of facility and taste. His friends had initiated him into Freemasonry.

In short, Murad represented, at that time, Young Turkey. But this prince drank heavily. It was in the course of this dissipated life that he developed the germs of that malady which later on, in the midst of the tragic circumstances which placed him on the throne, was to shake his mental balance and render him incapable of holding the reins of a great Empire. As in the case of his father, whose health was ruined by *reké*, this drink became fatal to Murad.

Prince Hamid's life was totally different. He did not go among Christians; Pera was almost unknown to him; he avoided worldly gatherings; he lived, rather, in retirement. Never expecting to be raised so soon to the throne of his fathers, he took no interest in affairs of the State, and preferred to occupy himself with carpentering. For this he showed an extraordinary aptitude. He took an equal pleasure in wrestling. He was, besides, very economical, and while his brother, Prince Murad, was running into debt right and left, he was putting aside a comparatively considerable sum out of the emoluments he received as Prince Imperial. Nevertheless, Prince Hamid, following his brother's example, had begun to become addicted to drink, and, as he was of rather feeble constitution, his doctor, the Greek Moroyeni Bey, later Moroyeni Pasha, father of the former Turkish Minister at Washington, told him plainly that if he did not immediately give up drinking spirits and did not devote himself to gymnastics and other bodily exercises, his life would be in serious danger. Prince Hamid immediately obeyed. He changed his mode of life, completely abstained from alcoholic drinks, and scrupulously followed all his physician's prescriptions. In this he showed great strength of character, a remarkable will-power. He never departed from this regime during his long reign.

From time to time he took a glass of good Bordeaux wine, rather for reasons of health than from love of it. He had still another vice. He smoked a great deal. But again, on his doctor's advice, he diminished, in his later years, the number of cigarettes that he smoked daily. In a word, Prince Hamid, even before ascending the throne, already personified Old Turkey.

In the midst of the happy and careless life that they were both leading, a great misfortune suddenly fell on the two Princes. Their father, Sultan Abdul Mejid, died in June, 1861, still quite young—he was not forty years of age. His brother, Abdul Aziz, succeeded him on the throne. Murad and Hamid understood that they had now a master. The Sultan showed himself more and more suspicious of his nephews; one would have thought he feared some tragic surprise on the part of his brother's children. This was the explanation of his resolution to take the Princes Murad and Hamid with him to Europe, at the time of his visit to the Exhibition of Paris in 1867.

After this journey the two Princes were wrapped in obscurity. They were seen nowhere; no one spoke of them; they were shut up in their respective residences. Murad became more and more melancholy. He was the one who suffered specially from this seclusion. He began to grow gloomy, silent. He went out no longer, even when he was given permission. He spent whole hours without saying or doing anything. His sole distraction was music. He played the piano one or two hours a day. He even composed, and we are assured that his compositions were not without a certain value. Some time after, music also ceased to have any charm for him. He became more and more addicted to drink.

As to Prince Hamid, he accommodated himself more easily to his new existence, busying himself more ardently than ever with his carpentering work and combining with strength and skill in gymnastic exercises with his personal attendants.

It was under these conditions of life and in this state of mind that the great coup d'état in 1876 took Prince Murad by

surprise. One night, when he was sleeping, he was awakened by the announcement of a visit from the Serasker (Minister of War), Hussein Avni Pasha, who was the strong arm of that memorable revolution of which Midhat Pasha was the moving spirit. He was greatly astonished by this visit at so unreasonable an hour, and thought at first that the Serasker was an emissary from the Sultan charged with executing some order against him.

He was afraid. When Hussein Avni announced to him that his uncle had just been dethroned, and invited him to accompany him to the Seraskerat, where he was to be proclaimed Sultan in the place of Abdul Aziz, Murad stammered, "Let my uncle reign in peace."

Hussein Avni then explained to him that if he did not accept the crown, they would be obliged to offer it to his brother, Prince Hamid. This prospect decided Murad, who contented himself with replying, "May God's will be done."

Four days after, it was announced to the Sultan Murad that his uncle had that very night committed suicide. Murad was breakfasting alone. On hearing the news, he kicked over the table, and, sinking on a sofa, burst into tears.

After this incident Sultan Murad's sadness increased still more. In the night of June 15th—sixteen days after his accession to the throne—while the Ministers were holding a council in the *consul* of Midhat Pasha, at Stamboul, Captain Tcherkesse Hassan, *aide-de-camp* to the Prince Jussouf Kessidou, eldest son of Sultan Aziz, whose *sister* was one of the latter's harem, invaded the hall, and killed, with revolver and yataghan, the

Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs, wounded the Minister of the Marine, killed a colonel who had hastened with a detachment of soldiers, as well as a soldier and one of Midhat Pasha's servants.

As soon as the news of the massacre of the Ministers reached the Seraskerat (Ministry of War), troops were immediately sent to surround the palace and thus protect the Sultan Murad against the projects of the conspirators—for it was believed that this was a plot hatched by the partisans of the Sultan Aziz; in reality, it was the act of vengeance of a single person.

Murad was sleeping calmly when an unaccustomed noise coming from outside awoke him. He got out of bed, went to the window and drew aside the curtain. Having distinguished in the darkness armed men invading the courtyard of the palace, he shivered, called his chamberlains, and sold to them, in a trembling voice:

"Ah! they are going to do to me what they did to my uncle!"

The chamberlains did all that was possible to reassure him, and told him what had just happened in the *consul* of Midhat Pasha. This terrified him still more. He did not appear to understand what they were telling him. From this day his melancholy increased. His reason was tottering. His reign, for all practical purposes, ended on the night of the massacre of the ministers. Three months after the *coup d'état* in which Sultan Aziz had lost his throne and life, another *coup d'état*, accomplished in the same silence and with the same tranquillity as the first, dethroned Sultan Murad and proclaimed Prince Abdul Hamid in his stead.

♦ ♦

### IS PUNISHMENT A CRIME?

IN the first place, what is punishment? asks C. J. Whitney, in an article "Is Punishment a Crime?" in the *Hibbert Journal*. The etymology of the word involves the idea of purification: a man who had done something wrong was considered

unclean—punishment was that by which he was purged of his offence and rendered fit to resume his place in society. But this conception must be of comparatively late origin; we must go further back. When a man is struck it is his first

instinct to strike back, if possible, a little harder; but anyhow—to strike back. But suppose he is struck in the dark, or by a much stronger and better armed man? The pleasure of immediate retaliation being denied, he has an unsatisfied feeling, a sense of wrong, of *injustice*. In primitive society such incidents must have been common; in course of time the cumulative power of a widely-shared sense of injustice would evoke the idea of a better state of things, one in which a man who struck an unprovoked blow would be brought to account, not merely by the injured person, but by all his kindred or tribe, and punished.

There would not at first be any concern for the reform of the offender; he had ceased suffering, and should be made to suffer in return. The idea of punishment clearly has no claims to noble birth; it was born of the desire for retaliation, revenge.

But we are all to a great extent dependent for our good opinion of ourselves upon the good opinion of other people. A man who has been made by public condemnation, and by the ensuing punishment, to feel that he is under the ban of his fellows, will be likely to think twice before he puts himself in such a shameful position again. Predisposition or habit may be too strong for him, but in most cases there will be at least a short-lived attempt at self-reform.

And other people, when tempted to offend in the same way, remembering what they have seen or heard of the punishment of other offenders, will resist their inclination to strike or to steal.

The three aims of punishment are, therefore:—

1. To satisfy the sense of injury of the offended party.
2. To reform the offender; and
3. To deter others, by fear, from like offences.

So far, it has all been pretty plain sailing, but we are still only on the surface of our subject.

A child, when it knocks its head against the table, is often encouraged by foolish parents or nurse to beat the "naughty table" for hurting its poor head. Simi-

larly, the savage, when afflicted by drought, or by defeat in battle, will beat his tribal god. In these cases the idea of punishment presents itself in its crudest and most primitive form; the idea of reforming a malicious tribe, or of deterring other tribes from getting in the way of children's heads, is a trifle absurd. And the reform of a wooden idol is, from the modern point of view, an equally hopeless proposition. Still, we are very far from having got rid of the notion that everyone who injures or offends us does so out of sheer wilful malice, and must be made to suffer as much as we have suffered ourselves, and generally a great deal more. To a medieval man the absurdity of this notion is manifest: if it be a rule at all, it is a rule which has innumerable exceptions. Let us cite a case in point.

There is a form of epilepsy in which the sufferer, instead of falling down in a fit of convulsions, may suddenly, without the least warning, become raving mad. The attack is of quite brief duration, but its consequences may be terrible in the extreme. Suppose that the man so afflicted happens to have a knife in his hand at the moment of his seizure. He is as likely as not to plunge it into the heart of the person standing nearest. And on recovering consciousness he will have no recollection whatever of what he has done. No doubt, hundreds of such unfortunates have in the past suffered the extreme penalty of the law. But what their case really is, not punishment but bromide of potassium. To punish a man for something done when, through no fault of his own, he was out of his mind, is clearly a crime.

Now let us take a case in which the rights and wrongs of punishment are a little less obvious—the case of the weak-minded criminal. He is not to be called insane, but his memory is so bad, and his power of attention so limited, that he is practically unteachable—as far as ordinary methods of teaching are concerned. If he happens to be born in a low social stratum, and consequently to be left much to his own devices, he is bound to get into bad company. Being essentially imitative and quite at the mercy of his impulses, he

necessarily succumb to the first temptation to commit some assault or petty larceny; and so falls within the clutches of the law. And the law convicts him, and sends him to jail or prison, just as if he were a rational being. In most prisons there are numbers of these weak-minded criminals: they are called W. M.'s by the officers and "Belmies" by their fellow-prisoners.

Thus the Royal Commission on the Feeble Minded report that at Pentonville about a hundred prisoners every year were found to be so mentally affected as to be quite unfit for prison discipline. Besides these, not less than 25 per cent. of all the prisoners show signs of mental inefficiency. The Commission found that these mental defectives, who do not fear imprisonment as normal individuals do, after receiving short sentences, "goes to the convict prisons and are treated there without hope and without purpose."

W. B. N., in a book describing his own experience of penal servitude, states that, at Parkhurst, out of the eight hundred prisoners nearly a hundred were recognized as weak-minded, while a large proportion of the remainder were physically unsound. And physical unsoundness or degeneracy commonly involves a corresponding mental or moral defect. These semi-lunatics are a terrible nuisance to the prison authorities and to their fellow-prisoners. Some of them are very strong, and their violence and obstinacy are indefatigable. W. B. N. describes how he saw such a man, suddenly, without rhyme or reason, poke his thumbs into one of the principal warders' eyes and do his best to gouge them out. Another lay in wait for one of the kindest officers in the prison, and when his cell door was opened struck him a terrific blow in the face with his heelballed boot.

You may say, perhaps, that such wild beasts deserve no consideration whatever; if so, I do not in the least agree with you. My view is that society has no right to expect rational conduct from the confused and muddy brains of these unfortunates, or to punish them for failure to achieve the impossible. Ordinary prison discipline has no meaning for them; it makes

them worse rather than better. They are no sooner out than they get into mischief again; and this fact is so well recognized that it has become the rule to keep them in prison until they have served their full time, instead of granting the usual remission. This is no doubt better than releasing semi-lunatics to prey upon society; but my point is that it is quite unjust. Dr. De Plaque suggests the creation of "mixed houses," half hospital and half prison, for criminals who without being quite insane are nevertheless suffering from a mental malady definite enough to enable a jury to recognize "extenuated responsibility." This is a perfectly sound proposal; and there is no doubt that by good feeding, strict but not harsh discipline, and appropriate educational methods, many apparently hopeless cases could be enormously improved. But weak-minded criminals caught, like criminal lunatics, to be confined "during the King's pleasure." It is folly to release them before they are so far improved as to be moderately safe from relapse into crime. Perhaps it will be objected that I am advocating longer imprisonment and therefore severer punishment of these weak-minded criminals than they receive at present. In some cases their imprisonment would certainly not be merely prolonged but permanent; in other words it might be very short. Like other hospital patients, they would remain in until, if curable, they were cured. The point is, that such criminals need treatment, not punishment in the ordinary sense; while what the Commissioners rightly call our present "hopeless and purposeless" way of dealing with them by mere retaliation, is itself a social folly and a crime.

It is a crime, however, for which there is at any rate local justification. For perhaps readers will be surprised to learn that the law of this country recognizes no responsibility whatever for the reform of the criminals for whose punishment it provides.

Society at large is responsible for the existence of the foul dens and rookeries infested by those dangerous beasts of prey called criminals, as well as for the hard conditions of life which force many well-



DISCOVERER OF LATEST "CURABLE"

Dr. Ehrlich of Vienna and his Japanese Assistant, Dr. Hata. Dr. Ehrlich's "dog" is the Medical Session of the year.

meaning but weak individuals into crime. This being so, what follows? That punishment is a crime, to be utterly condemned and abandoned? No; but that it is, like surgery, a necessary evil, to be undertaken in no spirit of revenge, but with the same wise economy as a surgeon handles his knife. Punishment is *social surgery*. The minimum of torture—for all punishment involves torture—and the maximum of reform are the ends to be kept steadily in view.

In conclusion, I will write one word on the vexed question of capital punishment. I do not consider that society is bound to maintain incorrigible criminals or the worst kind of murderers in an existence that is useless to themselves and dangerous to their fellow-men. On the

other hand, I strongly disapprove of hanging, for the same reason that Tarde, a French penologist, condemns the guillotine. "There is," he says, "a degree of profanation of men's bodies, even without the infliction of pain, which is intolerable and inevitably repellent to the nervous system of the civilized public; and the guillotine most certainly goes beyond that point."

How can we hope to put an end to brutal crimes when we ourselves, in our method of execution, set an example of brutality? The painless extinction of those who never should have been born, is one thing; the legalized atrocity which goes by the name of capital punishment, nowadays, is quite another, and in my opinion absolutely indefensible.



#### FARMING AND WAR.

THERE is humor and yet depth in Francis E. Clark's article "Farming as a Moral Equivalent for War," in the Outlook. Says he:

"That always interesting pragmatic philosopher, William James, suggested that something should be discovered as a moral equivalent for war. He desired some occupation that will require many qualities, that will require grit and vigor, and that will what Mr. Roosevelt calls the 'fighting edge' of character, which at the same time will be useful for the community and State, and not destructive and barbarous as is war between men and nations. He suggested various useful but humdrum employments, like washing windows, washing dishes, mending roads, fishing on the Grand Banks, and the like, for the gifted and idle youth who now spend in automobiles or loll on piazzas and lead frivolous or vicious lives, a menace to society and the Nation.

I think, with all due deference to the great philosopher, that I can improve on his suggestion, and propose an employment which, in the classic language of the colleges, will 'put it all over' these other occupations as a useful development of the

fighting instinct, a hardener of muscle, a quickener of the brain, a developer of resourcefulness, and a sharpening of the will on the hard grindstone of opposition.

This occupation is as old as Adam, as respectable as Cincinnatus, as beautiful as the Garden of Eden. It is none other than the ancient and honorable profession of farming.

But what I am chiefly concerned about in this article is not the age, its respectability, or its beauty, but its strenuousness, its useful development of the combative elements in our nature, which were evidently implanted for some good purpose; in fact, as my title indicates, I desire to consider farming as a moral equivalent for war.

Some people are very much afraid that when all our swords are beaten into plowshares, and all our spears into pruning-hooks, the race will deteriorate, the manly virtues, with manly muscles, will become flaccid, and the race of heroes will die out. Do not be afraid of this, my friends, while farms remain to cultivate, and weeds grow, and worms wriggle, and moths fly. Let no one deceive himself on this point. The Creator has furnished for any one who owns or cultivates a rood of land all

the opposition that a healthy man needs to keep his fighting edge keen and bright.

Here is my little farm, for instance. It furnishes as good an illustration as any other. The winter's snow and rain and frost no sooner relax their hold on my few acres than the fight begins, and if I fail to be on my guard for a single week—yes, for a single day—the enemy takes advantage of my carelessness, and my forces are routed.

With eagerness I waited for the soil to get sufficiently warm and mellow to plant the first seeds, and, with hope of a glorious harvest, I planted my earliest vegetable, which are warranted to withstand a little frosty nip. My peas and radishes and cauliflower were buried in their appropriate beds, and lovingly left to Nature's kindly care. A little later my corn and beans and cucumbers and melons and squashes were planted, and then my tomatoes and egg-plants were set out.

I fancied that only my family and myself and a few kindly neighbors, who, I was conceited enough to suppose, rather envied my agricultural skill, knew what I was doing. But I was mistaken. Ten thousand little beady eyes watched my manoeuvres, ten thousand wriggling creatures congratulated themselves on their coming victory.

I heard the crows in the neighboring pine trees cawing and caucusing together, and, in my manlike folly, which pooh-poohs at anything it does not understand, I said: "Those foolish crows have just one rancous note. Why can't they say something sensible and melodious?"

In reality they were saying to each other: "He's planted his corn; he's planted his corn! I know where I'll get my breakfast-to-morrow morn."

Sure enough they did, and as they get up an hour or two before I thought of rising, they were in my corn-field long before I was, and the first round of the battle was theirs. To be sure, I could replant my corn, but that was a confession of defeat, as though a general allowed his troops to be mowed down and then had to fill up his regiments with raw recruits, which in turn were just as likely to be slaughtered.

The cutworm brigade of the enemy were more patient than the crows, as they needed to be. They waited their time, and just when the cauliflower and Brussels sprouts and cucumbers timidly pushed their green heads above the brown soil, they bore down upon them, gorged their loathsome bodies with the tenderest juices of the young plants, and left me defeated and my garden strewn with the wilted and dying remnants of the crops that only yesterday gave so fair a promise.

All this in a single night. Each plant had its own worms, just one single worm, but there were enough worms to go around. It was as if the worms met together in a council of war, and the general-in-chief marshaled his troops with consummate skill, assigning to each soldier his post—a cauliflower, cabbage, or cucumber, as the case might be. They all obeyed orders implicitly, and I was routed, horse, foot, and dragons.

I could have borne the disappointment and attributed it all to the notoriously uncertain hazards of war, if the enemy had been less wanton, if they had eaten the rations they captured; but no, they simply eat the plants in two, near the ground, and left the beans to wither in the sun and the roots to dry up in the ground. They were like a regiment of looters who could eat but little and carry away nothing, and who, for the mere fiendish pleasure of destruction, burned and ravaged everything that came in their way.

However, I replanted and reset my vines and plants, protected them with fences of tarred paper, and placed mines of "bug death" and "kno worms" around them on every side, and girdled up my loins with patience once more.

By that time the battalions of the air were descending on my trees, and I hastened to turn my attention to them. Here I seemed more helpless than before. It was as though the new war aeroplane had been perfected and the enemy came flying from the blue to discomfit me.

The gypsy moth, the brown-tail moth, and, above all, the codling moth, all attacked me from above. The latter flies only by night and does not begin his depredations until honest folks have gone

to bed. Then he gets in his deadly work, and, it is estimated, ruins half the apple crop of the United States by his nocturnal attacks.

How cunningly he plans his campaign against this king of fruits! No Napoleon ever better understood the act of harassing the enemy. He waits until the right moment, and when he sees the blossoms falling, he comes flying by myriads to the orchard. He glazes his eggs to the embryo apple or near them. In about a week these eggs hatch, and the little worms wriggle their way into the cup-like blossom of the apple. Here they hide and feed for several days, then bore their way into the apple to the very core, and the days of the apple are numbered. The apple indeed may live and grow, but it will always be a poor, knarled, wormy, worthless thing.

But the colling moth is only one of the enemies of my trees. There are the regiments of lice that get into the leaf and curl it up, and the light infantry of the apple maggot, a tiny worm that burrows into the fruit in all directions, and the tent caterpillar that camps on my trees and houses a thousand troops under the dome of a single tent, and the scale of different kinds, San Jose and oyster shell and scurfy, all of which attack the bark.

Every tree in my orchard, and every part of the tree, has its own particular enemy. The cherry has the "May beetle," the rose bug, and the "brown rot"; the pears have the "pear tree gorer"; and the peach has the "yellows" and the "peach rosette."

But not only does every tree have its own enemies, but every part of the tree has its foes. The bark has its borers and its scale, the leaf its lice and curdies, the blossom its moths, the fruit its borers. Each enemy knows exactly the weakest part of the citadel he has to attack. He knows the exact moment when his attack will be the most effective. He has the accumulated experience of a thousand ancestors behind him. He never makes a mistake in his manoeuvres, or fails to avail himself of the physiological moment.

What, then, can I, a mere man, do with a thousand watchful, unwearying foes to combat—a mere man, with only one pair of hands and one poor brain to oppose these multifarious enemies; or, if I do not forget to count my Portuguese assistant fencer, two pairs of hands and two poor brains at the most and best? Shall I give up the fight and call myself beaten by the worm, and the moth, and the crow, and the wood—which I have hitherto forgotten to mention, but which is always ready to spring up and take my plants by the throat and strangle them? By no means! Here comes in the joy of the struggle. Here is the delight of a fair fight and no favor. Quarter is neither asked nor given. I will oppose the wisdom and skill and resources of my kind against worm and weed and moth and bird.

Come on, come all! I defy you to do your worst. I have got my artillery ready. My battery consists of two sprayers, one for the tree and one for the plants. My ammunition is of various kinds, but largely consists of Bordeaux mixture, Paris green, arsenate of lead, whale-oil soap, and tobacco tea.

I spray, and spray, and spray again. As often as the enemy attacks, I sally out to meet him with my long and deadly tube of poison. I do not wait for him always to assume the offensive, but as soon as he shows his head I train my artillery upon him.

It is a fight to the finish. There can be no drawn battle in this war. One or the other must win. Little by little I find my enemy giving way. The spraying pump drives the worms out of their fastnesses. The potato bugs give up the fight. They are conquered by Paris green and the sprayer. The cutworms are overcome by constant watchfulness and frequent replanting. The scale I attack with kerosene emulsion and whale-oil soap. The curculio I knock off and destroy. The tent-worms I burn in their own gassy tabernacles; and, lo! when autumn comes, in spite of innumerable foes, foes that creep and crawl and fly and bore, I am the victor. My apples are rosy and fleckless, my peaches downy and delicious, my

cauliflowers lift up their great white heads out of their chaises of green asking to be plucked, my tomatoes hang red and luscious on their vines, my potatoes are smooth and spotless, my corn is full-

ered, sweet and juicy; and if I am not a better and stronger man for my tussle with Nature and the enemies of my farm, then there is no virtue in war and no value in the "fighting edge."



## A DEFENSE OF FEATHERS.

READING an article by Charles Frederick Downham, the manager of a well-known feather importing company in London, England, one could almost be convinced that after all there is not all the cruelty in the taking of feathers that certain kind, convincing and tearful lecturers would try to make out. Of course, the lecturers are trying to save the beautiful birdies from extinction and, of course, it would be satisfying to many a man if he knew that he would never have to pay for the expensive willow plumes and egrettes which go to make "the hat beautiful." In a long and rather heavy article in the *National Review*, the manager above referred to sets forth a defense of the feather trade. He says the feather market is not killing off the birds. He quotes authorities and gives figures proving that the hunters do not wantonly, or in any way, kill birds that are at the moment burdened with family cares. In fact, he says that the dying out of the birds would go on just as much without the feather trade as with it, and perhaps a little more so because as things now are the birds are preserved in order that the feathers may be obtained.

It seems to have been generally concluded from the assertions of agitators that certain birds of foreign countries are threatened with extermination solely in consequence of the use of plumes and skins for decorative and millinery purposes. That many birds are killed annually for such purposes none will deny, but the actual numbers, considering the areas and characteristics of the countries from which they are obtained, are relatively so small that no fears of extermination need be entertained. Although in every foreign country an occasional decrease and some-

times even the disappearance of birds is recorded, it is only in localities which have been invaded and explored by mankind and opened up to civilization.

The sentimentalist has failed to appreciate the meaning and cause of these local disturbances, and in asserting that this decrease and disappearance are due to the pursuit of birds for their plumage, he displays a lamentable lack of knowledge. That there are many instances where rare birds appear to be threatened with extinction may be perfectly true, but these species are not used for millinery purposes, and the remedy—if there be one—is therefore not to be found in an impractical suggestion to restrict the industry by prohibiting the importations obtained from species which prove to be plentiful. There has never been any indication in the shipments to suggest the extinction of any species contributing to the supply for decorative purposes, and the extermination or local disappearance noticeable in some parts is entirely due to other causes, which certain naturalists in their enthusiasm for the birds have completely ignored. This is why the legislation promoted by rather blundering enthusiasts for bird protection would fail entirely to have the desired effect in the interests of avi-fauna, even if it could pass the Houses of Parliament.

Where are the world's rare birds? The rare birds are in the world's primitive places, largely in the vast almost unexplored regions of South America, and other tropical or semi-tropical regions through which civilization and progress are slowly beginning to move, under the stimulus of European capital. Tropical birds retire during the breeding-season to districts in which men would succumb to

malaria and other fevers associated with hot countries and swampy districts, for in breeding-time the birds deliberately seek remote districts in order to lay as far removed as possible from the pursuit of all enemies, chiefly four-footed ones. Such is the nature of man, and students of man's history will hear me out that man's pursuit of wild life existed some thousands of years before the London feather trade was established, before London was more than a small collection of wattle huts among the Thames marshes, inhabited by early Britons who depended for their food upon their capacity to kill both bird and beast. The absence of a trade in feathers did not prevent many birds that were quite common in England from becoming practically unknown in this country.

Birds are naturally shy of man; man who kills for the sake of killing, who hunts the elephant for its tusks and the lion for its hide, and would kill the harmless and beautiful giraffe. The fact that there is no trade in dead giraffes does not appear to mend the matter for this stately inhabitant of the African forests.

It will be seen that in countries of a character where a meagre population depends upon the natural products, a destruction of forest trees must result in a local extermination, not only of the birds, but other living creatures, but it must be as clearly seen that it does not follow as a consequence of this that any are threatened with extinction. Many of the feathers exported from this and other countries are either as a secondary branch of this collecting business, many are plucked from birds killed for food and sport.

South American landowners are taking steps to preserve the egret on their estates in vast heronies called "auveros" in order that a constant supply of the feathers of the adult birds may be obtained without the need of killing or following them into their well-rich inaccessible haunts. I do not suggest that the action of these landowners is based upon humanitarian instincts—it has a commercial basis, the best interests of commerce living in the protection, within reasonable limits, of all

birds that are used for commercial purposes and are not destructive to the work of man.

"The cause which threatens the existence of many species of birds is the rage for wearing feathers," says the bird protectionist, who has seized upon this—the one theory—and has, with the aid of many misleading, exaggerated and distorted statements, violently canvassed the press of this country during recent years in such a manner as to represent the extermination and extinction of birds as due to no other cause. It does not appear to have entered into the calculations of those who advance such incomplete and dishonest arguments, that any part of the export of plumage of wild birds could be those which are killed for food, or for protection of crops, or for sport. No matter what birds are killed, or where they are killed, or for what purpose they are killed, the trade's opponents have converted every incident or assertion likely to suit their purpose into sensational and often fictitious statements which serve no other purpose than to mislead the public, and attack those who have created an industry out of a waste and a natural product which, like many other natural products, is the *voluntary export of another country*.

If this were true—that the birds were killed and prevented from breeding—the extinction of many species would soon be evident. Although there are many instances of some species having become extinct from other causes, there is not one single record of any species having become extinct, or being threatened with extinction from the particular theory advanced by those who are at present attacking the feather trade. It cannot be denied that some birds are killed during the breeding-season, but it may here be definitely stated that the feathers are not collected only at that time, and that for trade purposes it is quite unnecessary they should be. The assertion that feathers are of little value for trade purposes at other times, and that they are only profitable "when rich in the brilliancy and abundance incident of several species" is a gross and unfounded libel, one that can be abundantly disproved by an examina-

tion of the goods as they arrive. During a greater part of the year, wild birds disperse themselves over very large areas, but during the breeding-season they congregate in selected and generally inaccessible

sites where they find natural protection from civilization; and as long as these unknown wilds exist, birds will find protection from the hunter and the sportsman.



## MULTI-MILLIONAIRES OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

THE three years the grasshoppers were eating up Minnesota—eighteen, seventy-four and five and six—"Jim" Hill used to sit in front of his coal-and-wood store on the levee at St. Paul, talking about buying the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. St. Paul was under 25,000 then—a little frontier town. Hill was a well-known town character—a short, stubby man with long hair, one blind eye, and a reputation as the greatest talker in the Northwest. For years he had been a familiar sight on the levee—sitting there, whittling at his old chair, and giving out nuggets of thought on current events, writes John Moody and George Kilbee Turner in *McClure's Magazine*.

It was twenty years since Hill had drifted in, an eighteen-year-old Scotch-Irish boy from Ontario, and began work in a steamboat office on the levee in St. Paul; and now, in 1876, he was thirty-eight years old, and was a fixture of the town. And the town felt that it had his measure. He had been in a variety of things; he was agent for the Davidson steamboats on the Mississippi River and for the Kittson boats on the Red River, and he had prospered moderately. Everybody knew him and liked him; but no one took him very seriously. The idea of his getting hold of the St. Paul & Pacific was amusing.

The St. Paul & Pacific Railroad was built largely with Dutch capital, which contributed to the building of so many American railroads. The bondholders had put nearly twenty million dollars of real money into building it. In 1872 the Dutchmen believed that they were being badly swindled, and stopped the money; in 1873 the road went into the hands of a receiver. It was an irregular thing,

sprawling out of St. Paul in three separate branches. One went north to the Northern Pacific road at Brainerd; another went west two hundred miles to the Red River; and the third was projected to the Canadian boundary, three hundred miles northwest. The first two were practically done in 1873, but only patches of the road to Canada were finished.

The most promising part of the St. Paul & Pacific, when it failed in 1873, was the branch west from St. Paul to Breckenridge on the Red River. Hill was the Mississippi River Steamboat agent at one end; at the other end, an old Hudson Bay trader, Norman W. Kittson, ran two little old stern-wheel steamboats from Breckenridge to Winnipeg. One of these boats Hill had had built for him, taking the engine out of a Mississippi steamer that stuck on a sand-bar. Hill was a kind of jack-of-all-trades who had his hand in everything.

A large proportion of the freight that Hill and Kittson handled was for the Hudson Bay Company. It came up the Mississippi, went across on the St. Paul to Breckenridge, and then up the Red River to Kittson's steamboats. The man who got it at the other end was Donald A. Smith, chief commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company at Winnipeg—or Fort Garry, as they called it then.

Smith—now Lord Strathcona—was a lean, tall, urbane Scotchman with a soft manner and a long red beard. In 1876 he was fifty-six years old, with a life of strange, wild adventure behind him. Banished to Labrador by the governor of the Hudson Bay Company, when under twenty, to take charge of the company's station; for thirteen years alone there—

one white man among the Indians; in the 60's practically king over all the great, savage territory of the company on the waters entering Hudson Bay; captured by Riel in the Half-Breed Rebellion of 1870; sentenced to death by Riel, and saved only because Riel dared not kill him—Donald A. Smith had already achieved a career unequalled, in its way, in America. But he had accumulated no great amount of money.

It would be a great advantage to Smith to have a railroad from St. Paul to Winnipeg for gathering in his supplies when the Red River boats were frozen up in winter. He wanted it very much. The service on the St. Paul & Pacific between the Mississippi and the Red River was fruitful. So in eighteen seventy-three and -four and -five these three men—Smith and Hill and Kittson—were growing about freight conditions, telling what they would do with the St. Paul & Pacific if they had it, and finally speculating on whether they couldn't get hold of it. That seemed very unlikely. It would be a transaction running into the millions.

The only one of the three men who had any financial connections was Smith. The Hudson Bay Company banked with the Bank of Montreal; he was well acquainted there. So Smith, whenever he went East, kept calling the thing to the attention of George Stephen—now Lord Mountstephen—the head of the bank.

Minnesota certainly was a dismal place for investment just at that time. In 1873 Jay Cook & Co., the backers of the Northern Pacific failed; and the Northern Pacific came to a dead end forty miles east of Bismarck, in Dakota. In 1874 the plague of grasshoppers spread across the West. They ranged eastward all over the western half of Minnesota—square miles of them—and ate everything off the face of the earth. The state bought coal-tar and gave it to the farmers, and the farmers smeared it on long pieces of sheet-iron—in a kind of fly-paper arrangement—and dragged it around their fields, three or four sheets trailing after a horse. When the sheets were full of grasshoppers, they scraped them off with a board and left them in heaps. For ten years afterward

you could see the little black -jests on the prairie where these heaps had been. But it was of no use; the farmers could not raise anything. By 1875 they were giving it up and going out of the country.

In 1875 George Stephen and Richard R. Angus, the second man in the Bank of Montreal, went to Chicago to look after a lawsuit there. They had made a big loan to the Joliet Steel Company, the Steel Company had failed after the panic in 1873, and the bank was suing to get some of its money back. The lawsuit in Chicago was adjourned, and they had two weeks on their hands, so they flipped a penny to determine whether to go to St. Louis or St. Paul to kill part of the time. The penny sent them to St. Paul.

"I am glad of that," said Stephen; "it will give us a chance to see the prairies, and look over that St. Paul & Pacific Railroad that Smith is talking about."

They arrived in St. Paul one Sunday morning, and James J. Hill made the St. Paul & Pacific people get out an engine and an old passenger car and take them over the line to Breckenridge. The country had been scoured by the grasshoppers, and looked like the top of a rusty old stove. But Stephen was a broad-minded man, wise enough to know that the pest of grasshoppers could not last forever. It was the first time in his life he had seen the prairies, and they impressed him very much—the great empty level, miles of rich farm-lands, made a great contrast to the meager soil of eastern Canada and of Scotland, where he had been raised. He liked the idea of getting hold of the road, but he didn't see how it could be done. Here was a transaction of millions, and Stephen himself had only a moderate fortune.

That was in 1875. Meanwhile Hill kept talking about the St. Paul & Pacific. He talked continually to everybody in St. Paul. He was getting widely enthusiastic. When Hill was enthusiastic he made a curious gesture with the little finger of his right hand, and in 1875 Hill was talking about the St. Paul & Pacific and waving his little finger excitedly at everybody in St. Paul. George Stephen was figuring what could be done for the finances. The

only way he could see was to get the Dutchmen to stick and put up more money.

Finally, in 1876, Stephen went over to Amsterdam to see the Dutch bondholders. The Dutch had then, and have now, their own peculiar way of investing in securities—through what they call "administrations." Thousands of small holders buy securities through these "administrations," who keep the bonds or shares, give the owners a certificate for them, and represent the owners' interests in dealing with the corporations—doing everything, from collecting dividends to voting. This makes it very easy to deal with Dutch investors; the management of their investments is so centralized. Stephen went to the manager of the house that had placed most of these bonds, and pleaded vigorously for more money to finish the road. The Dutchmen had had enough, and nothing would move them.

"I'm no Don Quixote," said the manager.

Stephen kept arguing; for he thought it was the only way the thing could be put through.

"I tell you what we will do," said the manager. "We'll give you an option on those bonds, if you like them so much."

"If you gave me an option you'd want some money for it," said Stephen. "I don't believe I can give it to you; but how much do you want?"

"One guilder," said the manager. He knew Stephen, and realized that he was an honest, able, and entirely reliable man.

"All right," said Stephen.

So, half in jest, he gave Stephen an eight months' option on the controlling bonds for one guilder. A guilder is worth forty cents.

The price agreed upon, which Stephen was to pay for the Dutchmen's bonds, was thirty cents on the dollar—less than the accrued interest which was due and unpaid on them. Eight months would give them a chance to see what they could do with the Minnesota Legislature about the franchise.

Then Stephen came back and started out to see what he could do. John S. Kennedy, a New York private banker—a

cautious, side-whiskered Scotchman—was either a trustee or the agent of the Dutch bondholders, or both, for all of the principal St. Paul & Pacific mortgages. Kennedy could be very useful to them. He knew just where the bonds they hadn't got options on lay, and the best way to get at the bondholders and try them out. They got him into the combination right away. Then Hill, who was an excellent "mixer," and knew half of the people of the State in his position of station-master at St. Paul, began to work with the Minnesota legislature.

It was at the time of the Grange revolution against the railroads in the Mississippi valley, the session of the Minnesota legislature was limited to sixty days, and the Northern Pacific interests, which already owned the worthless stock of the St. Paul & Pacific, wanted to get hold of the road. Hill had the fight of his life to get his bill through in those sixty days. The franchisees and the land grant had lapsed with the failure of the railroad; it was necessary to revive them. For two months Hill buttonholed politicians, traded votes, compromised with the Northern Pacific people by giving them the branch to Business, and shook his little finger in argument before the members of the legislature. But, up to the last minute, he seemed to have been beaten. Four days before the session closed, his bill had not passed the Senate, where it was introduced, and had not been acted upon at all by the House. It passed the Senate finally; then, by pure accident, the House passed it on the last or next to the last day of the session, under suspension of rules.

There was one more thing for Hill to do. The road had been entitled to two million acres in land grants. The State had validated them; now it was necessary to get the Government to do so. This was done soon after the legislature closed.

So, then, in the spring of 1877 they were ready to take over the St. Paul & Pacific. People still smiled at it in St. Paul, and wondered a good deal how Jim Hill had mesmerized a bank president like Stephen into getting him to put up the money. If it hadn't been for the grasshoppers, it would have been different. But

as it was, no one could take it seriously. When the syndicate came to pay its lawyers, Bigelow, Flandreau & Clark, it offered them a choice between \$25,000 in cash and \$500,000 in stock. They took the cash, as everybody else in the section would have done. This was a mistake that cost them, principal and interest to the present time, some \$15,000,000, all told. But they did not know then, and could not know. No one, of course, could guess the thing that was about to happen.

The spring of 1877 came in, and with it the usual plague of grasshoppers. They grew and increased for two months—swarms of little fellows who could only crawl and jump a foot or two high. Then, in the early summer, it came time for them to fly. One day, without the slightest warning, they left the country—swarms square miles wide. They never came back again, and, strange as that, no one in the entire country either saw where they went or could figure it out afterward.

A few of the settlers had stayed on the farms to make a fourth trial of the pest-ridden country. The grasshoppers had eaten the young wheat, till, like early frost, their eating had merely driven back its growth, even if stronger roots, and really helped it. That year saw the greatest wheat crop for its area ever grown in that region. The farmers who remained started the new railroad carrying out their crops day and night. The station at St. Paul was piled to the roof with the baggage of farmers going back to take up the deserted farms. And Hill, with his twenty or thirty locomotives and few hundred cars, was frantic with success. He worked

every possible source for more freight-cars; and, to get the troops of immigrants to his farms, he sent as far East as New York to buy a lot of discarded passenger-coaches given up by the Harlem road.

The plague of grasshoppers had made a new group of multimillionaires. If it had not arrived as it did, no one could have bought the St. Paul & Pacific for the price they paid for it. If it had not ceased all at once, they might have been unable to finance it.

But now, with their forty-cent option on the bonds, they found themselves in the fortunate position of a man who can mortgage his property for more than he paid for it. This group of six men had paid out altogether \$283,000 in completing the deal, making surveys, locating and negotiating for the remainder of the bonds, and getting their franchises and land grants. In 1878 they secured and advanced money for the receiver to complete the road. Stephen in the Bank of Montreal and Kennedy in New York easily found the money for it; capital was then advanced for so safe an enterprise. Then, in 1879, they paid for everything—the bonds, their expenses, and the advances of finishing the road out of two new bond issues, and made in addition several million dollars of profits. The old bond issues outstanding had aggregated \$24,000,000, with an annual interest charge of \$1,680,000. The new issues aggregated \$16,000,000, with an annual interest of \$1,120,000. So they saved on the outset \$560,000 a year, to come to the stock instead of the bonds. Nearly enough, in itself, to pay four-per-cent dividends on \$15,000,000 worth of stock.



#### WHAT IS TO BE THE NEXT RELIGION?

WHAT is to be the next religion, asks *Current Literature*? Two vivid expressions of opinion bearing on the present religious situation in England and America have aroused widespread comment. The first is an ironical arraignment by Oliver Maxon Hueffer of

existing tendencies, which appears in a London review under the title, "The Next Religion." The second is a statement made during a recent sermon by a Unitarian minister of New York, the Rev. Dr. John Haines Holmes, to the effect that "Catholicism is dead; Protestantism is dying;

the day of a new religion is at hand." The significance of both statements may be said to lie in the fact that they treat the prevailing religious system as moribund, and admit, the one with bitterness, the other with gladness, the coming of a new era.

According to Mr. Hueffer, Christianity has been approaching for some time a period of total or partial eclipse. The Reformation is what started the decline. "Admit the possibility of doubt in an article of faith," he says, "and there is no logical stopping-place until you deny everything but the evidence of your own senses."

Mr. Hueffer hopes that the eclipse of Christianity will prove only temporary, but he feels that it may be years and even centuries before it regains its former vitality. In the meanwhile a stop-gap will certainly be found, "for even semi-education cannot expect altogether to crush out the human instinct for believing something," and he thinks he knows what it will be. "If we take a bird's-eye view," he says, "of humanity and the various religious evolved by it in more or less historic times, we find that, however greatly they may vary and in however many directions, there is one common bond between them—everywhere we find, that is to say, the belief in magic or witchcraft is acknowledged and, for the most part, condemned." The present age, Mr. Hueffer finds, is no exception to this general rule. He goes on to say (in *The National Review*):

"We are so accustomed, in these days, to laugh at the pretensions of witchcraft and its ministers, that there seems at first sight something ridiculous in the idea that it could ever again lift up its head among us. In actual fact not only is such a thing possible—it is even probable.

To those incredulous of such a revival I may point out that in a large measure it is not a mere speculative possibility, but an actual present fact. There are thousands, perhaps millions, in this country, the United States and the Colonies who, although in deference to the twelvemonth of the council school their laugh at the very name of 'witch' are yet themselves earnest believers in witchcraft. To take only one example, out of hundreds,

the cult of Spiritualism is increasing daily, on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet the 'medium' only does what the witch has been doing for thousands of years past—as witness, for instance, the Witch of Endor, who, had she lived to-day, would have put the names of Ensign Palladini, the Davenport Brothers, or Mrs. Piper, altogether in the shade. Christian Science, again, although it masks itself under another name, follows exactly in the footsteps of the witch. It is true that it has as yet claimed no miraculous cures half so wonderful as were effected, in the way of business and quite without any fuss or trouble, by hundreds of ascribing witches whose names could be adduced by any student of their history. It is scarcely too much to say that every time some mind-stirred enthusiast sets to work to produce an improvement upon Christianity, he goes directly, though unwittingly, to that great Mother-Fort of human credulity which, although it has been so frequently drawn upon by his predecessors, will never run dry so long as one human being is left who would fear to lose himself in an ancient forest on a dark night. The cult of witchcraft cloaks itself under a thousand venerable or holy names, yet, wittingly or ignorantly, it was as impossible to evolve a new religion without drawing upon it as to produce sound without vibration."

Dr. Holmes's sermon in New York followed an entirely different line of thought. His subject was "Dead Catholicism and Dying Protestantism," and his remarks were called forth by the recent sermons of the Rev. Father Vaughan and the Rev. Dr. Aked. He said, in part:

"From the standpoint of statistics Catholicism seems to be flourishing, but as a matter of fact it is dead. It died three centuries ago. The present condition of the Church shows only the momentum which it has gathered from its great power in the past. It is a measure not of its present vitality, but of the amount of ignorance, superstition, and fear which are still present in the world. The real test of the vitality of an institution is not that of number, but of the influence which it exerts upon the controlling forces of human life. Judged by this test, Catholicism

is hopelessly dead. It once controlled the destinies of our whole civilization. To-day it controls nothing. Society goes upon its way as though it did not exist at all. Father Vaughan's claim, therefore, as to its being the world religion of the future is simply ridiculous. Catholicism will continue for a long time yet, but its ultimate disappearance is inevitable.

"No less ridiculous, however, are Dr. Aked's claims for Protestantism. If Catholicism is already dead, it is no less true that Protestantism is dying, dying very fast. Here again statistics are utterly deceptive. The figures which Dr. Aked has quoted as to the present power and growth of the Protestant churches signify only how slow people are to emancipate themselves from custom and tradition. Here again we must apply the supreme test of vitality—namely, what is its influence over the controlling forces of human life? Here, as with Catholicism, we find that Protestantism exerts practically no influence at all. It has practically been banished from the home, it is outlawed from education, and it has no place in the world of living thought. The great political and industrial reforms of to-day go on as though there were no such things as Protestantism. Close all the Protestant churches to-day and silence all their ministers, and how much real difference would it make in the solution of the problems that are before us?"

When asked to elaborate this statement by a representative of the *New York Globe*, Dr. Holmes declared: "The Roman Catholic Church was the means of keeping alive the spirit of religion during the dark ages, after the downfall of paganism. Its monasteries were at one time the only institutions of learning. And it helped to keep Europe together politically. Protestantism freed religion from the domination of priests. It was responsible for the free church, the free State, and the free schools. It did fine work in its day. But its day has passed."

"Do you mean that there are fashions in religion, as in ladies' hats?" the clergyman was asked.

Dr. Holmes did not hesitate for an answer. "Truth goes out of style," was his remarkable reply. "It goes out of

style and becomes falsehood. The German philosopher Nietzsche said that a good, healthy truth never lives more than about twenty years. And I'm not sure that he hasn't put his estimate too high. You see," he continued, "no man has ever known the complete truth. And no institution either. Not even the Catholic Church. Not even—with all due respect to any orthodox Protestant friends—not even the Bible. More truths, new truths, are always being discovered. The germ of religion hidden away in the superstitions of Catholicism was a gleam of pure truth that illuminated the dark ages. But the world advanced to truths undreamed of by Catholicism. And the Catholic truth became falsehood, falsehood against which honest and religious people protested. The Protestants founded a religion of their own."

"A true religion?"

"Certainly. True for that age. At that time Luther's great truth that every man must be his own priest and get into direct and personal touch with his God quite overshadowed the falsehoods and superstitions of his faith. But to-day it is quite impossible for educated men to believe in the infallibility of the Bible; Charles Darwin has made it impossible for us to take stock in the fall of man theory. And as for the superstition about the blood of Christ—well, enlightened men who have been touched with the scientific spirit of this age can no longer subscribe to it."

"What of the future?" was the final question asked; and Dr. Holmes answered: "The spirit of this age is the spirit of social service—of Socialism. Socialism is a religion, as fine a religion as there is to-day. For religion doesn't consist in going to church, or subscribing to a creed, or listening to my sermons, or to those of any other minister. Religion is a spirit of unselfish enthusiasm that unites great bodies of men in the service of a humanitarian ideal. The Socialists have that enthusiasm. They have that fine ideal. The one great question that every good Protestant is supposed to ask himself, 'What shall I do to be saved?' has all the selfish, narrow-mindedness of the individualist age

out of which we are passing. I tell my congregation that they can't be saved individually. I tell them that they'll all go to heaven or to hell together. The day of individual salvation is over. The era of social salvation is at hand."

So Mr. Huffer sees looming in the future witchcraft, and feels that humanity is entering new Dark Ages; while Dr. Holmes predicts the coming of Socialism, and welcomes it.

To the Roman Catholic press both prophets appear equally foolish. The *New York Freeman's Journal*, for instance, registers its conviction that statements such as Dr. Holmes's bid fair to accelerate the dissolution of Protestantism which he foresees. It comments:

"Such are the vagaries of the new religion. It is Protestantism run to seed. Protestant ministers of the Rev. Dr. Holmes type, adopting essential features of Modernism, which Mrs. X, has crushed within the Catholic Church, have entered upon paths that lead away from all that for which Christianity stands. They represent in their own persons the weakness of Protestantism which, after virtually discarding the Bible as the rule of faith, shows a disposition to follow the leadership of the Eliots and of the Holmeses who would substitute human speculations for God's word."

The Protestant *Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York) is almost as unsympathetic. "Dr. Holmes," it remarks, "is one of the most passionate social reformers that we have, and is, of course, impatient with the slow pace the church often pursues, as no doubt we all are at times. But he is a pastor of this very church which he pronounces dead, and we very much doubt if any good comes from this wholesale denunciation of the church, especially when one is in it, and thereby confessing that it offers him the best instrument for producing those very reformations he accuses the church of neglecting." The same paper continues:

"We are perfectly free to confess that the Roman Catholic Church is shutting herself off from vast fields of influence by her fear of anything that has come into being since the Middle Ages, and we are just

as free to say that the Protestant Church is lifting up her voice too feebly against social and civic iniquity. But, as a matter of fact, neither Roman Catholicism nor Protestantism are anywhere near the dying point. In spite of all their losses and delinquencies they are much more alive than they ever were. Both in Europe and America millions of souls are drawing their religious nourishment straight from the breast of the Catholic Church. In spite of the separation of Church and State in France, Catholicism is an immense power. Even the Modernists do not leave her, because they see that in her they have power; without her folds their voice would be lost."

An editorial writer on *The Christian Commonwealth* (London) makes a thoughtful contribution to the discussion. He thinks it betokens a lack of the sense of humor to take Mr. Huffer's prophecy too seriously; and he concedes an ascendancy of the social spirit in the church. It is becoming quite clear, to this writer at any rate, that "there is no finality about the Christian church in its present form," and that "its end as at present constituted is not far distant." The reasons for his conclusion are stated as follows:

"The modern institutional church, which to some appears to be the very apotheosis of Christianity, is in reality one of the signs of the end. For this somewhat obvious reason, that the main things in which it concerns itself are just those things which, before long, every enlightened municipality will regard as its own work, to be prosecuted with all the force and efficiency of municipal and State machinery. . . . The church reading-room is rapidly being ousted by the public free library. The church relief societies and thrift clubs are being swallowed up in wider and more scientific schemes undertaken by the community as a whole. Infant-care, child-care, the provision of adequate instruction in such things as cookery, hygiene—these matters are being taken up on all sides by public authorities. These and such functions, voluntarily assumed by the church by reason of the manifest love within her, are now passing over to the community; and we feel that this is a right move, for the community

ought to do those things, and can do them better acting as a whole. The institutional church will, therefore, shortly cease to have any *raison d'être*, and will in consequence disappear. The same thing applies to the ordinary church, so far as its various social, reforming, ameliorating, philanthropic agencies are concerned."

But all this, as *The Christian Commonwealth* analyzes the situation, will only re-round, in the end, to the greater glory of the church, because it will compel Christianity to return to its true and authentic functions. The argument closes:

"In the ancient village organization the church stood in the centre, with spire pointing to the heavens above. The market was outside, the public assemblies were outside, the mechanism of social organization was outside; the church had its specific place, but it was not any of these things. It stood for the mystic vision, for the sense of the unseen, for communion with

the timeless, for withdrawal, for central rootedness and rest. I think we are moving back to that. When the community becomes sufficiently enlightened to take up its proper responsibilities with respect to all its members, the church will remain; but it will signify the community at prayer, the community practising the Presence of God.

"The next religion, therefore, is much more likely to be a religion shared alike by the church and the community, manifesting in the community in all kinds of practical redemptive and uniting agencies and in the church as—which is the most really practical thing of all—worship, communion, adoration, vision, spiritual grasp, mystical love. When that arrives, these will be seen to be not two things, but one and the same. No line of demarcation will separate between the church and the community; they will be but two activities of One Soul."



#### CHEAP MEAT: THE GERMAN FREIBANK.

THE *Freibank* of a German city is a most interesting place, though few tourists visit it, and those who do seldom know much about the commodities exposed there for sale. In Berlin there are four of such buildings, all situated in the poorer quarters of the town, but as a rule one *Freibank* suffices for each great industrial city; whilst in Hamburg there is not one at all as yet, owing possibly to the fact that that town is so close to the ports where we send our worn-out hoes that this peculiar institution is not so necessary there as elsewhere. Thus writes C. Smith Rossie in the *Contemporary Review*.

For the *Freibank* is a meat market of a very strange sort—not a meat market specially for either cattle, horse or dog, but a meat market for the poor, and for the poor alone, and so safeguarded by laws and regulations, and watched by police and inspectors, that it would be very difficult as well as disgraceful for any well-to-do people to buy their meat supplies there.

And the reason why there are all these rules and penalties connected with this particular German meat market is because the meat sold there is all under the ban of the veterinary inspection, which has been conducted in the *Schlachthaus* and *Seinisch-Ausstell*, and is flesh taken from animals that are so much diseased that either the flesh is lowered in value by the disease or else is actually infected by disease. But in the latter case the disease germs have always been completely killed by prolonged scientific sterilization.

The flesh of animals who have become feverish from more than twenty-four hours suffering from accidents is also sent to the *Freibank* for sale, but if the animals have been slaughtered before that length of time, it lies in the discretion of the inspectors whether the flesh should be sent to the *Freibank* or into general sale.

The *Freibank* is to all appearances an open meat market. You will see little to shock you in walking through it. The people who are shopping here are poorer looking than is usual, but that is all the

difference that you would notice from any ordinary market. The price of the meat, too, is lower, but not so low as one might suspect from the sort of stuff sold. It must be at least one-fourth lower in price than the same sort of meat would sell for outside.

Neither would the tuberculous cooked meat stalls offer any shock to the ordinary sight-seer; that the meat there is almost black in hue owing to prolonged and high sterilization would not surprise the sight-seer, for the press of poor people round these stalls is so great that it is difficult to get near enough to see the meat at all, unless, like myself, one goes prepared for the spectacle, and so is willing to wait with the crowd and push for a place in advance of the others. It is not by taking a Cook's ticket to tour in Germany that one gets to see the way the Germans live. Neither is it by living in hotels and taking a saunter into the cathedrals and palaces.

The very regulations that govern the sale of the *Freibank* meat should show what sort of stuff it is. For according to the laws arranged by the police—

No hotel, restaurant or eating-house is permitted to buy on the *Freibank*, except by special permission of the police.

No butcher or sausage-maker can buy it at all—not even by deputy.

No one can buy more than three kilos per diem, and then only for the use of his or her own household alone.

Those who sell the meat have to get official appointment, and they are not allowed either to buy it themselves or to sell any other kind of meat either inside or outside the *Freibank*. (Of course, the reason of this law is to prevent them from fraudulently selling the *Freibank* meat in the city shops, where only healthy meat is to be sold. It is to shield the higher classes from any chance of getting this diseased stuff foisted on themselves.)

Penalties of heavy fines and even imprisonment follow any trifling with these laws.

Another document says: Out of eighty-nine slaughtered dogs thirteen were found fault with on account of pneumonia, anthrax of the lungs, sarcoma, carcinoma,

and disease of the kidneys; and of these two were put aside as unfit for the food of man on account of pneumonia and cancer, but of the rest only the diseased organs were destroyed.

Such words tell their own tale. They prove that the German standards are not unduly severe. It is not stated even in this report that this diseased dogs' flesh was sent to the *Freibank*. It may have been sold in the shops as sound quality, but, whether or not, proves this thing, that the fear of dog-flesh is not so bad as the fact that the flesh of diseased dogs is not only eaten, but paid for by our German brethren. And the fact that certain of the dogs are diseased is easy to see when one remembers that it is a law of Germany that all lost animals found by the police in the city are sent for sale on the *Freibank* after being kept for three weeks to fatten. For the *Freibank* is a place where profits have to be made, so as to provide compensation to the owners of the diseased cattle—compensation about which there is so much trouble in this country. In England the owners of diseased cattle have to pay the damages themselves, except in cases of epidemics, when the loss falls on the taxpayers. In Germany (as you will have observed) the poor people pay a great deal of the damage by the prices given for the flesh—prices for which we can get sound healthy meat. Dog-fat is valued in Germany because it is said to be a substitute for cod-liver-oil, a remedy too expensive for our Teuton brethren even in their hour of sickness. So the lost and strayed Fidos and Carlos of the German cities are a help to provide the remedy—after three weeks of fattening by the police.

And now I come to what, in my opinion, is the most unpleasant fact I have to relate—so unpleasant that I am ashamed to have to record it. And yet you can read it for yourself in the *Gemeinde Beirath* of the *Freibank* of any German city. I quote from that of Frankfurt, rule 3, section 2, where it is stated that—

The remains of the pieces of flesh used by the sanitary inspectors in the testing rooms for trichinosis are to be sent to the *Freibank* for sale as human food, for re-

meat that every kind of flesh that goes to the *Freibank* must be fit for human food.

Of course I do not mean to infer that these remains are necessarily diseased. Far from that—they may be quite healthy. They are merely the test pieces which the inspectors cut from each pig and dog that passes through their hands for the purpose of examination. Four little pieces, some-whit of the skin of a pig, are cut from each of the aforesaid animals, and, armed with these, the inspector makes further preparations from them of still smaller size, so as to make sure the dreaded trichina worm is not present. Of course, in these large slaughter-houses that means there is an immense amount of remains left, and the question is what to do with them. I fear in poor old England we might call them dogs' meat, but that is because we are extravagant. In Germany they have a more profitable use for them.

These remains are sent to the *Freibank*, but not to be sold as such in a raw condition; the *Freibank* regulation which provides that at least half a pound of meat must be purchased for this use of the remains; but a better way is to serve them up in the form of hot sausages at the price of five pfennigs (½d.) each, which can be eaten at the *Freibank* itself at a special stall, and a bank of coarse black bread can be also bought at that stall for a farthing to help to make it into a poor man's dinner, which is most acceptable to these people, who can ill spare either the time or money for cooking in the ordinary way. Poverty and the strange, invisible force of the police, which seems to cover us with a shroud all the atmosphere of a German city, drives the poorer classes into an outward form of contentment with this sort of thing; but it was evident by what I heard from the lips of the very poor themselves that they were well aware of what stuff the *Freibank* meat was made. It was not so much their actual words, but the tone of scorn with which they spoke of the *Freibank* which convinced me that the system will not be able to stand the force of public opinion as soon as the workers of Germany get power enough in the Legislature to make

their will felt. But just at present they can hardly be said to be represented at all; everything is shrewdly worked for the benefit of the "Junker" class, and undoubtedly the *Freibank* system is a very clever one regarded from the point of view of the latter. They are able to make a profitable use of diseased cattle, whilst also affording innocuous flesh food for the poorer classes, and so helping them to be content with their destiny. Even the thinking part of the better classes are ashamed of it. I asked the governor of one of the large prisons in Germany if the criminals were fed on it, and I saw him turn away his eyes in shame as he hastily exclaimed, "No, no; not even in the *Lakhor* Houses do we give *Freibank* meat." He spoke as if a *Lakhor* House was a worse place than a prison.

It was early in the morning—some-where about eight o'clock—that I had a strange adventure in the *Freibank* of Munich—strange, but not dramatic, except to myself. It is a large place, something like a long chapel, but with the interior ranged round with the meat-stalls. Outside are the words in large letters, *Stadt Freibank*, and inside is a notice warning people to beware of pickpockets. On the wooden partitions between the stalls hung large placards with the prices at which the meat was to be sold, very clearly printed.

There was no great crowd, except at the two stalls where the cooked tuberculous meat was being sold; here the buyers were in a press of three or four deep, men, women, but no children, all wearing that air of patient, hard-working endurance which is so common in Germany. The inflamed and "I-am-as-good-as-you" face of an English crowd was nowhere here. They looked like the wreckage of some fine vessel drifting before the force that had wrecked them. This remark is, perhaps, too sentimental, but life is always more interesting to me than the mere facts of life; life is more than matter, as we shall discover when we know more about it.

I spoke to a few of the people as I went along, for I wished to enter their minds. They spoke with that heartfelt kindness

universal in Germany. I asked them if the meat was to be used for dogs or for human beings, and they stared at me. "Yes, it was for human use," they said.

Black from prolonged heat, ugly from the presence of sterilized entrails—for tuberculosis shows itself most of all in the interior organs—these tuberculous meat-stalls sickened me. I left them, and turned down the length of the market. At the far end I saw one stall where no meat was exposed—but something was being sold there. It was something small and hot, and with the steaming smell which the German is supposed to love. In short, it was *saurbraten*, or sausages.

An old, withered, wrinkled woman was eating one greedily, her fingers, her knife and fork. With the friendliness of the German, she motioned to me to do the same.

"*Es ist gut*," she said, smacking her poor, worn lips. Now it is my invariable habit when I investigate anything to try personal experience, so I wished to taste this dainty to which the old crows invited me. But the fear of the *Freibank* meat was on me, and I simply could not dare to make the attempt. Whether the old woman read my thoughts on my face I know not; all I remember is that she said in a hasty whisper, "*Es ist nicht Freibank Fleisch*." I was surprised. It was not *Freibank* flesh! Then she, a poor, ignorant old creature, worn to the last extremity by poverty, knew and feared that *Freibank* flesh! That was a revelation to me, for I had come across so many English voters who had never heard of it, though they were ready to alter all our most legislation so as to get the German system adopted in poor old England. "*Es ist nicht Freibank Fleisch*," eh, so much the better; then I would try my experience of the sausage.

♦ ♦

#### WHY MURDERERS ARE PLEASANT PEOPLE

IT is a common superstition, revived at every famous trial, that the murderer in aspect and character should conform accurately with a conventional form

The sausage-vendor took a small yellow thing from her oven. She jabbed the side of it against some sharp steel edge on her machine, and then, jailing the broken sausage on a plate, she handed it to me, *sau* knife or fork, except those of Adam.

The dirty yellowish thing looked very uninviting, and my friend the old crows saw my reserved hesitation. She drew a mustard-pot towards me and bade me partake. It was free, she signified to me.

Now that astonished me. Free, and in Germany? That was at once suspicious to anyone who understands the ways of the Fatherland. For there is nothing free there except the *Freibank*, and that is only free in the sense that it is free from seizure by the police, it being illegal to sell that kind of diseased meat anywhere else! The very subject of my investigation that morning—the *Freibank*—was enough to make me afraid of anything free.

I took away my hand from the sausage-laden plate and pushed it towards my friend, the old crows. "You can have it," I signified. She looked surprised, almost pained. Was I insulting Germany, or was I one of those eccentric *Engländer* who are so colossally wealthy that they can purchase even sausages merely to waste?

But the gift was too tempting; in a few minutes she was devouring my dainty, her old wrinkled face glowing with a smiling light such as one sometimes sees on the faces of angels in the great Italian picture galleries.

She smiled like an angel, as I have said; but I have also smiled ever since, for it was not until some time after this that I learned of what materials these sausages had been made—the remnants of the tending-rooms for the examination of swine and dogs for trichinosis—*Die Fleischproben*, as they are called.

♦ ♦

of savagery, observes *The British Medical Journal*, in the course of a study of the psychology of murder. The public, it says, which takes an increasing interest in

the melodrama of life and death, is disappointed at each tragedy because the criminal does not bear upon his forehead the brand of Cain. Yet a little knowledge, adds our London authority, a more vivid memory of the past, might convince the least imaginative that the murderer in his hours of ease is most often a kindly, amiable and sympathetic gentleman, as long as his will, at once violent and infirm, is not thwarted.

"There is one other quality in which murderers are never deficient—the quality of coolness. Faced by the ministers of justice, they one and all prove a serenity of mind, a courage of demeanor, which too often persuade the foolish of their innocence. There could scarcely be a better proof of guilt than this composure. The murderer has nothing to lose, he has everything to gain, by a resolute bearing.

He knows better than anybody else in the world the strength and weakness of his own case. So often has he rehearsed his story that it comes to his tongue without bungling or hesitation. How different is the plight of the innocent man unjustly accused! Overwhelmed with embarrassment and surprise, he falters in his speech. The flush of rage which mounts to his cheek is taken by his enemies as a confession of guilt, and if he were judged by appearances alone it would go hard with him. Justice, then, must dismiss from her purview all generalizations concerning character and demeanor. It is hers to establish guilt or innocence by the stern consideration of facts, and so long as she is intent upon this supreme duty we may retain a placid confidence that the wrongdoer shall not escape his proper punishment.



#### IS THE ATLANTIC SWALLOWING AMERICA?

MUCH evidence has been adduced, says D. W. Johnson, writing in *Science*, in support of the theory that various portions of the Atlantic coast here have recently undergone a gradual subsidence, and this movement is believed by many to be still in progress. The rate of subsidence has been calculated as one foot per century for the Massachusetts coast, and from one to two feet per century for the New Jersey coast. Among the lines of evidence which appear to support the theory are the following: Indian shell heaps are found below high-tide level; stumps of trees are found in place in salt marshes, showing that the trees were killed by the invasion of salt water; peat formed by salt-water vegetation is found overlying fresh-water peat; familiar landmarks are covered by high tides to greater depths than formerly; land owners along salt marshes find that the marsh areas have recently encroached upon the upland areas; the tides have increased in height to such an extent that certain tidal mills can no longer be operated as effectively as formerly; dykes

erected to keep the tides out of certain salt-marsh meadows are themselves submerged by the rise of the tides; accurate measurements show that a bench-mark established at Boston three-quarters of a century ago is now three-quarters of a foot nearer the mean level of the sea above which it was placed than it was when first put in position.

The writer would call attention to a factor which produces fictitious appearances of coastal subsidence, and which he believes to have a higher degree of importance than any of those mentioned above. As a tidal wave approaches an irregular coast it is materially modified in shape and in height. If a surface could be constructed to pass through every point reached by the crest of the tidal wave, it would be found to have marked undulations of considerable complexity. The surface would rise well above mean sea level in bays which are widely open at their mouths and converge toward their heads; but would descend abruptly toward mean sea level where a narrow inlet connected the ocean with a broad, land-locked bay

or lagoon. Within such an enclosed bay this "high-tide surface" might be a number of feet lower than that portion of the surface immediately outside of the enclosing arms of land.

The irregular high-tide surface is very unstable, and will undergo modifications as waves and currents erode islands, build bars, silt up or scour out channels, break through barrier beaches, or otherwise modify the shoreline and adjacent shallow water areas. Where waves break through a bar enclosing a bay which was formerly connected with the ocean by a narrow inlet, the high-tide surface within the bay may instantly be raised several feet, since the broader opening permits

the rising waters to enter freely and so give tides within the bay as high as those in the adjacent ocean. A more gradual enlargement of the inlet would cause a gradual elevation of that portion of the high-tide surface within the bay; whereas a growing bar might cause a decrease in the height of the same surface. If the size of the inlet remains constant, then silting up of the bay, the encroachment of tidal marshes, or the reclaiming of part of the bay surface by artificial filling or by the construction of dykes, will cause a raising of the high-tide surface within the remaining areas of the bay; for the water entering through the narrow inlet, having less area to spread over, will accumulate to a greater depth than formerly.



#### THE DEFECTIVE PUPIL.

MILLEDGE L. BONHAM, Jr., A.M., headmaster Kohat School, New York, says in an article in *Education*: Our first impulse is to say that there should be no such problem—these pupils should be in the institutions especially equipped for dealing with their cases. Granted. But the fact remains that there is such a problem. In many communities there are no such schools at all, in others the only ones are private institutions, beyond the means of most parents. Yet in nearly every community will be found children, not idiots, but defective, some of them, merely "subnormal." Many of these defectives will be sent to the regular schools.

What shall the teacher do with these children?

In the first place, every teacher should be required to learn sufficient physiology, psychology and pedagogy to preclude her doing anything to increase the number of dullards. Most dullards are not born, but made. Dr. Shields holds that most cases of stammering are the result of frightening nervous children. Dullards are not hopeless if taken in the beginning, but any subnormal child may become a dullard if handled clumsily. The monitors

referred to above are one class of subnormal or retarded children. Of course, those who are selected for monitors should be pupils who are behind mainly on account of absence from school, not those who are themselves abnormal.

The attention given these subnormals must be systematic, not haphazard. Each case needs individual study by the teacher. Instead of being compelled to attempt to come up to the standard, the standard must be adapted to them. One will need much manual training, with almost no arithmetic for a while; another will require less manual training, but much help in reading, practice in counting, and so on. This, of course, means smaller classes; that means additional expense, for not only shall we need more teachers, but specially trained teachers. Yet the additional expense will be money saved, for it will help decrease the total of poverty, ignorance and crime.

These remarks apply, of course, to the public schools; yet the private schools are likely to have a larger proportion of dullards, potential and actual, than the public schools. Their problem will be mainly in the selection of teachers who have the

will and the ability to study each pupil thoroughly. Private schools seldom have very large classes, and this can be done without additional expenditure. But the school owner who is not merely after the dollars will feel obligated to do even more. He, too, will probably find it necessary to have an ungraded class; and it will be his duty to see that its members are either on the road to restoration or that they be sent to institutions that can properly care for them. At the same time he must see that the normal pupils are getting such care that they will not feel that they are being held to the level of dullards. So

small and numerous classes, with very flexible graduation, should be the rule rather than the exception.

All these remedies, and more, are needed, but can we not do something to prevent abnormality? Stricter marriage laws, with better enforcement, are needed, as well as more exact and extensive vital statistics, and closer study of infancy. Fiske points out that civilization, founded on the family, is due to the prolonged period of infancy in man—why, then, should not society do something to insure the birth of normal infants and the maintenance of their normal status?



### INSOMNIA AND INSOMNIACS.

**I**NSOMNIA is both a penalty and a pathetic luxury of civilization, declares Dr. Wood Hutchinson in *Nursery's Magazine*. It is a mark of neurologic aristocracy, as distinctly and unquestionably as gout is a mark of blue blood and ancient lineage. Those who possess it may be as vain of it as of a coronet on their note-paper. The great mass of mankind seldom suffer from insomnia—they have too many other troubles.

To hear an insomniac recite his woes as he holds you with his glittering eye, one would think that to lie awake two or three hours in a comfortable bed, listening to the clock as it strikes was one of the deadliest diseases that afflicted humanity; and night-long sleepy-headedness the most precious and vital privilege of man.

As a matter of fact, insomnia, like the devil, is not so black as it is painted. It isn't the staying awake for an hour or two at night that's abnormal, so much as the worrying about it all the next day. Most of us in our salad days—and in later life, while healthy and vigorous—think little of losing not merely an hour's but a night's sleep. We echo the gay philosophy of Tom Moore that—

The best of all ways to lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night.

It is a reckless and easy-going philosophy, but it has some justification in the case with which deprivations of this sort can be made good the following night, so long as the beautiful elasticity of youth lasts, and the rigidity of advancing years draws not nigh.

Nor did the childhood of the world worry itself much about insomnia, for the reason that it had such unlimited opportunities of making up for the loss, and so comparatively little to keep it awake at night—or in the daytime either. It also retained some of the old-time power of hibernation, which enabled it to drop peacefully off to sleep, in order to fill up the time, when it had nothing else to do. Its principal objection to lying awake at night was on account of the things which one might happen to see in the interval—things that flapped and glared at the windows, or stood rigid and terrible at the head of your bed, and would "git you" if you didn't pull the blankets over your head. Perhaps part of the violent objection that we have to lying awake at night is a survival, due to vague and indefinable fear that some of these bogies of the nursery days of our minds may reappear.

**A**LL the protections and safeguards of twenty centuries of civilization seem to drop away from us, and leave us naked and unprotected to our enemies, when we wake "in the dim and dead of night, when the rain is on the roof." Every sound must be explained and strictly accounted for. It is probably only a rat, or the wind rattling the windows, but it may be a jehanneke, or a burglar! Every moving shadow reveals an enemy with drawn, uplifted knife, every point of light is the gleaming eyeball of some jungle beast. This is the hour when the gods were born, when even the boldest must have some one to appeal to for protection. If we were quite sure that nothing terrible would happen to us during our hours of wakefulness, perhaps we should not dread insomnia so much.

Of course, to lose two hours of sleep, out of our necessary eight, is both unpleasant and unwholesome—like being robbed of one-fourth of our proper supply of food. If it were to continue indefinitely, it would ultimately result in physical bankruptcy. But the human mechanism is astonishingly elastic. It can allow itself a surprising amount of leeway, and yet keep safely on its course. If you give yourself nine hours in bed every night, nothing is easier than for the body to make good its deficit at any time, almost without your noticing it. The mere fact that you lay awake two hours last night and three hours the night before is no proof that the same thing is going to repeat itself every night for the next month. Indeed, not more than one case of insomnia in fifty ever continues so long or so constantly, as to cause the health to suffer appreciably from actual loss of sleep.

Unless there is some positive disease of body or some serious disturbance of mind, the more sleep you lose for two or three nights in succession, the more likely you are to make it up in the next three or four nights. Nature is perpetually redressing the sleep balance, without your being aware of what she is doing. We can readily tell when we eat, and how much we eat, but no man living can say positively when or how long he is asleep. It is only the time when he is awake that he

can testify to with certainty; and his senses may grossly deceive him even as to that.

The gravity of both sleeplessness and loss of appetite depends almost entirely upon the seriousness and obstinacy of their cause. So far as the actual loss of food or sleep is concerned, the human body has almost incredible powers of enduring both starvation and wakefulness without serious or permanent injury. Remember that the strongest and most unconquerable tendency of a normal individual is to sleep when he is tired and eat when his stomach is empty; and that it takes some positive and persistent obstacle to prevent him from indulging in either of these vital habits.

When your tissues get to a point where they really need and demand sleep, you could not stay awake if some one stood over with a drawn sword. Remove the cause of your insomnia, and sleep will follow as certainly as the night the day. If this cause be a definite or organic disease, then the gravity of your insomnia will be the gravity and obstinacy of this particular disease. If it be due to some form of grief, or bereavement, you may rest assured that sooner or later you will fall into the heavy, dreamless sleep of exhaustion, or that the deadening effect of the passage of time will dull the edge of your agony.

The cheering thing to remember, in insomnia, is that in nine cases out of ten the cause is either completely removable, or will mitigate itself gradually with the merciful oblivion of time.

\* \* \*

**I**NSOMNIA is always a symptom of some physical disturbance or mental strain, and ought by no means to be ignored or lightly regarded. It is, in fact, one of our most invaluable danger-signals, the prompt heading of which will save us many a break-down. Yet the thing to be borne clearly in mind is its curious power of self-exaggeration, its tendency to make us overestimate both the amount of our wakefulness and the seriousness of the results which are likely to follow from it.

There are forms of insomnia which are the first sign of physical breakdown, or mental antelance; and though these do not form more than one per cent.—scarcely more than one in five hundred—of all cases, the impression, unfortunately, seems to have got abroad that all forms of insomnia tend to carry their victims in this direction, and will inevitably end in some catastrophic, unless checked. As a matter of fact, even the ten per cent. of cases which are not due to some temporary or readily removable cause, and which tend to persist in milder or severer form, in spite of all that can be done for them—even these might in the vast majority of instances, run unchanged for months, and even years, without seriously or permanently undermining the health.

But of course you cannot make anybody who has insomnia believe this! That is one of the fundamental symptoms of his condition. In spite of the best and coolest judgment which he can bring to bear upon his condition, he *will* die, and nobody *shall* save him, unless this terrible and intolerable loss of sleep is stopped!

He is the best illustration possible of the homely old dictum:

He that complains against his will  
Is of his own opinion still.

And the difficulties of convincing him are fundamental and peculiar. First and foremost, to prove to a man that he is asleep is like attempting to prove a negative, only more so. No one knows when, or how long, he is asleep. He only knows what his last memories were on dozing off, and what time it was when he awoke. The playful little agreement that we used to make in the happy days of childhood, when we slept three or four in a room, that the one who fell asleep first would whistle, was never yet fulfilled. Unless some genius can invent a paradoxical sort of a clock that we can hear when we are asleep and cannot hear when we are awake, we shall never be able to demonstrate positively the exact amount of our slumbers or our wakefulness.

HOW difficult it is to make any one who is skeptical on the subject believe that he has been asleep is amusingly illustrated by a story told by an eminent physician of the experiments with laughing gas, in the early days of its use.

Its inhalation became one of the popular fads, and young people at evening parties would assume themselves by getting some doctor friend to give laughing gas to three or four of their number, and watching the result. On one of these occasions, the gas was administered to a young lady and two young men, all of whom went soundly asleep, and woke up again in a few minutes. Two of them admitted the success of the experiment, but the third—a particularly pig-headed young fellow—insisted that he had never been asleep at all, but had just been pretending; and had heard every word of what had been said while he was supposed to be unconscious.

For several minutes they argued with him without avail, and then one of the young ladies with a mischievous smile whispered something in the ear of the doctor. The doctor turned to the sceptic and said:

"Well now, Mr. Smith, perhaps that time it was not a success. Suppose we try it again!"

To this the doubter readily consented. When he was fully under the influence, the doctor told one of his friends to remove his shoes and stockings. To the intense amusement of everybody in the room, the young fellow was evidently in the frame of mind of the lady from the rural districts who, on seeing a porcelain bath-tub for the first time, declared that it looked so good that she could hardly wait until Saturday night to try it—and it was late in Friday night in his case.

As soon as he regained consciousness, he again began protesting that he had never been asleep, had just wanted to fool them, and so forth; but his protestations were quickly cut short by the doctor's quietly smiling and pointing to his feet. The youth made one wild grab for his shoes and stockings, bolted precipitately from the room, and never made any fur-

ther attempt to deny that he had been sound asleep.

Naturally no one can remember anything about the time when he was actually asleep, though the hours during which he was awake stand out vividly and convincingly. This is not to say, of course, that many individuals do not suffer both in their comfort and in their health from chronic and persistent loss of sleep, but only that the amount lost, and the damage done thereby, is never as great as it appears to the sufferers.

As a matter of fact, obstinate and serious forms of the disease are far from common; and the average family physician is not called upon to prescribe for sleeplessness half as often as is popularly believed. One good, wide-awake case of insomnia, determined to get something to put him, or her, to sleep, will go the rounds of every doctor in town and multiply his apparent numerousness tenfold.

\* \* \*

WHEN you actually find yourself sleepless, the best thing to do, at that particular time, is *working whatever*; and the more thoroughly and completely you do it, the better. Just make up your mind what you are going to do next day to prevent a repetition tomorrow night, and resign yourself to the

situation. Remember, it won't do you the slightest harm in the world to lie awake in a comfortable bed, in a well-ventilated room, for one, two, or even three, hours at a stretch, provided you keep your muscles quiet and your mind at rest.

If your mind wants to think, let it. It won't do you any harm, and there are few of us who do too much of that useful process during our waking hours. Just try to turn it into interesting, profitable, and entertaining directions. The man or woman who cannot enjoy a couple of hours with his or her own thoughts has sadly wasted his opportunities.

If your thoughts want to tear all over the known world, don't try to stop them; the further and faster they travel, the sooner they will tire themselves out. If you can only forget that you are awake, you will be asleep before you know it. If you are thirsty go and get a drink; if the room has become stuffy, throw the windows wider open; if your feet have become cold in any way, do whatever is necessary to get them warm. But beyond this, avoid anything which lifts your head from its pillow. One of my colleagues—a man of wide experience and national reputation—used to say to his patients who complained of sleeplessness:

"Lie quietly in bed in good air all night long, and I don't care whether you get to sleep at all or not."

♦ ♦

## IS AVIATION A FAILURE?

IT is greatly to be regretted that an outburst of such wild enthusiasm should have greeted so many recent successful flights with machines heavier than air, according to an expert in aeronautics who writes in *London Knowledge*. It is in the highest degree unlikely that the expectations of the lay public with regard to the new science will be realized. This authority says. The flying man assemblage for their tournaments in different parts of the world. Spectacular dashes are made into the empyrean. Popular ignorance of the limitations set by science upon

the art—it is not a science—of aviation grows into downright delusion. Many persons who ought to know better think that genuine advances have been made in the past few years because some newspaper in America, England, France or Germany awards a prize for some misleading ascent under artificial conditions that signify nothing. The immediate future of aviation will prove a reaction, we need further, against the whole idea of flight by aeroplanes.

Even the great extension which has occurred during the past twelve months in

the art of flying has scarcely resulted in the slight progress which might reasonably have been expected. True, the number of aviators has largely increased and records are constantly broken. The results, for all that, do not greatly exceed in practical value, this discoloured authenticity contents, those obtained by the brothers Wright when they first brought their machine before the public. The reason for the failure of aviation is very simple:

"Flight had for many years been shown to be theoretically possible, but was impracticable owing to the lack of an engine combining lightness with the requisite power. The advent of certain motor improvements some ten years ago gave an impetus to the manufacturers of petrol engines, and the Wrights found no difficulty in providing their machine with suitable driving power. But their engine, though far from perfect, was good enough to make improvement a matter of difficulty. Much ingenuity has been expended on aeroplane motors, and there are now in regular use several novel devices. Trustworthiness has, it seems, been sacrificed to lightness, and before we see much advance in the art of flight we must wait for a motor more sure than any at present in use.

The mere breaking of records for speed, for height attained, or even for duration of flight, does not of necessity indicate any material progress, since there is no reason why a machine which can sustain its pilot and two passengers for nearly ten minutes—as was the case with M. Farman at Rheims—should not carry its pilot alone for an indefinite period, provided that the engine does not fail, the place of passengers being taken by an equivalent weight of petrol. Hitherto nobody has succeeded in remaining in the air for much over three hours (should an aeroplane) and although this is a wonderful achievement in itself, it can scarcely be held to justify the expectation that flight is destined shortly to become a common method of locomotion.

As regards the greatest ambition of the designer, the provision of automatic stability which shall relieve the pilot of all care in the balance of his machine and allow him to devote his whole time to steering, nursing his engine and observing the country, it is impossible to say what we may expect. Hopes are expressed that we may shortly discover the secret. Such a consummation would at once allow flight to become a practical means of locomotion.



#### DISEASES OF IMAGINATION.

THE twenty-fifth number of Joseph Addison's *Spectator* contains the "Letter of the Valetudinarian," and the famous Englishman's remarks on the excessive care of health. Valetudinarianism is common to all ages, and to most races; and what was true of it in the seventeenth century applies with equal force to-day. The following letter is addressed to the editor of the *Spectator*, and appended are Mr. Addison's words of advice:

"Sir,—I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of the valetudinarians, and to confess to you that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or

rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature but I found my pulse was irregular, and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with. Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece.

"I then applied myself to the study of several authors who have written upon phisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption: till at length, growing very feeble, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination.

"Not long after this I found in myself

all the symptoms of the gout except pain, but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author who—as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another—cured me of the gout by giving me the stone.

"I at length studied myself into a complexion of distempers; but, accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sancto Spirito, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying out of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs that it would weigh anything as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by other channels and distributions of nature.

"Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; inasmuch that I may be said, for these three past years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundredweight, falling short of it a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution.

"In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundredweight and half a pound; and if after having dined I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make the weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half-pound, which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month.

"As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books and study away three ounces more. As for the re-

maining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them.

"I do not die and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pounds lighter than on other days in the year.

"I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, with-in a few grains, more or less; and if upon any rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair.

"Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundredweight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, sir, notwithstanding this, my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me, therefore, beg you, sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige,

"YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT."

The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflexion made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a fight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death by endeavoring to escape it.

This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen or course of physic, are purposes so abject, so mean, so

unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that, a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; it is impossible we should take delight in anything that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business are in a great measure

the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live.

In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal.



### "PASTEURIZED MILK: A FRAUD."

IN Chicago there is a momentous battle on, begins an article by Arno Duesch in *Pearson's Magazine*. Chicago's milk, like the milk of every city, is filthy and contains a dangerous percentage of disease germs. It has been made much of for ten years. Chicago alone of all large cities has had the courage to face its problem man-fashion.

On January 1, 1909, the dairymen and milk dealers of Chicago were given five years to produce and distribute a milk free from all dirt and disease.

When the law was first passed they based their hope of escaping the penalty of their inertia on the clause which is compelling them meanwhile to pasteurize milk which does not come from healthy, tuberculosis-free cattle, cared for under sanitary conditions. They figured that Chicago would get used to pasteurization, and would be content at the end of five years to permit it to continue.

It was a rude jolt that awakened the milkmen of Chicago. They found, after the law had gone into effect, that they were no longer to be allowed to turn out anything they pleased and call it pasteurized milk.

This attitude makes Chicago's fight momentous. For every city is seeking a remedy for its milk crisis. And most of them, despairing of ever making of their dairies what they should be, are on the verge of compelling universal pasteuriza-

tion. And they must be warned against pinning all their faith to it.

For the frauds of pasteurization are practised in every city in the country. At least nine-tenths of the pasteurized milk sold to-day is a snare and a delusion. It has not killed off the germs it pretends to have rendered harmless. Instead, it has frequently made it particularly easy for the worst germs of all to grow.

Tuberculosis is the greatest danger. Milk is full of its germs, and pasteurization, as it is practiced, does not kill them, but helps them to multiply, increasing the danger of infection. In raw milk the tubercle bacilli are crowded by harmless and beneficial germs, but these are the first to die when the milk is heated. In fact they are the only ones it is necessary to get rid of to preserve the milk and pass it off as pasteurized. And once they are gone, tuberculosis and other disease germs have all that extra room in which to propagate into the millions without check.

If you use the dirty raw milk commonly sold in cities, you take some chance with half a dozen disease germs, but the one you are a hundred times more likely to encounter than any other is that of tuberculosis. The others appear only sporadically and locally. Tuberculosis is there all the time, everywhere, but in raw milk the danger is minimized because it is hampered in its growth.

Take that same milk and preserve it

under the process that passes for pasteurization, and the tubercle bacilli come through only partially injured. Out of a long series of tests made by Professor Veranise Moore of Cornell, in each case where there was tuberculosis in the milk, before being "pasteurized" for the market, the tuberculosis was still there after the process.

To preserve milk, it is passed quickly over a surface, heated only high enough to kill the lactic acid germs which sour the milk. In Chicago, before the present law went into effect, Dr. W. A. Evans, the health officer who caused the reform, has told me that the average maximum heat used was 128 degrees, only enough to kill off the beneficial germs, and not high enough to do any harm to diphtheria, typhoid, scarlet fever, or tuberculosis—the disease you believe yourself protected against when you buy milk labeled "pasteurized."

Fraud and pasteurization entered the milk business together, and so far there has been only indifferent success in divorcing them. Ten years ago when the dealers in the big cities were first compelled to buy milk that took twenty-four to thirty-six hours in transit, they frequently found that it soured within a few hours after arrival and before it could be marketed. It meant a heavy financial loss, and, as usual when there is money involved, a remedy was found. It was not long before a class of machines began to appear on the market called "rapid" or "flash" pasteurizers. By using them even the oldest and filthiest milk could be prevented from turning bad for several days. In fact it never soured once it had "flashed" through the machine. It merited.

For a long time there has been a controversy among bacteriologists as to whether pasteurization in any way deteriorates the quality of the milk. The controversy has been closed by W. H. Whitman and H. C. Sherman of Columbia University. They have made many tests and conclusively shown that when you buy milk that has been preserved by pasteurization beyond the time when it would ordinarily be sour, you are buying putrefied milk.

The first man to raise his voice against fraudulent pasteurization was Dr. George W. Goler, health officer of Rochester, New York. Dr. Goler is a pioneer in the fight for pure milk. With an annual appropriation of only \$6,500, in ten years, he has purified Rochester's milk supply, without resorting to pasteurization.

"Pasteurized milk," he has said, referring to the commercial process, "while having a low bacterial count, owes it to the death of countless millions of the more harmless micro-organisms, while leaving more dangerous organisms to multiply."

But even the avowed friends of real pasteurization are not blind to the frauds that are perpetuated in its name. One of these is Nathan Strumes, the philanthropist. He has expressed himself just twice on the subject of commercial pasteurization and both times in the same words:

"Many mothers are cheated into the belief that they are getting a safe milk when they buy what is described as commercially pasteurized milk. This milk should be labeled 'not pasteurized.' It is a bumbag and a fraud, for it has not been pasteurized at all, but has been treated by a process that merely preserves the milk and keeps it from souring; it does not kill the disease germs. It does more harm than good, for it enables dealers to keep bad milk and market it when it is old and stale."

In plain words, the milk has not been pasteurized at all. It has merely been prevented from souring, and a gross fraud is practised on everyone who buys it.

With the milk supplies of cities as bad as at present, undoubtedly all ordinary raw milk should be properly pasteurized before being fed to children. But, unless you have faith in your milkman, and are assured by him that he uses the holding process you had better do the pasteurizing yourself. To do this the most effective process is to pasteurize in the bottle in which it is received according to the following rules:

"Use a small pail with a perforated false bottom made of an inverted tin plate with a few holes punched through it. This will raise the bottles from the bottom of the pail, thus allowing a free circulation of water and preventing the bottles from

lamp. Punch a hole through the cap of one of the bottles and insert a thermometer. The ordinary floating type of thermometer is likely to be inaccurate, and, if possible, a good thermometer with the scale etched on the glass should be used. Set the bottles of milk in the pail and fill the pail with water nearly to the level of the milk. Put the pail on the stove or over a gas flame and heat it until the thermometer in the milk shows not less than 150 degrees nor more than 155 degrees Fahrenheit. The bottles should then be removed from the water and allowed to stand from twenty to thirty min-

utes. The temperature will fall slowly, but may be held more uniformly by covering the bottles with a towel. The punctured cap should be replaced with a new one, or the bottle should be covered with an inverted cup.

"After the milk has been held as directed it should be cooled as quickly and as much as possible by setting in water. To avoid the danger of breaking the bottle by too sudden change of temperature, this water should be warm at first. Replace the warm water slowly with cold water. After cooling, milk should in all cases be held at the lowest available temperature."



### THE GROWTH OF THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

IT seems, says E. M. West, in the *American Review of Reviews*, but yesterday that pioneers in America were jeered at for their halting attempts to make a snorting monstrosity run for a few miles without stopping for extensive and harrowing repairs. This year there are being produced in the United States cars and their accessories to the value of nearly half a billion dollars.

By 1905 the industry had acquired a respectable start. The tremendous strides have come within the past five years. The figures are huge but are still inadequate unless one considers the collateral industrial activities that go with making 185,000 motor cars with a cash value of \$240,000,000.

This does not mean merely so many machines at such a price, bought and driven over country roads and city streets by so many proud car-owners or their chauffeurs. It means that the making of these cars involves the importation and manufacture of vast quantities of metal, rubber, leather, wood, hair, silk, wool and glass, and the making of many accessory articles which the luxurious automobile owner of to-day deems absolutely essential to his pleasure and comfort, though he knew nothing of them ten or twelve years ago.

But even this is only a small part of the significance of the wonderful picture represented by the foregoing figures—a picture conjured from the clouds by that modern Aladdin, the American manufacturer. There is an epic quality in that panoramic vista, a Homeric sweep, an Odyssey that must stir one with pride of American energy and quick ambition to seize an opportunity and of American industrial capacity. Most impressive of all the figures in the foregoing table are those that represent the regimented forces of the factories.

Here is an army of 140,000 men working directly in or about the factories; if to these we add the 1,500,000 persons employed in allied or subordinate industries known as parts-makers, dependent solely upon the automobile trade of this country; and still to these add the 7,000 selling agents and their 35,000 employees—we have a grand and imposing army of 1,685,000 men, or over twenty times as many as are enlisted in our regular military forces, so largely augmented since the Spanish war. Now on the reasonable assumption that these men support on an average three other persons, we have a total of 6,742,800 people in some way dependent upon the motor car industry, or a far greater number than are included in

the population of the largest cities on this continent.

But that's not all, by any means. The value of the motor cars sold in the past five years is officially estimated at \$490,000,000. The value of last year's product was \$240,000,000. Of this latter amount 25 per cent., or \$60,000,000, went directly to the men employed in automobile factories. Nearly forty-five per cent. of the selling price represented the cost of raw and manufactured material, and about one-fourth of that percentage went to the employees of concerns supplying that material. This represents \$20,000,000 more, or a total of \$80,000,000 paid out in wages. Then, too, the expense of the shipping of the raw material and the finished product exceeded \$30,000,000, of which at least forty per cent. went to the toilers.

The automobile industry has raised Detroit to a new rank of city in commerce and population. It has changed Flint, Michigan, from a village to a city. Akron, Ohio, where the tire factories are largely centred, is the home of fourteen rubber companies with a capitalization of \$40,000,000, employing 12,000 workmen.

When the American people come rapidly to the idea that they want a particular article there are, immediately, tremendous things doing industrially, as is shown by the figures given above. Indeed, it would be difficult to get in any other way so graphic and astonishing a realization of the bigness of the country and the market it makes for anything which is in unusual demand.

It is true, too, that when a sudden demand for a particular article of manufacture or commodity arises all over this country there come magic opportunities for the individual who has courage and foresight. The recent history of some of the captains of the automobile industry reads like an Arabian Night's tale of business success.

"Automobiles are something that everybody who can or cannot afford buys nowadays," say the undiscerning, "and if they are bought so extensively, of course a lot of people are going to make big money out of them. It's an easy game."

By no means. The success of the men

who have made fortunes in this industry has not been won without the hardest kind of work and worry as well as the exercise in most cases of a real genius for the business. Many a time have they faced problems the settlement of which meant success and the giving up of which meant failure. In facing just such problems hundreds of other men failed. Two hundred and seventy concerns started business between 1902 and 1907, and of them 155 discontinued during that period. It has been the same story since 1907. Some manufacturers who seemed to be well on the road to success have dropped out of the race. Even where they had ample capital they have been unable to carry out their plans either through lack of foresight, lack of courage, lack of organization or defects in the design of their product.

To show how narrow is the borderland between success and defeat in this business it is interesting to cite the cases of two concerns that began making automobiles about the same time, each trying to introduce a car selling for \$1,500. At first both were deluged with orders and there was a great promise of success. Then business dropped off. The crop of easily impressed buyers who wanted a comparatively low-priced machine had all bought, and the conservatives were waiting to see how the field fared. In the case of each company mechanical troubles developed. One concern tried to repair the cars that had been sold and found wanting. This was good business policy, as far as it went, but the other concern met the emergency with even more liberality. It actually called back every car that had gone wrong and sent out a new one in its place. At one time, 300 cars, representing more than a year's profits, were under a tent near the factory. This meant a big season of stress and strain for the plant and the bank account of the second concern, but it won out, for instead of having a lot of disgruntled purchasers all over the land crying down its machine, it made no end of friends, and received the best sort of advertising. Meanwhile the mistakes in the building of the original car had been discovered and after the new cars had been

sent out the defective ones were made over and sold again.

Conservative buyers were not slow to learn of the generosity of this manufacturer. They saw that they were risking nothing in buying his cars. Everyone said a good word for the machine and for the nerve of its builders, whose reputation was swiftly established. The company's business soon tripled while that of the other company, which did not adopt so liberal a policy, has been maintained only by a sort of death struggle and may collapse at any time.

"Liberality, liberality, liberality," is the constantly repeated motto of the best and most successful firms. Some of them replace cars without question and keep trouble-seekers always on the road, visiting purchasers and asking what they can do for them.

A market a hundred times as large as that offered by fire-fighting machinery is opening up in the rapidly growing use of farm tractors equipped with gasoline engines, generally of from ten to thirty horse-power. In England the gasoline tractor engine with its "trailer" for carrying bulky loads has come into use on the

farm more generally than in America, but nothing seems more certain than that, once started, the United States and Canada will soon overtake Europe in the application of gas-engine power to the multitudinous needs of farm work. Plowing, threshing, pumping, cream separating, feedcutting, grinding, mowing, reaping, hauling, hay pressing, all these and a hundred other lesser operations can in many localities be done with greater expedition, cheaper, and with less uncertainty as to labor by using the gasoline engine.

In many sections the gasoline engine shows a saving of fifty per cent. in cost of operation over the steam engine used for farm purposes. In Iowa and the middle West the farmers use for fuel a low grade of kerosene oil from the Kansas and Arkansas oil fields, an oil that costs only five to seven cents a gallon.

It is estimated that already over a hundred thousand gasoline engines are already purchased by farmers every year. The substantial maker of automobiles with ample capital accumulated from the profits of the boom years in the sale of pleasure cars will have this great new field for further expansion.



### "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAGES."

DISCUSSING the subject of wages, in *System*, Walter Dill Scott asserts that every student of psychology recognizes the fact that the wage is more than a means of self-preservation. Man is a distinctly social creature. He has a social self as well as an individual self. His social self demands social approval as much as his individual self demands bread, clothing and shelter. In our present industrial system this social distinction is most often indicated by means of monetary reward. The laborer demands that his toil shall not only provide the means for self-preservation, but he seeks through his wages the social distinction which he feels to be his due. His desire for increase of wages is often partly, and in some instances main-

ly, due to his craving for distinction or social approval.

It is apparent, therefore, that other factors than the amount of money expended in wages is to be considered by every employer. Without increasing the payroll he may increase the efficiency of his men. The employer who has determined the number of men he needs and the wages he must pay has only begun to solve his labor problem.

In judging of the relative merits of fixed salaries as compared with other methods the experiences of individual firms offer no certain data. The relative merits and demerits are best disclosed by a psychological analysis of the manner in which the various devices appeal to the employee's instincts and reason.

All other considerations lose in importance, and the mind becomes focused on output. The worker is blinded to all other motives and invariably sacrifices quality unless this be guarded by rigid inspection. The piece-work or task system thus influences the worker directly and incessantly without regard for the particular instinct to which it may be appealing. Every increase in rate adds directly to the means of self-preservation, of social distinction, and of the accumulation of wealth.

If he be a workman, he may take better care of his tools, keep his output up to a higher standard of quality, prepare himself for more responsible positions. If he be a salesman, he may be more considerate of his customers and hence really more valuable to his employer, he may be more loyal to the house and hence promote the "team work" of the organization, and he may because of his more receptive state of mind be preparing himself for much greater usefulness in his house.



### THE RAISING OF CAPITAL.

THAT large topic, the raising of capital, is interestingly dealt with in the *Accountant*.

How many people have closed a more or less lucid description of their business, their invention, or other proposition with this confidential remark! "And so I think the best way would be to form a little company to work the proposition." Here in this office, scores of men, having come to the conclusion that they could make more money if they could get possession of capital, have decided that they will form a little company just as though it were the easiest thing in the world. They have asked my assistance in full confidence that a large section of the public is ready to subscribe on sight of a prospectus.

The raising of capital is one of the very hardest things to do unless you can show quite clearly that those who take shares have more than a probability of securing an investment that will be worth considerably more than they pay for it. Perhaps in this connection I ought to except bonds.

We have recently had an example in the rubber boom, and no doubt during that time it was possible to float anything into a company that smelt of rubber. But even then people went into it with a view, not so much of a permanent investment returning them a steady dividend from shares that would be worth per se, but purely with the idea of speculation, in the hope that after allotment the value of the shares would rise and they could sell at a profit and cut clear from a company that they had not the faintest intention of regarding as a permanent investment. This is not business, but gambling.

My advice to most inventors is, therefore, to get the idea out of their heads that they or anyone else can easily form a company. This is probably the hardest course of all, unless they have working figures to show. When once they can produce results, they can obtain capital; until then it is almost impossible to do so on any lines remotely favorable to themselves.



### THE BUYER

"THE BUYER," by Elwood S. Brown in the *Book-Keeper*, is refreshing.

He says: We hear a tremendous lot about selling. We read article after article, and treatise upon treatise; practical, theoretical, even psychological. On buying we see and hear far less. We should know more.

If salesmanship demands a fine degree of persuasion and enthusiasm, buying necessitates a sure display of judgment and conservatism. The great bee-line drive of the buyer is good quality at low price. He doesn't want an enthusiastic glow about him to secure this. Selling requires tactful aggressiveness; buying de-

mands conservative weighing and careful deliberation. Selling him to close at an opportune and convincing moment; buying calls for a consideration of all points, set one against the other; and then a close, accurate, mathematical decision may be given. Your good buyer is never in a rush on an important deal.

The proprietor of a certain western automobile concern was a splendid salesman. When any one of his men reached his selling limit, he delivered the prospect to his chief. The latter rarely failed where there was a ghost of a chance. He was an affable, agreeable, positive salesman. But as a buyer he was a typical grouch, almost brow-beating, and most unfair.

An advertising specialty salesman called on him frequently, endeavoring to interest him in his line. The buyer was short, abrupt and antagonistic. Everything was "too high." Finally the salesman secured something to his liking. What did the buyer do? He took the carefully planned specialty, submitted it to the rival of the salesman's firm, and let the job at a figure 5 per cent. lower than

the one given him. He thought he was doing good buying. He was not. It was poor work and unjust.

The salesman was incensed. He was a strong man and a leader in his firm. Later in the year, through his efforts, a tacit agreement was effected with the rival firm. The following year the buyer was in the market for another specialty. The price of the article submitted was deliberately placed 25 per cent. above normal, and salesmen of both houses stood like a stone wall. The buyer bought, paying an exorbitant profit. Antagonizing a salesman never is a good plan for the buyer.

The buyer for heavy lines, such as manufacturing, must have a wide range of knowledge of dissimilar goods. He should be perpetually gathering facts and figures and continually keeping quotations revised to the last moment. He should investigate every salesman selling his way; he must regularly read the technical journals and market reports and keep posted on general conditions. A fluctuation over night may mean the loss or gain of many dollars to his firm.



### POPULATING A STATE BY ADVERTISING

**P**OPULATING A State Through Advertising is the title of an article by J. Craig Davidson, in "Advertising and Selling" in which he says: In April of this year the State of Colorado began advertising itself. The first thing to do was to collate statistics, general information and other data on the resources of the State. In its investigations, the board found that although the state of Colorado produced \$150,000,000 of farm products annually, yet it shipped into its home towns and cities from outside the state, each year, something like \$4,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs; \$4,000,000 worth of dairy products; nearly \$4,000,000 worth of wheat and flour; \$5,000,000 worth of hogs and pork products; several hundred thousand dollars worth of garden truck and small fruits.

It decided that the state could easily raise all and more of the products required in the feeding of the thousands in the cities, towns and mining camps of Colorado, if it had more farmers.

With an appreciation less than a great many land firms allow their advertising departments, the board has brought into Colorado hundreds of homeseekers, and at least \$100,000 in money for investment in Colorado lands. Yet the results of this active work for the past few months are just beginning to be seen, for the vast majority of land-buyers—the farmers—are just tying up the loose ends of the harvesting season, and though fall plowing and planting is in full swing in some sections, they have more time and desire to look through their farm papers than before.



*The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.*

**S**HE had striven hard to give her pupils a thorough understanding of the proper rules for punctuation. The lessons had been appreciated, but she thought the best way to test her pupils by examination, so she wrote the following sentence on the blackboard: "A nice young lady named Mary Ann when going across a muddy street held her skirt and displayed a nice foot and neatly turned ankle. Turning to the first boy in the class she asked him to punctuate the sentence. Hesitatingly, he answered,—"Please Ma'am I would put a period at the end." "Yes, that is correct," she said, and turning to the second boy in the class said, "Tommy, how would you punctuate the sentence?" Fearing he was wrong, he slowly answered,—"Please Ma'am, I would put a semi-colon after skirt." The same question was put to the boy at the foot of the class. Johnny was a big soft looking fellow but had evidently been paying close attention to the lessons for he answered without the least hesitation, "Please Ma'am I would make a dash after Mary Ann."

\*\*\*

Pretty nearly every Canadian has read the brilliant verses of The Khan, who wrote The Men of the Northern Zone and The Frontier Way.

The Khan, twenty odd years ago, was a newspaperman in Winnipeg. Edward Farrer was editor of the paper, and The Khan was writing a serial story, instalments of which were

published each day. He also did all round reporting work. One night Farrer came to the office to find no instalment of the Khan's story on hand—and no Khan either. Scouts were sent out for the novelist. He was rounded up and hustled to the office. "Here, you," boomed Farrer. "Go into your room and write that next chapter. And be quick about it."

Farrer had an appointment and he had to leave the Khan in the office. The Khan also desired to join the merry throng in the Leland Hotel. So he wrote for about five minutes and disappeared, leaving a single sheet of paper with the foreman. Next morning Farrer opened his paper, and was amazed to find that the Khan's story was finished. The last chapter read about like this:

### Chapter XXXI

On the following day the hero and heroine, the villain and assistant villain, and all the minor characters chanced to visit a cool mine. The villain struck a match to light a cigar. There was a terrific explosion of fire-damp and all the characters in this novel were instantly blown into Eternity.

### The End.

\*\*\*

Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, is of German—to be precise, of Hessian—descent. Four of the forty-one legislative constituencies in Manitoba are almost exclusively French-Canadian, and, no matter what party is in power

in the province, they are always represented by men of the French race. Last summer, when Premier Roblin went to the country, there was some fear that the name of Laurier would swing two or three of the French districts.

In one of these districts—Carvillon—the Roblin candidate was a bright young French-Canadian named Albert Bernard and he saw to it that he had his fellow-Frenchmen right with him. At every meeting he would say something like this:

"My compatriots, the English-speaking majority insist on pronouncing M'sieu Roblin's name wrong. My great leader's name is Roblah. Your ears will tell you that Roblah is a French name. He, himself, is proud to say so. And his greatest regret in life is that he unfortunately cannot speak our beautiful language. But that, my compatriots, is not M'sieu Roblah's fault; it is the fault of his parents. I can tell you that he has spent many a sorrowful hour because of their neglect. *Trois hourrahs pour Roblah!*"

The Carilloners *hourrahed pour Roblah* to the extent of 125 majority for his candidate, the wily Benard.

\* \* \*

The first-lieutenant of the Liberal Opposition in the Manitoba Legislature is Tom Johnson, a young lawyer who was born in Iceland and has West Winnipeg, with its big Icelandic population, just about where he wants it.

All the Icelanders are not Liberals, though, as Johnson found out during an Icelandic meeting in the campaign last summer.

"I deserve the support of every Icelander," he said, "because I am always the friend of the Icelanders. Our people are generally law-abiding, but I have kept Icelanders out of jail when the English-speaking lawyers would have railroaded them there. And I have got Icelanders out of the penitentiary after they have been sent there by English-speaking lawyers."

148

An old Conservative Icelander arose in the body of the hall.

"Brother Icelanders," said the old man, "We have all heard what Mr. Johnson has said. You an't got any business sending him to the Legislature if what he said is true. Johnson ought to stay right where he is, a-practisin' law, if he is so almighty smart keepin' us Icelanders out of jail."

\* \* \*

An amusing story is told at the expense of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of an incident that occurred some years ago. A gentleman secured an audience with the President of the C.P.R., and put up a very strong argument for a pass to Toronto, advancing many good reasons. Sir Thomas told him that passes were only issued on good grounds of railroad policy, but in view of what had been said he really thought the gentleman was entitled to consideration. He, therefore, handed him ten dollars, the price of a ticket, which the gentleman took, thanked the President profusely, went out of the building, down the street and bought a ticket over the Grand Trunk Railway.

\* \* \*

The bunch of hand-picked newspapermen who swung round the circle with Sir Wilfrid when he made his 8,000 mile trip missed one of the Old Man's best jokes.

At Prince Rupert he was welcomed by Mayor Stork and his newly-elected council. The Mayor made the usual welcome-to-our-fair-city speech and the Premier agreed with him in foreseeing the day when the population would be 100,000.

When the exercises were over, and Sir Wilfrid was shaking hands with the Mayor, the Premier chuckled.

"I am convinced that Prince Rupert will have a big population, Mr. Mayor."

"Glad to hear it, Sir Wilfrid."

"Why, any place that chooses a Stork for its first mayor is bound to have."